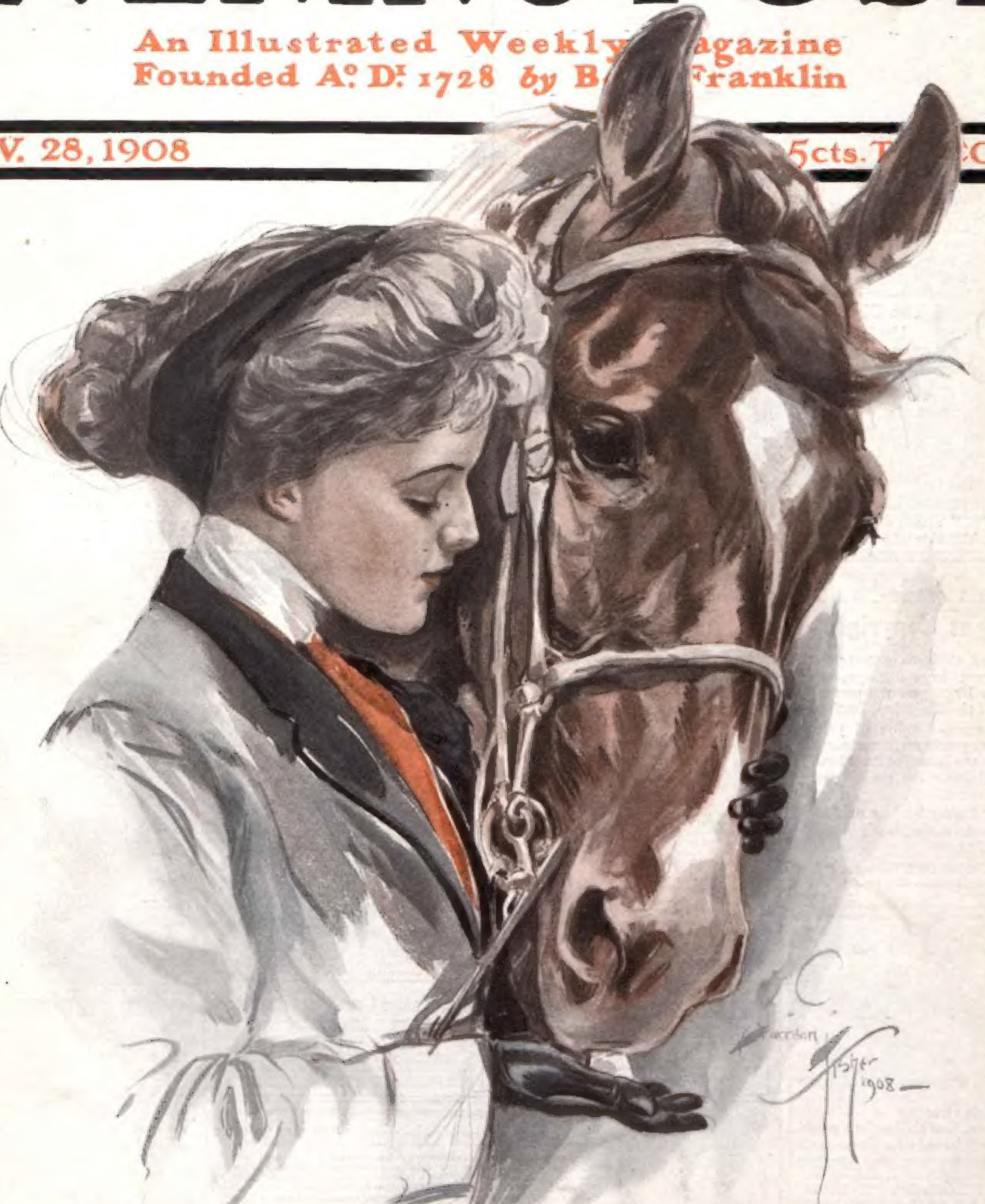
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly agazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by B Franklin

NOV. 28, 1908 5cts. T COPY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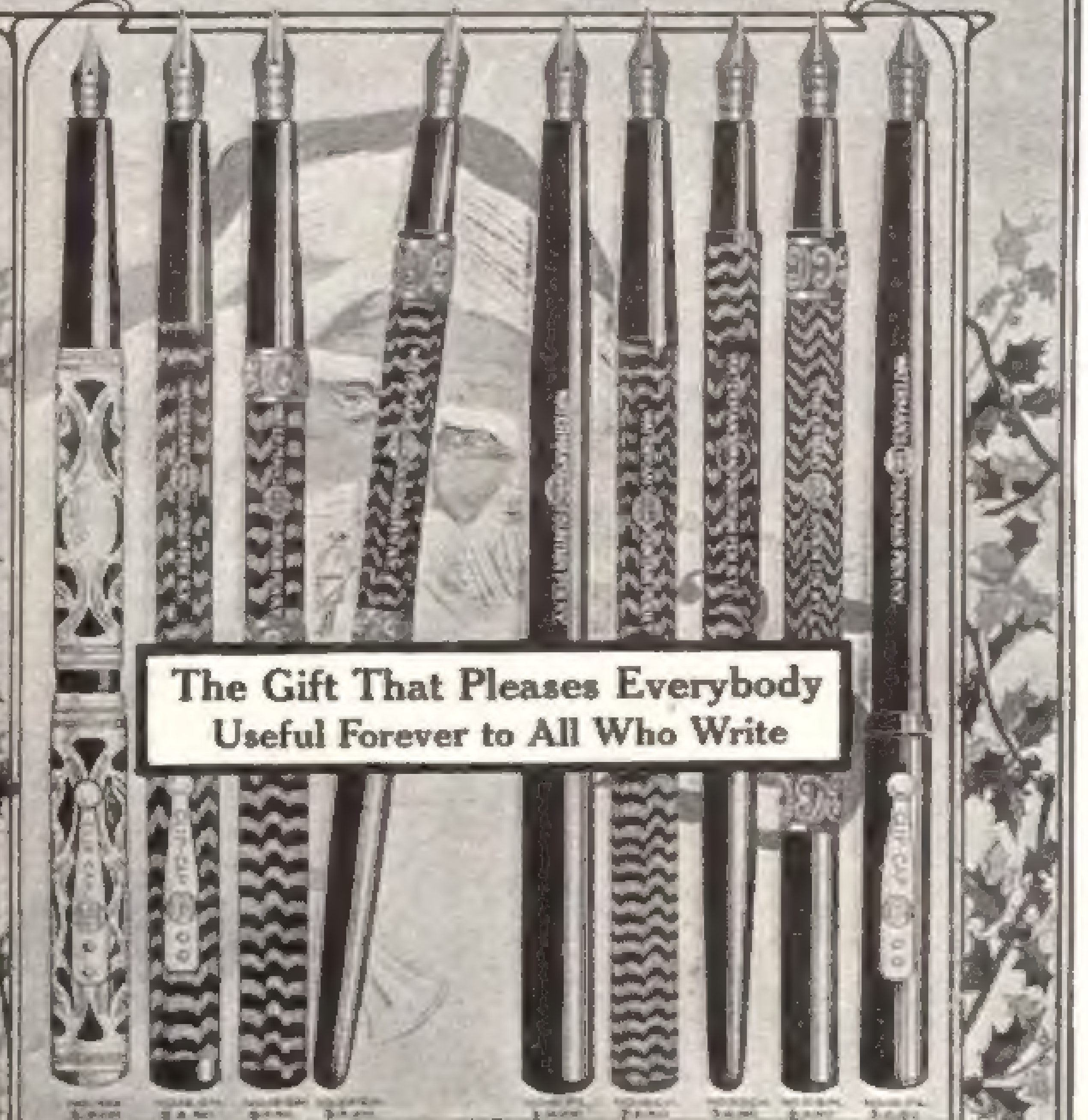

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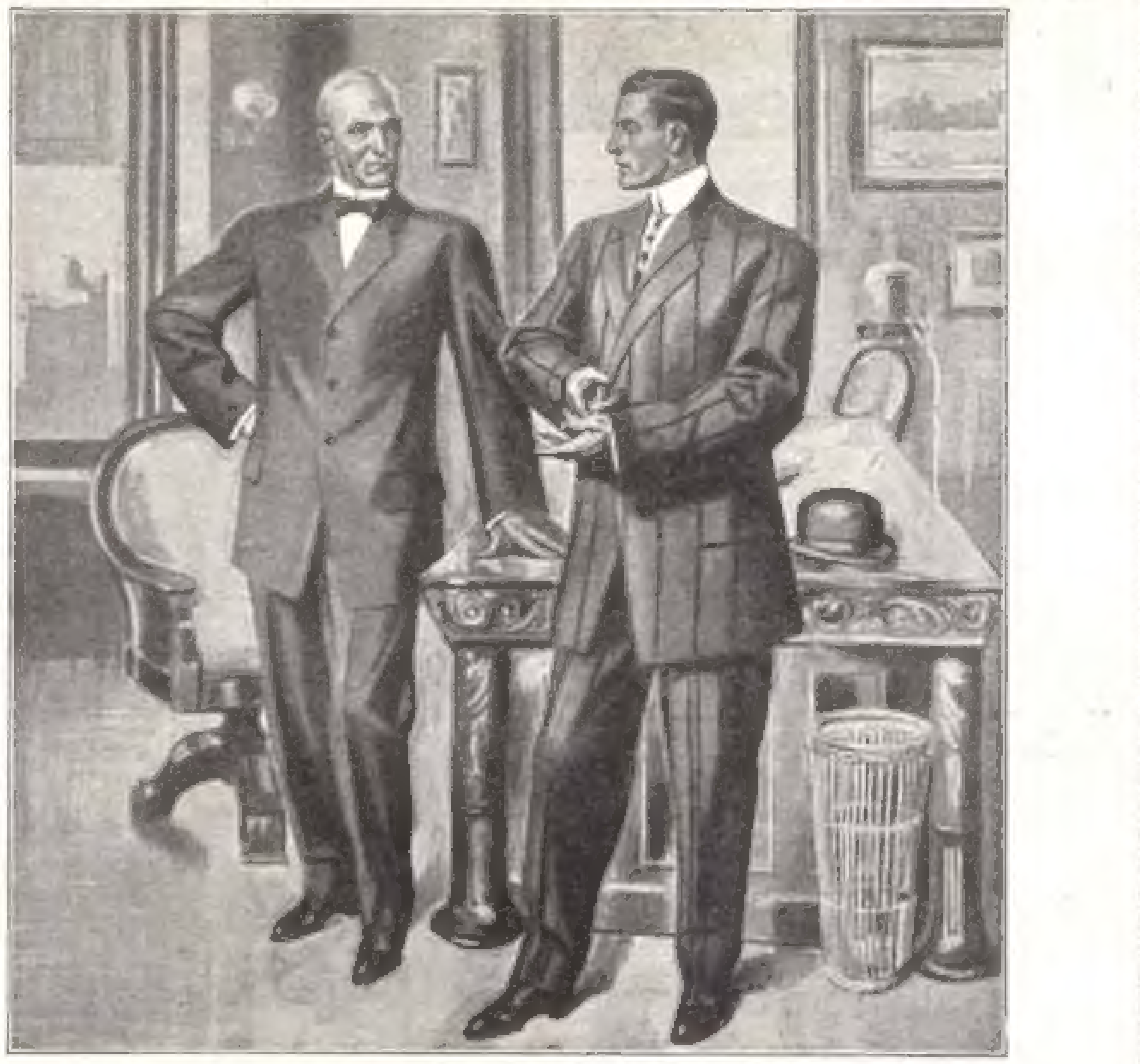

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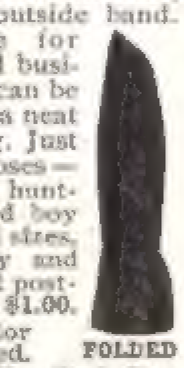

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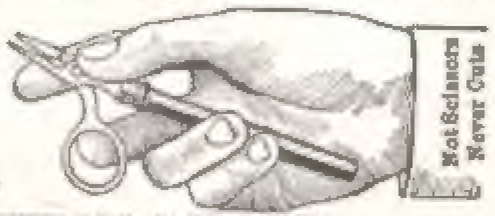

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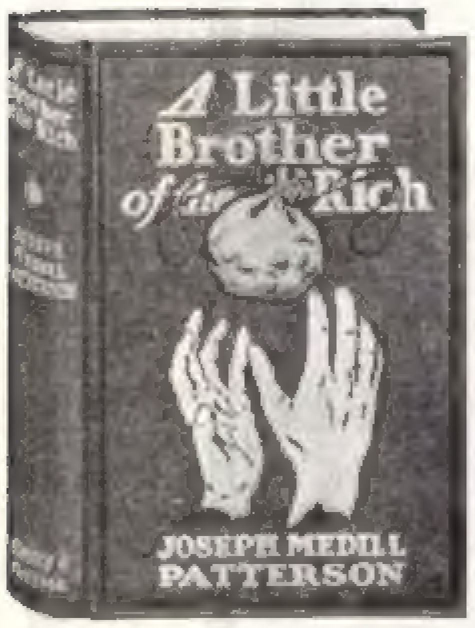

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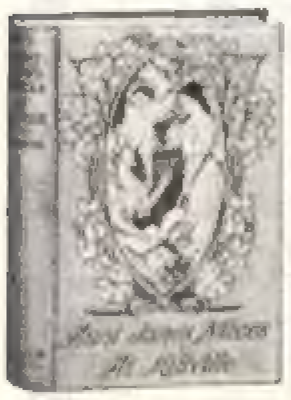

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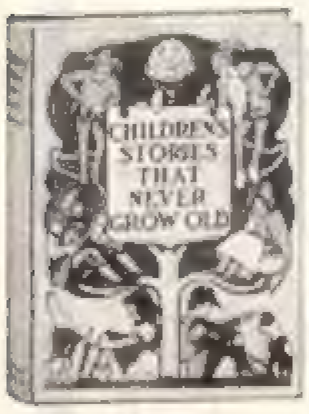

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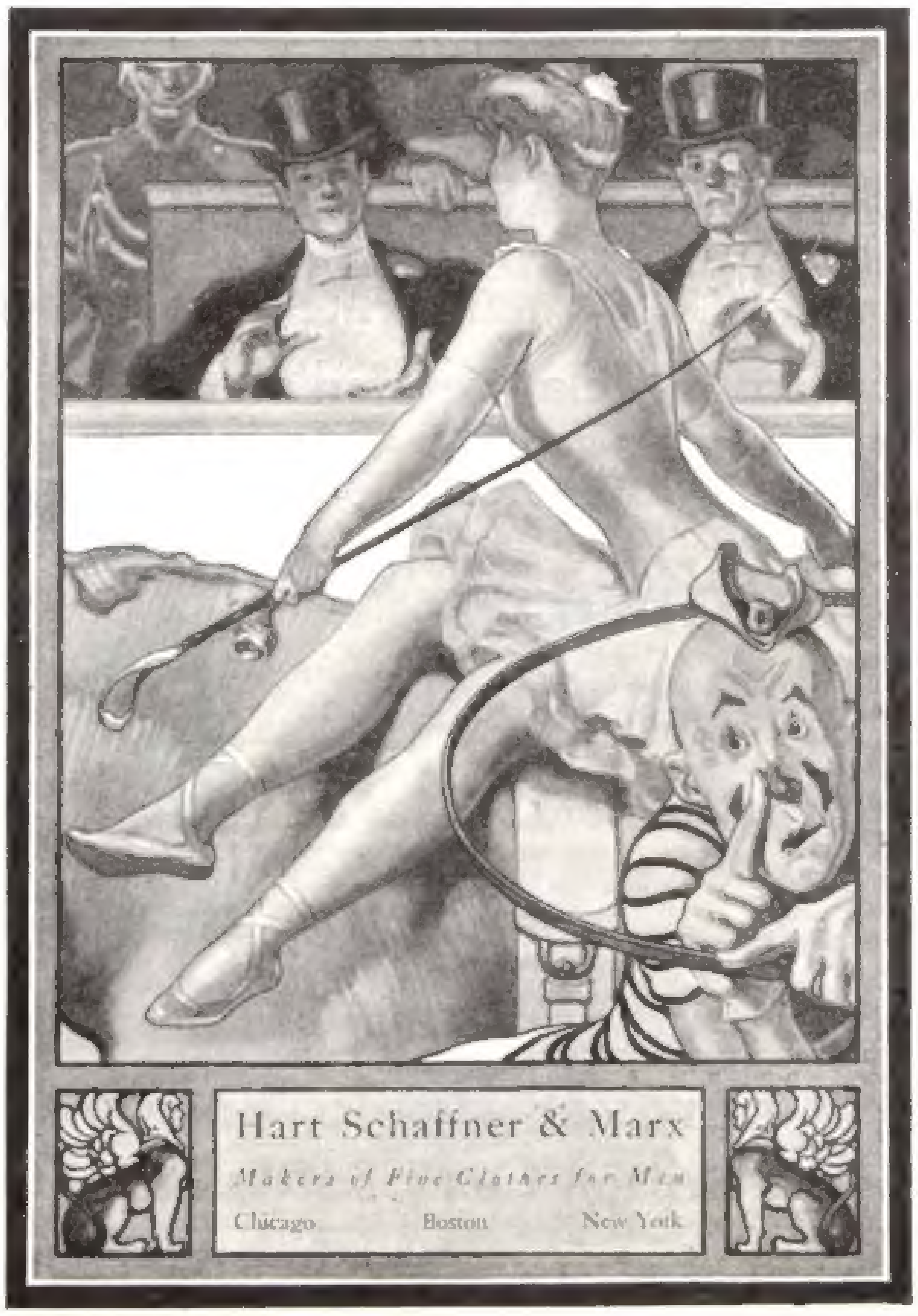
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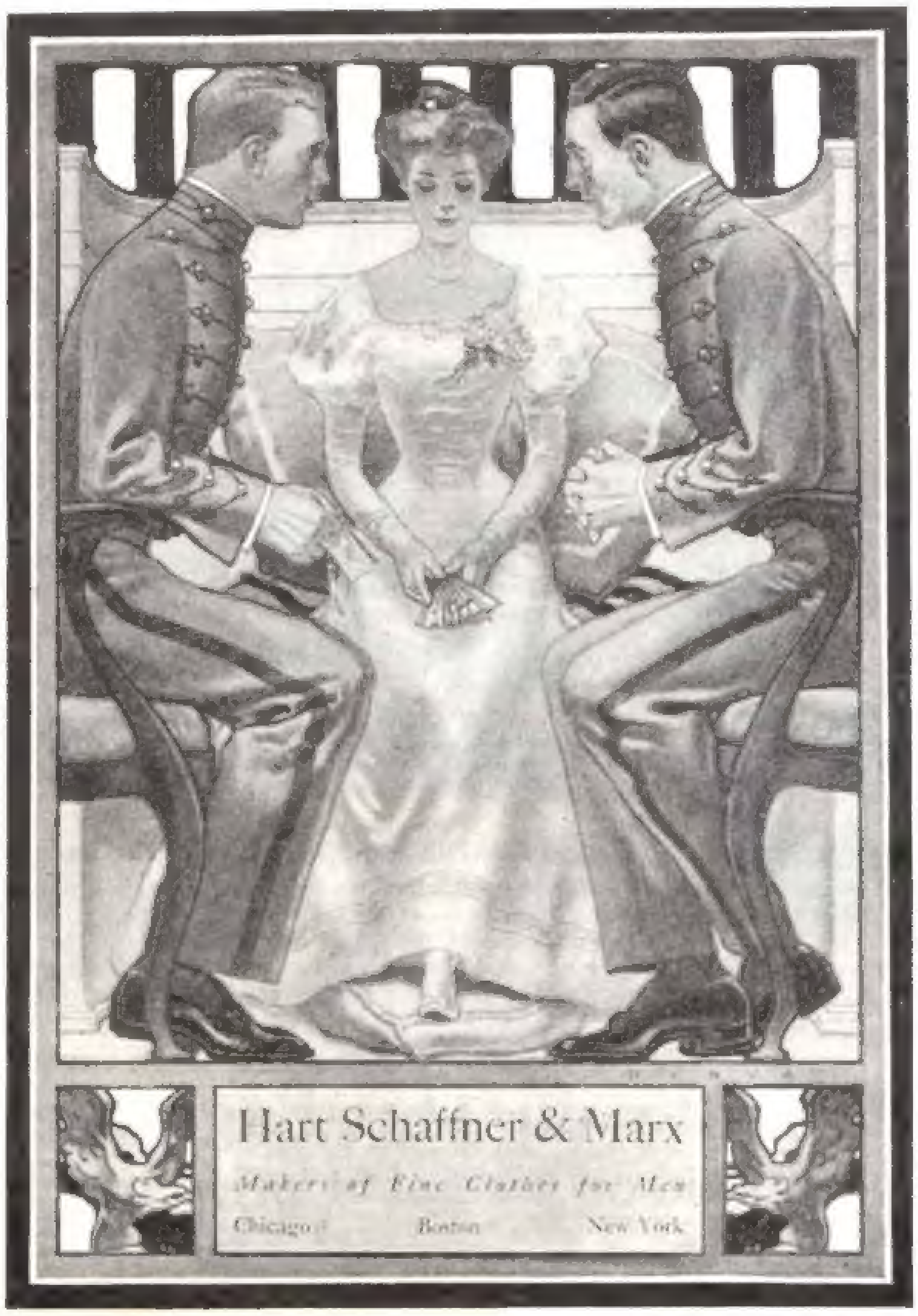
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Feasts of Reason and Flows of Soul

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

Mark Twain

WHY is after-dinner speaking? Nobody knows. We caught it from the English, and the English caught it from somebody else. I suppose, when Eve handed Adam the apple, Adam took a few bites of it and then, putting his hand on his chest, where the bosom of his dress shirt would have been if he had had a dress shirt, said: "I must confess that this is a great surprise to me. I did not expect to be called on this evening, and I am not prepared. I know full well that I can say little that will be of interest to this distinguished company, especially in view of all the eloquence and wit to which we have listened, *but* as the Serpent was talking I was reminded of a little story ——" And so on.

We have endured it, stolidly and stodgily, all these years, and it is a habit with us now. Each season we expect to listen to just so much post-prandial piffle, for when the American people can think of no other way to be melancholy they give a dinner, and every time anybody gives a dinner it is incumbent on the host or hosts to summon a few somebodies to make a few remarks; not that these somebodies have anything in their systems to make remarks on or about, but because it is the habit. Take it by and large, there are not many of our fellow-citizens who cannot tell, in ten minutes, all they know of interest to anybody on earth but themselves, and then have a minute or two or three left for the kind applause. Yet the number of after-dinner speakers who have the sense to finish their ramblings in less than ten minutes is so small that, when one of them does get his head above the smilax, it is an occasion worthy of extended note.

The dinner-speaking habit has grown up with the dinner-giving habit, wandered hand in hand with it down the years and across the barren, bromide meadows. At this present moment there are in process of organization in this fair land of ours thousands of banquets, to be given by all sorts of organizations, individuals, societies, associations, lodges, clubs, or any other band of persons who want to be merry and boastful for a night—thousands of banquets that will spread gloom clear across this continent. Coincidentally, there are being incubated tens of thousands of after-dinner speeches that will be sawed off on defenseless diners, sawed off under the counterfeit guise of feasts of reason and flows of soul—when Pope said that he gave an excuse for a vast number of dark and dreary evenings—and there is no way to stop it.

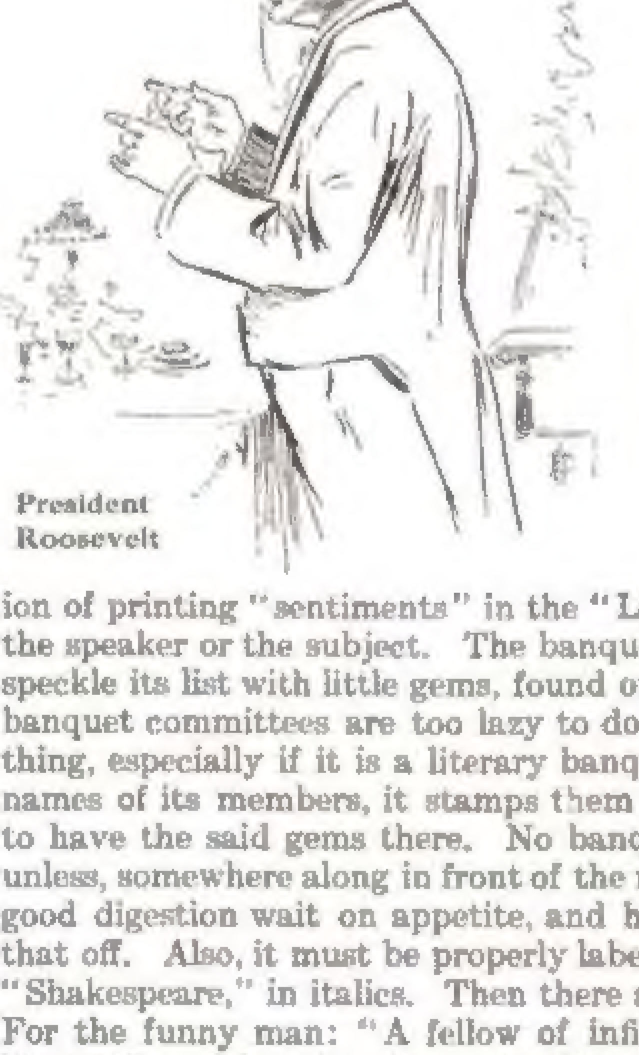
The procedure is always the same. A banquet is decided upon and the banquet committee appointed. Now, a banquet implies something to eat. That might be considered of primary importance. But it isn't. Most banquets are uneatable, especially the large ones. Experienced banquet-goers get their dinners at their homes or at restaurants before they go to the F. of R. and F. of S. It helps digestion. Of course, the banquet committee provides a dinner, or lets a chef or steward provide one, and every chef and steward has the same cold-chilled system, as follows: Medium-priced banquet: Canapé, oysters, soup, fish, entrée, punch, roast, salad, ice cream, cheese, coffee. If he is a real chef he puts it all down in French, which makes it look imposing on the bill. High-priced banquet: Canapé, oysters, clear soup, fish, suprême of something or other, sorbet, game or squab, fancy salad, ice cream in forms—it makes a terrific hit to have the ice cream served in the shape of a lemon or a potato—cheese, coffee. Apparently, these formulas are prescribed by the Chefs' Union. If you try to club a chef away from this formula, or try to impress on the fluttering mind of a steward that, perhaps, it might be possible, it would be just as well to vary it a bit, both chef and steward have fits. That is the way they have served innumerable banquets, isn't it? Then why not serve this one that way? Do the gentlemen think they can improve on it? No matter if they do, they cannot. And there you are.

Chauncey M. Depew

Still, the eating part of it is subsidiary. One can eat any time, if one has the price. The real, essential feature of the banquet is the feast of reason and the flow of soul that is to come after the banqueters have galloped through the various courses, mostly cold when they arrive at the table, of course, and all cooked anywhere from one to seven hours before and kept lukewarm on steam tables. What the banquet committee really has to do is to secure as many speakers of importance for the "List of Toasts" as can be harpooned, dragooned or importuned into coming. The game is to add to the importance of the dinner by giving, as attractions in the feast and flow, men for speakers who are famous, notorious or temporarily celebrated. It makes no difference whether the important persons have the power of connected thought while on their feet, which most of them do not. If they can be dragged to the speakers' table that is sufficient, and stuff that would be hooted at as puerile in ordinary conversation can be handed out to the banqueters with the safe assurance that it will go tumultuously, for it is the name, you know, not the man.

The collection of celebrities for a banquet has developed into a science. The men who are charged with making up a good "List of Toasts" swoop down on Washington, ransack New York, comb Boston, search Chicago and raid the smaller cities. They invite all somebodies in the hope that some somebody will accept. If they get one celebrity they are happy. He can be saved until the last, thus holding the banqueters in their weary chairs for the big show, despite the cruelty of forcing a guest to sit until midnight before he gets a chance to say what he cannot say. The list can be filled up with local lights, or glims.

It is like a variety show. To be successful a banquet must have a headliner or two, with as many good acts—not headliners, but good as can be secured—and fillers-in in the shape of local talent or less important ones. This rule holds in the hamlet as well as in the metropolis. The more weight there is at the head of the table, the greater the success of the dinner. The best possible person to get at a dinner is the President. He is the star headliner. Then the list ranges down through all walks of life, through all lines of endeavor, through all specialties, to the village cutup or the local humorist. Dinner attractions are graded by an invariable rule. This is the formula: Most Important Sounds, Important Sounds, Sounds, Mere Noises and Whispers.

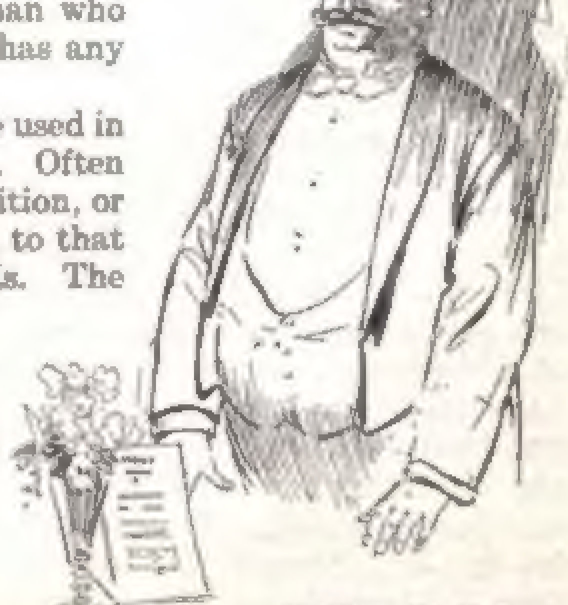


President Roosevelt

It all depends on locality. In New York, for example, when they get a Cabinet member or an Ambassador at a dinner they are joyous, and a fair-to-medium Senator or a talky Representative is something to chuckle over. In Washington the Gridiron Club uses Cabinet members and Senators and such for props, but, of course, Gridiron Club dinners are unique, and Washington is the habitat of these consequential gentlemen. Still, every banquet, to be a banquet at all and not a mere dinner, must have a Somebody or a collection of them. Every banquet usually does, unless the banquet committee has been recreant to its trust.

Years agone—hush, Clarice, that is a perfectly good word—somebody started the fashion of printing "sentiments" in the "List of Toasts," more or less aptly descriptive of the speaker or the subject. The banquet committee that desires to be real flossy must speckle its list with little gems, found only after painstaking search of Bartlett. Some banquet committees are too lazy to do this, but it adds a touch, an indefinable something, especially if it is a literary banquet; and as the banquet committee prints the names of its members, it stamps them as conversant with our best poets and writers to have the said gems there. No banquet ever starts out on the highway to success unless, somewhere along in front of the menu-card and toast-list, there appears: "Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." It is almost a crime to leave that off. Also, it must be properly labeled, so the diners will know who wrote it, thus: "Shakespeare," in italics. Then there are a lot of favorite ones that always look well. For the funny man: "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," is almost imperative, although many committees stop it after "jest." For "The Ladies" it is proper form and accepted usage to quote: "Oh, woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please," or "Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man." Some poet or other has taken a crack at every occupation, fad, foible or diversion of mankind; and if the committees will search long enough they can get up a real, erudite, imposing list of these little "sentiments" that piece out the toast-list nicely, never forgetting, of course, to stick "Here shall the Press the People's right maintain" under the toast to "The Press," which always helps with the reporters, and especially with the paper the man who responds to that thrilling subject works for, if he has any say about what goes in.

Then comes the toastmaster. Great care must be used in selecting a toastmaster, although usually there is not. Often the head of the organization, by virtue of his position, or the chairman of the banquet committee hawks on to that place, when it might be worse, and it generally is. The toastmaster must be a bit of a wit. It is his duty to liven up things, to make happy sallies at the speakers, to josh them gently when he introduces them, to take a few cracks at what the preceding speaker has said, to hand out some good ones to the guests, and to run the show. Many times, when the toastmaster is introducing a speaker, he thinks he is answering to the toast, instead of calling up the man who is expected to answer it.



William H. Taft

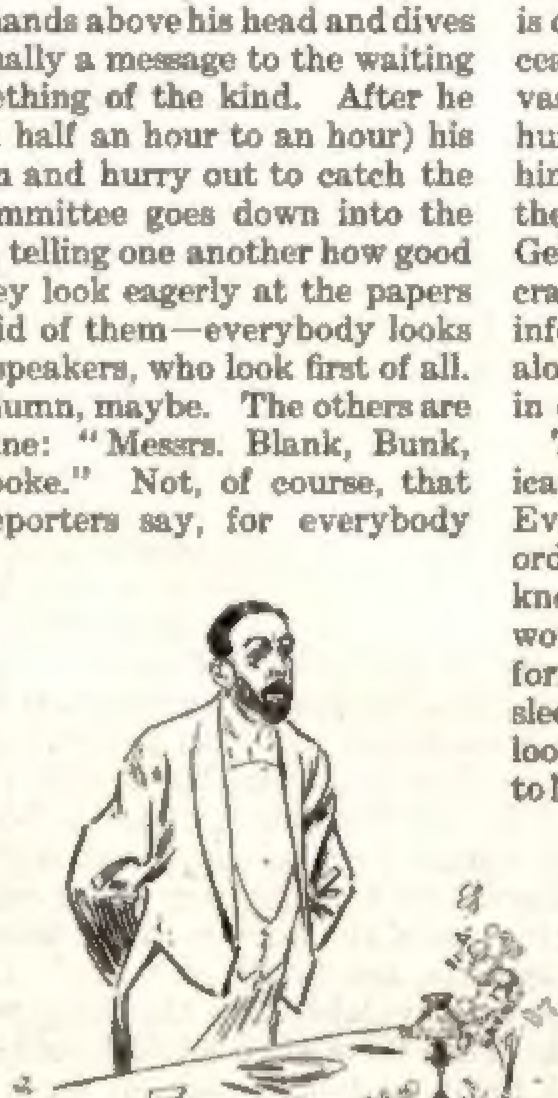
Abe Gruber

When that happens it is time to hang crape on the door, for that dinner has gone to the morgue.

Our English brethren use professional toastmasters, beefy, complacent persons, who have a certain prescribed patter and who know the right time to drink a toast to the King, just what the order of precedence for the speakers is, and all that. They work at it for so much an hour, and it is work, not play, with them. A professional English toastmaster is an imposing thing, as solemn as a mummy, and about as bright. Englishmen like them, though. They are used to cruel and unusual punishment in the way of speech, and of food as well.

These preliminaries all arranged, the banquet is given. There are flowers and smilax on the tables, a gallery for the ladies, or boxes, so they can come in after the feed and watch their liege lords perform; an orchestra plays all the latest, popular airs of the day, as the song-venders say, waiters come in flying wedges, drop plates on the tables, snatch them away, and all is joy and merriment unconfined. After the coffee, when the cigars are lighted, the toastmaster goes into action, the lesser ones on the list speak their little pieces, tell their little stories, and subside. Then comes the Somebody. The Honorable So-and-So, or the great reformer, or the dauntless explorer, or the intrepid bug-hunter, or the elaborate scientist, or the poet of genius, or the visiting statesman, or the fearless fireman, rises amid a storm of hand-clapping.

He snuffles, stumbles and snorts. He follows the ironclad rule, makes a few facetious remarks, usually tells what a poor public speaker he is (which is the truth), is reminded of a little story, tells it hind end foremost, is funny when he is serious and serious when he is funny. A few minutes of this, and then he puts his hands above his head and dives into his subject, which is usually a message to the waiting world about reform or something of the kind. After he has finished (anywhere from half an hour to an hour) his hearers wave napkins at him and hurry out to catch the last cars. The banquet committee goes down into the café and has one more bottle, telling one another how good they are. Next morning they look eagerly at the papers to see what the reporters said of them—everybody looks at the papers, including the speakers, who look first of all. The Somebody gets half a column, maybe. The others are grouped in this sickening line: "Messrs. Blank, Bunk, Blink and Boggins also spoke." Not, of course, that anybody cares what the reporters say, for everybody had a good time, and it was a feast of reason and a flow of soul for fair, but merely for curiosity's sake, and: "What do you think of that? The banquet committee had its name on the toast-list, and it was a credit to them, that's what it was. Not a mention of them in the papers, though. Not a line. Well, it's their loss. They don't know a good thing when they see it, these reporters."



Simeon Ford

After-dinner speakers fall easily into three general classes: (*a*) Instructive, (*b*) Amusing and (*c*) Plain Punk. Out of two hundred men at an average banquet there will be seventy-five or a hundred who have a yearning for instruction. They want to be told something they know already. They howl for culture. They are dead set for reform and the uplift and all that. They lean laboriously forward to drink in the words of the Somebody who is expounding to them that two and two—he says it without fear of successful contradiction—make four. When some genius comes along and tells them that two and two make five they are so puzzled they get a headache. They want the obvious, and they lap it up eagerly. They do not know a joke from the Snadjak of Navibazar, which is a joke itself, by the way. They are the serious-minded element who say "S-h-u-sh-h!" when some of the frivolous ones are whispering together while the law is being laid down.

On the merry other hand, out of two hundred there are usually about a hundred and twenty-five, or thereabouts, who do not give a hoot about being instructed. They want to be amused. They want to laugh, and if they cannot find anything in the speeches to laugh at they will laugh at themselves. They cheer the chap who has a new story to tell—a most infrequent citizen—and they wilt and wither under the ponderous platitudes of the heavy ones. After-dinner speakers always have these two elements in their audiences, both elemental.

Consider the instructive speaker, the man with a message. It is reasonably established that many a man thinks he has a message when he only has the heartburn, but he doesn't know it at the time. We have a certain number of amateur uplifters in every walk of life, and when a person attains any prominence in any place in which he labors he always does it because he is serious, and never because he is frivolous. No matter if ninety per cent. of the people who go to any given banquet want to be amused, secretly they deprecate the quality of the man who amuses them. It is a fixed rule with the American people that the person who displays a sense of humor can hope for no honors at the hands of the great American public, which, we have been told so many times, loves humor—just dotes on it. That may be true, too. Perhaps the public does love humor, but the public deprecates the humorist. The idea that a man who knows a joke, sees one and can tell it can be a success in politics or business is preposterous. Successes in business and politics must have minds like summer squashes, and be as conventional as china eggs.

Thus, almost all the great Somebodies who speak instructively at banquets are about as sprightly as the Washington Monument. They have messages. Hence, they must be solemn, and they are—Heaven knows they are! The original banquet was undoubtedly designed as a feast that should be an entertainment, that should give surcease to sorrow to the guests, for a time at least. The average banquet to-day is a kindergarten where overbaked *poseurs* elucidate half-baked axioms, and seek to add to their personal reputations by solemnly stating solemn truths that have been stated a million times before. With a few glittering exceptions, every man who is now a sought instructive speaker at a banquet, who is a headliner the banquet committees try to throw the net over, is obsessed of the idea that he has, concealed somewhere about his person, a vast and dreary truth that must be hurled at the defenseless heads of those who are listening to him—and he hurls it. The one place in all the world where the sense of proportion is least observed is at a banquet. Get a decent, orderly citizen on his feet, and, after he has cracked a puny joke or two, he begins a lecture. He has information in him. He must get it out, and he drools along until the weary auditors take to matching pennies in order to keep awake.

Joseph Choate

This passion for instructing other people is very American. It is about the same as our passion for reform. Every man wants to tell every other man how he should order his life, what he should know and how he should know it. Dinners are fine schoolhouses. A Somebody wouldn't be a Somebody unless he was possessor of a formula for the correct living, voting, working, eating, sleeping, playing, dying of all of his kind. And he turns it loose. That fatal lack of proportion. Everybody wants to lecture everybody else, but nobody wants to be lectured.

It is always a case of do as I say, not as I do. Correct principles for everything, from taking a bath in the morning to putting on pajamas at night, including all business, religious, mental, moral or other activities, can always be supplied by a very large number of active suppliers. Especially at banquets.

They are interesting persons, too, these universal instructors. No matter how clever any one of them may be, he invariably comes to the time when he says, "But, seriously speaking," and away he goes with his line of precepts, proverbs and piffle. There is President Roosevelt. He can, if he likes, make a clever after-dinner speech. For ten or fifteen minutes, if he chooses, he can take up points made by previous speakers, turn them neatly, get a laugh out of them—although it is easier for him to get a laugh than any one else—people are rather in duty bound to chuckle over Presidential persiflage, you know—and go clinking along in a bright, lively speech. Does he do it? Sometimes he does, but always, whether he starts that way or not, he winds up with a lecture, with a preachment, with a compilation of the obvious, with solemn words solemnly said. Always, he does. Nobody has ever been able to discover why, after he has gone his first ten, clever minutes, he doesn't quit, just once, for a change. He won't, though. He must preach. And he cuts in with anywhere from forty minutes to an hour and a half of it, which everybody listens to politely.

There are thousands of after-dinner speakers of this kind—the instructive ones. They sag; how they sag, handing out their little ideas on conduct, which, if it comes down to first principles, were reasonably well disposed of a good many thousand years ago in the Ten Commandments. The passion for instruction. The passion to make others do as we think they should do, not as they themselves want to do, or think they should do! Or the dreary recital of some movement they are spokes or hub or tire—always they tire—in. Take Taft. What did he do when he went to that Chicago waterways dinner in October, where Bryan was also a guest? Did he make a short, clever speech, full of the spirit of the occasion, congratulatory to Chicago and the men who were responsible for the dinner and the work they were doing? He did not! He said a few solemn words about how glad he was to be there and dug down in his pocket and produced a manuscript of a speech on the immaculateness of the judiciary, or the power of the judiciary, or the something of the judiciary *that he had delivered before*, and *read* it. Wow! That was a halcyon episode in a joyous occasion, was it not?

All this talk about the American people's being so much in love with humor, looking on the humorous side of things, is rot. We are as serious as a flock of goats. That is why the average banquet, instead of being a festival, is usually a funeral. We come to bury humor, not to use it. "Seriously speaking, though, I desire to say a few words ——" That is the keynote of our banquets.

Still, there are amusing speakers, and when one of them is sandwiched in among a bunch of the seriously-speaking boys he gets a laugh that makes him think he must be a comedian instead of a comical cuss. It is the relief. Wan and pale under the assaults of the big guns who have been firing polysyllables about what they think, if the amusing one can present something that is laughable he can score with it, no matter if it would get a rime on it if he tried it in private conversation. At that, if you were able to take a census of the real amusing after-dinner speakers in this country you would find that, gathering them all in, from Maine to California, you would have less than a hundred. Look over the toast-lists at the scores of dinners that are given in New York every winter, where it is no longer a habit with them to give dinners, but a disease. What do you find? Simeon Ford, Job Hedges, Mark Murphy—Mark Murphy, Simeon Ford and Job Hedges, with, occasionally, Choate and Depew and Porter, who are supposed to be amusing, but who are living now mostly on past performances, and, now and then, Abe Gruber, it being always to laugh when you look at him—Gruber and Gus Thomas. Mark Twain is in a class by himself.

This, of course, takes no account of the storytellers, who always tell somebody else's stories, the mimics, the dialect performers, the parrots and the other vaudevillians—which they are—who are called in to entertain. What is meant is the speakers who evolve their own stuff, write it and then speak it, make their own epigrams and sheer off from the uplift as if it were something catching.

Perhaps it is better that the serious ones predominate, distressing as it may seem, at the time of it. Probably it is a providential dispensation, for, when you come to think of it, the man who tries to be serious can make a better shift at it, can be serious more advantageously, than the one who tries to be amusing. And, to come to the nubbin of it, what this great American, humor-loving, keen-sense-of-humor public of ours needs just now, more than anything else, is humor and the sense of it. Every street car you enter is infested with people who take themselves, and everything else, so seriously that they think in rhomboids. Life, they tell us, is a serious business. Surely it is. And if it isn't, we haste to make it so. We fix it, all right. Reminds you of sunset on a warship. Flag is coming down, crew and officers on deck. Main luff standing rigidly. All other officers rigid, too. Bang! goes a gun. Up comes an officer, saluting the main luff. "Sir," he reports, "the sun is set." Then, without a smile, the main luff says: "Make it so!" Serious business, you see. Putting the official O. K. on the setting of the sun.

The Plain Punk speakers are legion. Every city and town and village bulges with them. They are the chaps who say: "This is a great surprise to me. I did not expect to be called upon," and then show they didn't by staggering through anywhere from five minutes to half an hour of what they didn't expect to be called on for.

You know plenty of this sort, worse luck for you.

Help! Help! The banquet season is just beginning again, and this year it bids fair to be an epidemic.

Gen. Horace Porter

The Old Maid's Honeymoon

By RUPERT HUGHES

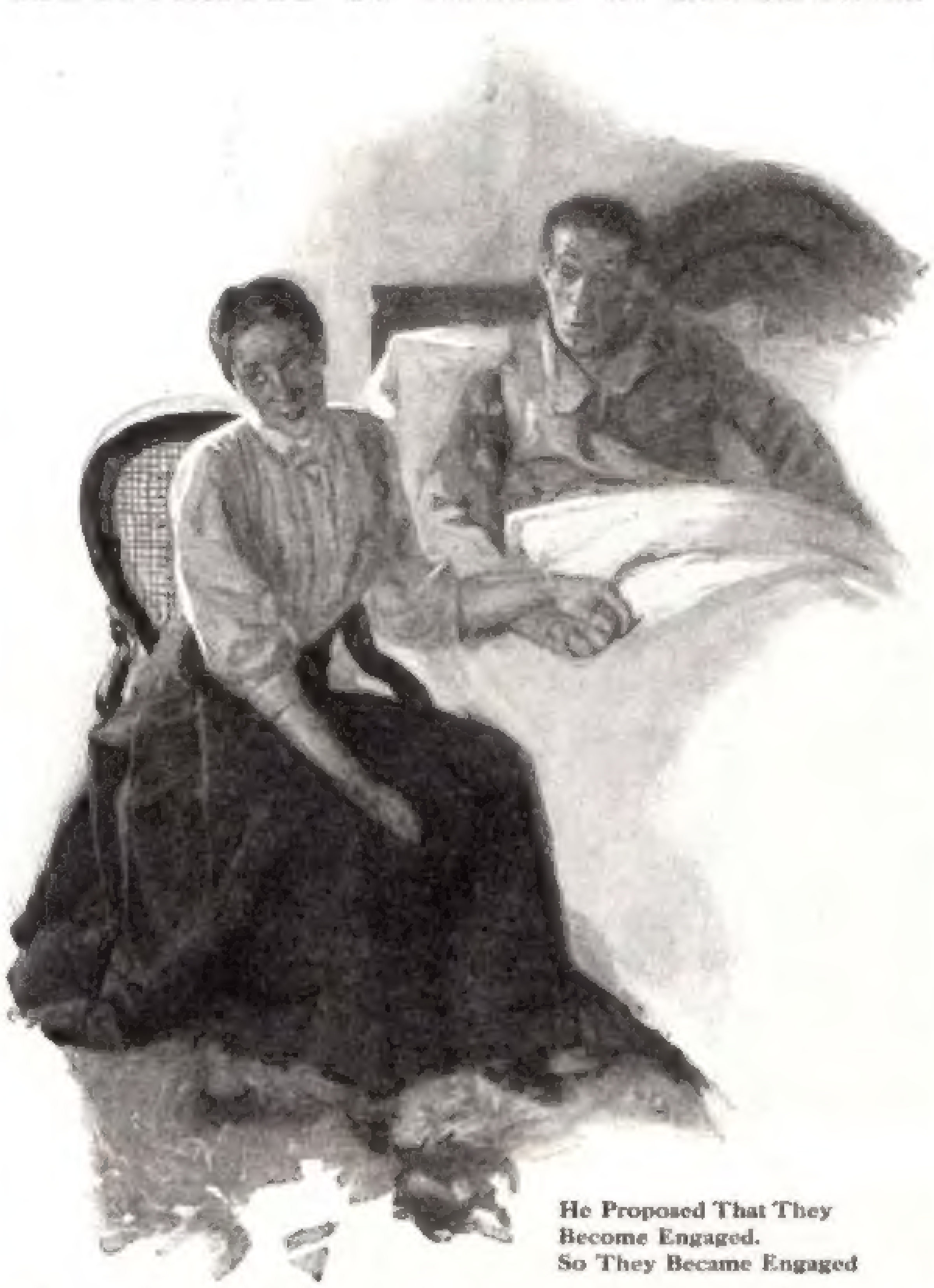
ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

SHE went home—alone, of course. It was late, but she went home alone, as usual. She was the only woman in the congregation who had no fellow, no husband, brother, son, kinsman or kithman to take her home. But she never minded. She was immune from the ordeals that threaten womankind on dark streets. Her face was her chaperon.

She might have asked Ripley Ames to call for her; it was in his mother's house that she lived as a poor relation, an irrelevant relative. But Ripley had been unusually gloomy of late—business worries, no doubt.

So Salann went home by herself, as she had left home by herself. The streets of Woodstock were not pretty in the daytime, save for the venerable beauty of green leaves and green lawns round comfortable houses. But at night, under the sky of that week, the streets were avenues of rapturous grandeur. Broad sweeps of moon blue were hung with velvets of luxurious shadow like gloomy arrases in an old castle. Veteran trees stood high and calm, giant soldiers aligned for a ghostly review. Here and there, shrubs, laden with dim flowers like resting moths, shivered with ecstasies of breeze perfuming the air as with swung censers.

At such an hour on such a night the streets of Woodstock were colonnades of stately romance. And so all the young people seemed to think. Couples dawdled at sweethearting in leisure that knew no time, serenely trusting to the noonlike moonlight to conceal them. This white-gowned girl had a black coat sleeve for a sash, and her beau's black coat wore a white muslin baldric. Two lovers were draped upon this sagging gate. And over the next sagging gate two lovers leaned crosswise like a capital X. From almost every shadow-blotted porch came murmurs whose very softness betrayed the secret it was intended to keep.



He Proposed That They Become Engaged. So They Became Engaged

Salann knew everybody she saw. She knew what they looked like and talked like in the daylight; but she could not conceive what their intense stillness meant now, nor what there was in this evening air to make them see in each other such strange things. She drew herself together and pattered swiftly through streets where everybody else was slow and serene. She was like a belated Yankee tourist hastening back to her hotel through the crooked streets of Florence without her Baedeker. It was a foreign country to Salann, language and people and ways. Being foreign, it was foolish. She summed up the coupled ardor of these occult rites in one sniff:

"Spooning!"

Through the moon's demesne the old maid hurried, and neither knew nor cared what moonlight meant. She went her way alone, not even knowing how lonely she was.

There was no end of the lovers' gauntlet till she approached the Ames abode. The house itself was a kind of old maid, all elbows and angles. No trees hovered over it, no vines wrapped it with merciful cloaks. There was not even an endearing porch to shield it from the ridicule of a moon that found nothing congenial in roof, wall or window.

As Salann came near she heard footsteps from the opposite direction. She recognized the sharp, businesslike cadence of Ripley Ames. She admired him as a sort of male old maid, for there was no sentimental foolishness about him. He also was alone—also as usual.

He nodded dryly to Salann without lifting his hat. She was a distant relative and he didn't have to. As they mounted the steps he made no pretense of helping her. He opened the door with his latchkey and walked in first. He went upstairs with an almost inaudibly economical "'Night."

She thought she heard him sigh. He must be tired. She went about closing up the house. The cook had left half her duties undone, of course. Two of the windows were unlocked. One of the shades was left up for the sun to come pouring in and fade the carpet. She found several unwashed dishes heaped in the sink. The stove-lids had not been lifted. The ice-box door was open and the cat had not been put out.

When these details were corrected, Salann climbed the stairs softly and wearily, tiptoed down the hall, entered her room as a nun enters her cell, and closed the door behind her silently.

The next day, as soon as her tasks in the house were done, she hurried back to the church, through streets that the cynical old bachelor sun had recovered from romance to reality.

That night there was to be a sociable in the Sunday-school rooms under the church. The ladies of the congregation had been busy for days, laying all the old traps for coaxing from the congregation such minor coins as the contribution box could not educe when it went poking among the pews like a magnet.

Among the church members there was one who was never asked to do any of the picturesque things. Salann could not sing—not even the contralto part in a Gospel hymn; she could not speak a piece—not even Mabel With Her Face Against the Pane. She could not play an accompaniment for Bringing in the Sheaves or Where is My Wandering Boy To-night? But she could work.

During the preparations the clatter was punctuated incessantly by shrill cries of "Salann, would you mind climbing the stepladder? It makes me dizzy." "Salann, would you mind running over to my house and telling the hired girl that she sent the wrong napkins? I don't dare trust my hemstitched ones to this mob." "Salann, will you ask the sexton to lend us a hatchet? You'll find him in the cellar." "Salann, would you mind this?" "Salann, would you mind that?"

Salann was what is known as a worker. And she was worked. Her name was heard everywhere while the rough tasks were doing. But when everything was ready for the showy ceremonies her name was heard no more. She was pushed into the background like the seamy side of a rug or the knotty side of an altar-cloth.

Salann was not so young as she used to be. The girls who had gone to Sunday-school with her were married and mothers; some of them were remarried and already beginning to wince at the word grandmother. Salann had never even been asked. She was a born old maid. It was for that reason, perhaps, that she never seemed unhappy about it. Her way was plain before her and she went it.

For this particular sociable she worked particularly hard. She baked one of her famous walnut caramel cakes—the kind that sold the moment it appeared in the window of the Woman's Exchange. She had burned her right hand dreadfully on the stove-door, but she told nobody. She would not even wear a dressing on the livid scar, because it takes a body's appetite away to have a plate passed with a bandaged hand.

She smashed her left thumb, too, with a hammer, and nearly swooned from the top of the stepladder. But old maids do not faint. She got down as best she could. She sank on a chair for a moment to wait for the room to subside, but immediately a shrill voice called:

"Salann, you're not doing anything. Would you mind putting the chairs up to the tables?"

That night the Sunday-school rooms were swimming with Woodstock society. All the pretty girls in town and most of the rest were there—except Rose Fairweather, the prettiest of them all. She had been seen scudding down the street in the Applegate automobile. The rest of the women loudly blamed her and silently envied her. But even she and her captive captor were forgotten in the multitudinous small talk of a small town.

The clatter of tongues was appalling until silence was required for the program. Then it was hushed to a constant susurrus of whispers broken with little splashes of giggle during the—they called it the "entertainment." When the last terrified child had gurgled through its superinfantile recitation, and dashed back to its terrified mother, when the last local vocalist had worried Good-by, Summer, to death, and the tenor had reiterated the ancient conundrum, Alice, Where Art Thou? and the pastor had indulged in a few remarks of benign humor, the chatter began again—reënforced by the old battle-clamor of forks and spoons against plates and saucers.

Salann had not found time even to hear the entertainment; for there were heavy freezers to be rolled to the front and unlimbered, paper napkins to be folded, unnumbered forgotten things to be run after and done. Even when the ice-cream barbecue began she did not mingle with the boisterous crowd. She was all dressed up in her best, but she was kept busy dishing out food, slicing cake, cutting more bread for more sandwiches, and carrying more water to prolong the lemonade. As usual, her ears were dizzied with the cries from everywhere: "Salann, would you mind ——" "Salann, would you please ——" "Salann, would you go and ——"

It was not till the last couple had paid for the last plate of vanilla and chocolate that Salann's work was over. Her back was one rusty ache, and she was heard to murmur: "I'm just about to drop. I guess I'll take a dish of ice cream and go home."

But the ice cream was gone, and the sandwiches were gone, and there was not a smitch of food. And nobody noticed and nobody cared. And Salann was so used to it that she hardly cared. The husband of the last matron was growling for her to come along, and she hurried away with a final: "Good-night, Salann; it was the most successful sociable we've had yet. Thirty-eight dollars and thirty-five cents. Isn't that splendid?"

She did not wait for Salann's answer, and Salann made none. She sat with her hands flopped in her lap and shook her head over the ruins. Paper napkins littered the place, and cake crumbs and melted ice cream were everywhere. It irked her soul to leave unwashed dishes and unassorted spoons, but the sexton was turning out the lights.

So she went home—alone, of course. The same moon was weaving the same spell and the same couples were saying the same things, with the renewing devoutness of priests at an old ritual. But the ritual was Latin to Salann and she scoffed at it with Protestant scorn.

When she reached the Ames home she was astounded to find the windows aglow with light. In front of the curb stood Doctor Hiscott's horse and buggy, one as calm as the other. Salann's heart jounced in her breast. She ran into the house and up the stairs. Ripley's door was open and she found the doctor there. In the bed lay Ripley, pale and plastered. Mrs. Ames and the doctor glanced up as she entered. The doctor bowed. Mrs. Ames gave Salann one dismal look, and said:

"Yes, Doctor."

"I was saying, you must humor him. You must humor him." And he hastened to extricate the thermometer from the patient before it was bitten in two. He took it to the gas jet, where his large spectacles hid his eyebrows as they lifted when he read the high score of the fever.

"Humor him?" sighed the personification of fatigue, standing with hands folded wearily at the bedside. "I've humored him all his life, man and boy, well and sick. But I can't guess what could have brought him to such a pass, can you?"

The doctor winced at the word "guess." Diagnosis is the technical term. He answered with some sarcasm:

"When a gentleman's head is squeezed between the asphalt and an automobile, a certain rise of temperature is to be expected. Your son's fever is higher, however, than the mere shock would normally superinduce. It ought to have subsided somewhat by now—you say he was run over two hours ago?"

"Yes, and taken into the drug store. I didn't know a thing about it till they brought him home."

"Who attended him at the drug store?"

"Doctor Podmore. I sent for you as soon as I could get anybody to go. Salann, here, was at the church sociable having a good time."

Salann felt guilty and was shamed into silence. The mother went on miserably: "What do you think is going to happen?"

"Nothing serious, I hope. The concussion of the brain may develop into cerebral meningitis—let us hope, one of the lower forms."

"But what makes him so delirious?"

"There has probably been some aggravating element."

"What on earth could have aggravated him?"

"In cases like this," the doctor began, as he pottered among the little powder tubes in his case—"In cases like this it is sometimes difficult to determine how much is emotion and how much is microbe. A psychic cyclone and a physical earthquake have combined to blow down your son's spiritual wires and cross some of them. His vitality was no doubt greatly depleted."

"What could have depleted it, do you suppose?"

"Ah, there is a question easier to ask than to answer. Sometimes irregular meals, sometimes too many cigarettes, or worry over a woman ——"

"Well, you can leave all of those out of your reckoning," snapped Mrs. Ames. "Ripley is religiously regular about his meals; he never smokes—he used to, but it's so hard to get out of the curtains that I made him stop. And as for a woman—humph!" She used the word with the contempt that only a woman can use—as a negro's last word of disrespect is "nigger."

"As for a woman—yes?" the doctor urged.

"Well, Ripley isn't exactly a woman-hater—because he is so nice to his mother and Salann, here—Miss Eby. But—well, I know it couldn't be a woman. He tells me everything, doesn't he, Salann?"

Salann's answer was not waited for. Doctor Hiscott almost winked as he commented:

"I find that a man who tells his mother everything usually only tells her nearly everything."

The cynicism had a pleasant tang on his old palate. As he turned to sneeze a little laugh he caught the eye of Miss Eby. He thought he saw a twinkle of agreement in her look, but it went out instantly, as if his mere glance had snuffed the two candles in her eyes. Epigrams never had success with Mrs. Ames. She abhorred levity anywhere, and she tolerated Doctor Hiscott only because the best people in Woodstock had him. There was not even a polite smile on her face; and he took refuge in his prescription pad, which Mrs. Ames watched with anxiety as sheet after sheet was filled with code words for simple old staples. He did not pause as he asked:

"By the way, whose automobile was it that ran over him? There are several machines in town, you know."

"This one belonged to Mr. Applegate."

"Applegate, the patent medicine manufacturer?" growled Doctor Hiscott with a darkened tone.

"Yes."

"Was he alone?"

"No, he had Rose Fairweather in the car with him."

"Miss Fairweather, eh? I suppose your son had his eyes so fastened on Miss Fairweather's fair features that he couldn't notice a little thing like a motor car?"

"She probably had a veil on," Mrs. Ames suggested matter-of-factly.

"It would take more than a veil to insulate Miss Fairweather's charms, I think," said the Doctor; but, realizing that there are more profitable ways of expending energy than by praising one woman's beauty to another, he hastened to switch: "Er—ah—did your son know either of the people in the car?"

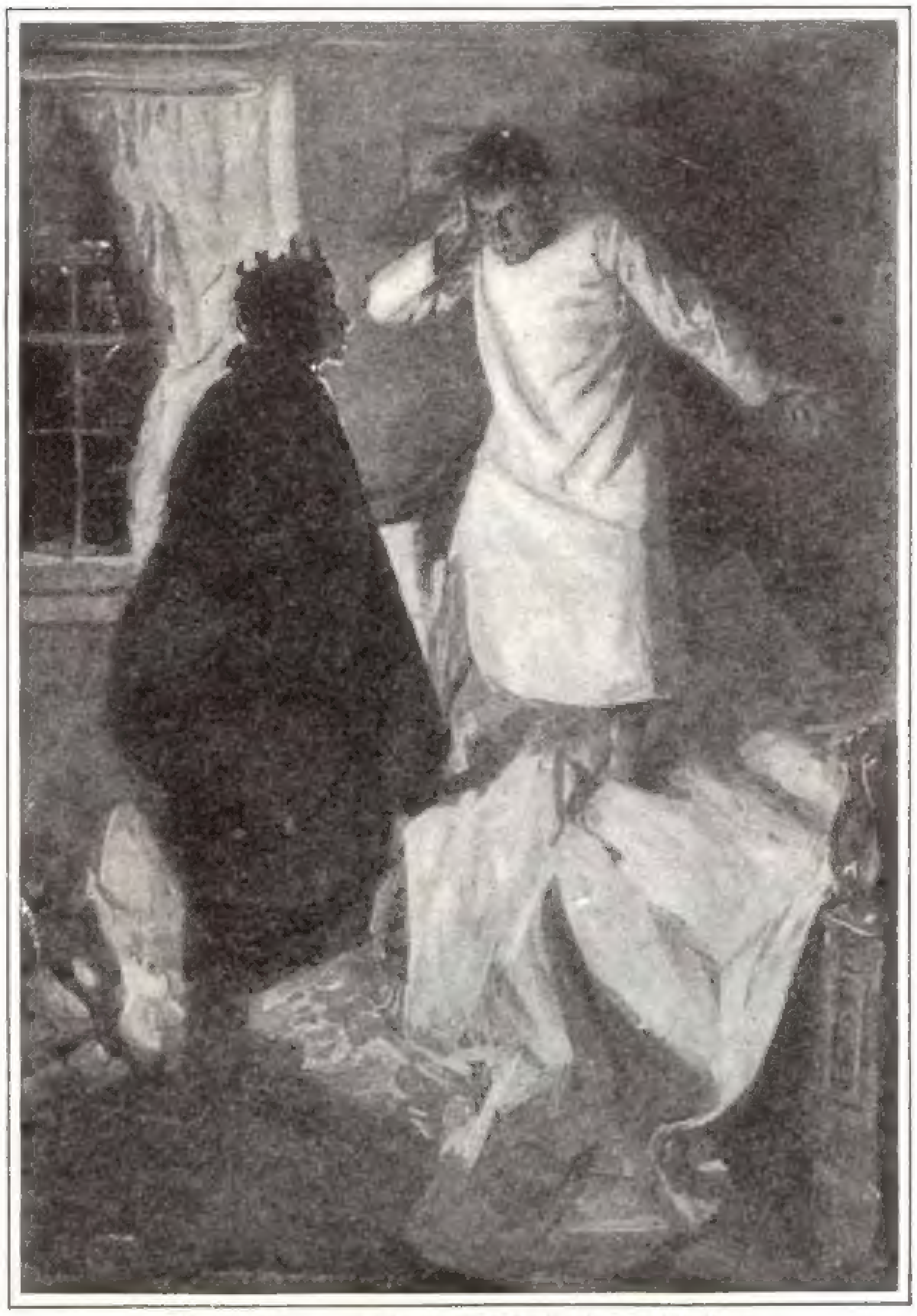
"Not the man. He had a bowing acquaintance with Rose Fairweather."

"Funny for a man of your son's age to stop at a bowing acquaintance with a woman of Miss Fairweather's beauty—er—ah—yes"—he caught Mrs. Ames' look—"er—ah—this first medicine is to be taken in water—three times a day—a wineglassful of water, please."

"How much is a wineglassful?" said Mrs. Ames, who had never tasted wine nor seen it served.

"A wineglassful is—well, say half a tumbler. Other medicines will come with directions on the bottles."

"There seems to be a lot of them," said Mrs. Ames.



He was a Fearsome Figure, Shaggy, Unshaven, Unshorn

"Well, ahem—you see, we have various conflicting symptoms to combat in your son's case, Mrs. Ames. Above all, he needs good nursing. Now, I can recommend you an excellent woman, who ——"

"I guess I don't need any of your trained nurses," Mrs. Ames bristled. "I ought to know how to take care of sick folks. Didn't I lose two husbands and four children?"

"Very well then, Mrs. Ames. But you will need some rest, you know."

"Salann here can spell me, can't you, Salann?" Salann nodded. "Miss Eby has never had any husbands or children, but she's right smart in the sick-room."

"Ah, very good, then; that will do nicely. These medicines—shall I ask the druggist to send them?"

"He'll be all hours doing it. Salann will go fetch them; won't you, Salann?"

"Ah, very good. I will drop in early in the forenoon to-morrow. If the patient begins to be delirious again do not be afraid. Simply restrain him and humor him—keep him in bed, but otherwise humor him. Good-evening, Mrs. Ames; Miss Eby, good-evening."

He said "Good-evening." In Woodstock it was indelicate for a gentleman to bid a lady "Good-night."

"Thank goodness, he's gone," was the departed doctor's obituary from Mrs. Ames. "He does get on a body's nerves. I tell you, Salann, marriage is a turble responsibility, what with selecting a husband, keeping him straight, and raising what children the Lord sends. You can't begin to imagine what I've had to endure and what you've escaped."

But Salann responded neither with sympathy for the worn-out victim of matrimony nor with congratulation for herself. Perhaps she felt that she might have done better if she had had the chance. The only people who really know how to bring up consorts and children are those who never had either.

Salann pinned on her meagre little head a bonnet that was the irreducible minimum of beauty, grace and fashion. It was all of a piece with her own condensed personality. Her face, figure, costume and character were concised to the fewest possible words. Her very name had been telescoped from Sarah Antoinette to Salann.

She took up the prescriptions, and, opening the door sparingly, slid through the slit and went her way. It was late and dark and she had to get the druggist out of bed. But she brought home the prescriptions. Salann was a reliable retriever. She usually brought what she went for.

That night and the next two days and nights were busy and wearisome to the two women. The patient's appearance was alarming enough; but his behavior was worse, and his deliriums drained them as much as him. The third day was Sunday; and both Mrs. Ames and Miss Eby felt called upon to go to church. Perhaps they needed the spiritual consolation, or perhaps it was the diversion. They were members of the First Presbyterian Church of Woodstock and Miss Eby taught a class of children. She felt that the Sunday-school was the only place where they could find any correction of the mistakes their fool parents made in their bringing-up; and it seemed her duty to go, even though it took her from her other duties in the house where she was a sort of unpaid servant, a third cousin, or something, by marriage once annulled.

Mrs. Ames' nerves were in that dangerous condition which she called "a state," and Salann thought it better for her to get the air, the sermon, the prayer and the music. They asked Miss Quinn, a stenographer from Mr. Ames' office, to watch the patient. Miss Quinn had finished her devotions before most of the others were out of bed. She arrived betimes, and they left her in charge.

In order to "keep up her speed," which was likely to suffer during her employer's illness, Miss Quinn decided to take down his ravings in shorthand. Their syntax was hardly more crooked than that of some of the letters he usually dictated. She read some of the notes to her sisters in stenography the next day. They ran about like this:

"Mother, these pillows are full of mice—can't you tell 'em not to squeak so? They need oiling—set 'em up on the other alley—Yes, it looks like rain—but who was my father, that he should speak so to my mother?—Stop! don't you see you're going to run me down?—In Paris they arrest people who get run over—parly-voo-fransy?—bong-jour—parr-dong, oui, oui—ouch, my head!—the flowers that bloom in the main-spring, trala, have nothing to do with the hunting-case—ha, ha, ha—joke—that is a joke—did you hear the story of the—who said so? Oogh! my poor head is crumbling—don't boil those eggs more than three weeks—they forgot to put any coffee in the coffee—help, I'm drowning!"

Mrs. Ames and Miss Eby never learned of this record. It could not have helped them to know. They heard enough of the same sort, as they continued to relieve each other in watching the sick man, and grew lean as pike-staves for lack of sleep and air. But they were both sustained by a curiosity to learn what could have caused an emotional crisis in the soul of the patient; for he was generally considered the most methodical man in Woodstock, a business machine, run by clockwork. There was a strange fascination in listening to the babbling of a soul that turned itself inside out and spilled all its thoughts as on a table for the inspection of whoso watched.

It was a sort of higher eavesdropping. But it was all to no profit. A few startling expressions escaped, now and then a few shocking ideas, a story or two meant for grown men only, and some little profanity. But most of his talk was like the worthless rubbish in a boy's pocket. What trinkets were found hardly repaid the search.

"One thing is certain," said Mrs. Ames. "Thank goodness, it wasn't any woman—was it, Salann?"

She did not wait for the answer, but closed the door behind her, and started downstairs with a tray of empty dishes. She tripped on her skirt, and came running along the steps. A fall downstairs among a flying convoy of china and a banging tin tray is a funny thing in a musical comedy when an acrobat makes it and the bass-drum adds the artistic finish. But there is precious little fun or profit in it for an elderly woman. When they found Mrs. Ames she was groaning in the débris, bewailing her own hurts less than the compound fracture of one of her best china cups which she had taken upstairs in honor of the sick.

When Salann tried to aid her she screamed at the least movement. Salann called in help, but Mrs. Ames refused to be toted up the stairs to her room. If she must die she would die on the floor like Queen Elizabeth in the steel engraving. By way of compromise she was established in the sitting-room across the hall from the parlor, on a couch that was a marvel of discomfort and bad architecture.

They put Mrs. Ames under the special charge of the cook, who slept on the ground floor. This left the entire care of the sick man to Salann. Mrs. Ames fretted at leaving so delicate and so colossal a task to a maiden lady even of Miss Eby's self-chaperoning years, but there was nothing else to do. The family funds were sufficiently involved with the expense of two invalids; and twenty-five dollars a week for a trained nurse was not to be thought of, especially as the cook would certainly leave if she had to feed another.

As for Salann, she felt as if she had been suddenly installed as understudy to a lion-tamer. Fortunately Ripley was too weak to be of much danger as a physical problem, and the doctor had taught her the *jiu-jitsu* of nursing. But there was something peculiarly trying in the patient's ceaseless, mumbling talk. He kept wearing himself out like a wind-blown candle that frets itself away without giving light. It was hard for Salann to conquer the habit of starting up in a cold sweat of terror every time the patient shot a wild cry into the silence of a room usually so still that the clock-tick seemed to be only one's own soft pulse-beat.

At about four o'clock one chilly morning she was so awakened from a doze, to find that Ripley had thrown off the covers and was standing erect in his bed. He was a fearsome figure, shaggy, unshaven, unshorn, and in his nightshirt he looked like a Hindu fanatic carrying out some insane and petrifying vow.

He was half-frozen, but was all a-babble of flowers, and his gaunt hands were plucking imaginary petals from an imaginary rose, and he was saying:

"Oh, don't tell me that. It only makes it worse—to try to lie out of it. I saw him kiss you—and, what's worse, you kissed him. You never would kiss me—you said you were saving your first kiss for your husband—but you kissed him. You kissed that good-for-nothing scoundrel. You've broken my heart; you've ruined my trust in woman. And you are the first woman I ever cared for."

Salann gasped. So it was a woman, after all! But what woman?

She stood bleak and shaken like a shabby hollyhock. She was wrapped in a Turkey-red quilt with insane figures and curlicues sprawling all over it. It was a robe that would have sat ill on an Aphrodite. It was not becoming to Salann.

But to keep it on and to keep her patient in bed taxed her sorely. It was all Salann could do to keep him from hurling himself out of the window.

Downstairs the cook slept like a cook; the mother heard dull sounds from above, but she could not move and suspected nothing unusual. Salann was left alone, suffering almost more from her fierce curiosity than from the bruises the wild man inflicted. Again and again she demanded from him the name of the wicked woman, but his ears were deaf to all but imaginary voices.

After a long spasm of excitement Ripley's delirium oozed away from him like the last gurgle of water in a bathtub. He slept, leaving Salann black and blue and clammy from a wrestling match with a mystery as uncanny as Jacob's.

When it was time for her to go downstairs to see Mrs. Ames she went with the expectation of passing along the news, for a woman's heart is a perfect conductor of a secret. But she suddenly felt that it implied a disloyalty to her ward. She had surprised a hidden sorrow; Ripley had kept it so close in the core of his heart that it had been smelted out of him only after long days and nights in a furnace of fever. It would be treachery, double treachery, to betray him. She said nothing to his mother.

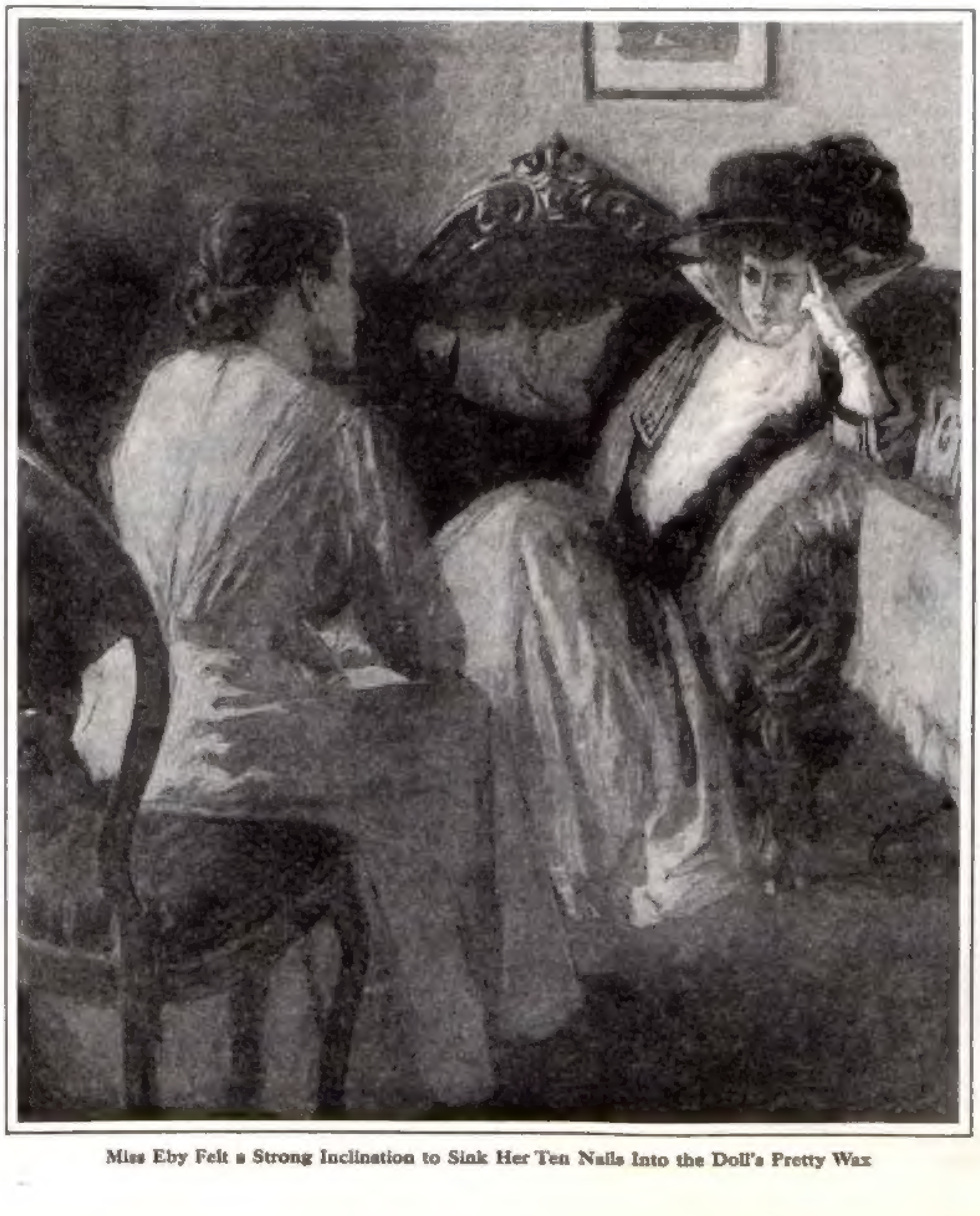
Again and again that day Ripley's talk recurred to the *belle dame sans merci*. Again and again he called on her to come to meet him. The pity in Salann's heart was almost more poignant than the odium of a mystery.

The next midnight she was nodding like a worn-out sentinel, when she heard a deep sigh:

"Oh, Rose, Rose, why are you so beautiful—and so cruel? Come to me, Rose. Can't you see how I'm suffering? Come to me, Rose—Rose!"

Salann was wide awake on the instant. Her name, then, was Rose. There were only three Roses in Woodstock. Two of them were misnamed by their unprophetic parents, for they were as thornless as they were plain. The one Rose it could be was Rose Fairweather.

The doctor was right. One of his diagnoses was correct, at least. She must tell him. No; he was a notorious old tattletale who had forgotten his Hippocratic oath long ago. He told everybody in town what was the matter with everybody else, and was more welcome in a gossip's house than a discharged servant.



Miss Eby Felt a Strong Inclination to Sink Her Ten Nails Into the Doll's Pretty Wax

Salann saw no need to tell the doctor. He had given his prescription: "Humor him." But how could she humor this pitiful plea that came incessantly from Ripley's lips with the reiterance of a prayer-wheel? The next morning she scribbled this letter:

Dear Miss Fairweather:

Ripley is calling for you. He is very sick and doesn't get any better. He is wearing himself out just calling for you. If you have any heart in you, come and talk to him and try to quiet him. Yours sincerely,

SARAH ANTOINETTE EBY.

As soon as she had sealed the envelope she ripped it open again. This was not the note to send to that woman. She tore it up and wrote:

Excuse my intrusion, but there is a matter of great interest to you which I must tell you about at once. I cannot leave the house at present. I think you had better come over here as soon as possible.

She called the cook to the door and gave her the message. At length she came back with this answer:

"Miss Fairweather says, 'All right.'"

"What else did she say?"

"That's all she said, 'All right.'"

Salann had to content herself with this Delphic response. Her heart grew darker and darker with anger as she waited and waited. Jealousy was a larger ingredient of her anger than she knew—the jealous distrust that a plain woman feels for a woman who has accumulated love affairs from her cradle up. Miss Fairweather was a human honey-jar and men were flies. Ripley was only one of a swarm, and Miss Eby hated Miss Fairweather for that fact. But at least she might come—she positively must come.

All day long she watched from the window until that hour when people and trees and shadows are blurred and indeterminate, that hour when, in small, gas-lit towns, the boy with the ladder hurries along the streets poking the street lamps into glow. It was only then that Salann heard the front gate open and a woman's feet creaking along the snow. They sounded like little feet. The bell rang with a delicate whir. The cook said that Miss Fairweather was in the parlor.

Salann hastily forced Ripley's arms into a dressing-gown for propriety's sake, then took a quick primp before the mirror and went downstairs. She looked in at the sitting-room to tell Mrs. Ames that it was the doctor, and, with a prayer for forgiveness and a last preening gesture, entered the parlor.

In every detail the two women were contrasted. Miss Fairweather had beauty enough for two; her flesh suggested marshmallows and macaroons; even if a layer of powder was visible, it looked like powdered sugar. Miss Eby had the flesh of a preserved green gage plum. Her very sweetness was a bit puckery. It was not her fault. A lemon cannot become a peach by wishing; but it must pay the penalty.

Miss Fairweather was gracious even in her selfish vanity. Miss Eby was awkward in all sincerity. Miss Fairweather wore colors that were an added word to her own beauty, and furs and gloves that gave elegance to her charm. Miss Eby's clothes were as faded as she. They never had been pretty, and now they were faded. Even the little, colored ribbon she wore to give a touch of cheer was the wrong color. Miss Fairweather had instinctively chosen the sofa, and disposed her splendid lines along it in an attitude. She seemed always to be posing before an imaginary camera. Miss Eby sat on the edge of an uneasy chair and looked all knees and knuckles. The chair was of horsehair, mitigated by a tidy. Sarah Antoinette Eby belonged there. Her own life was of horsehair, mitigated by a tidy.

Miss Eby's face was frigid with resentment. Miss Fairweather bloomed with excitement over the mystery. The bloom gave place to a flush of pique when she learned that she had been lured out in the cold to console a sick man whom she had found stupid enough when he was well. She was vexed, and her querulous tone showed it. She feared that people would talk. She thought it very inconsiderate of Mr. Ames to drag her into this sort of thing, and she said so with a pout that would have appeased any man and incensed any woman. Miss Eby felt a strong inclination to sink her ten nails into the doll's pretty wax. But for Ripley's sake she hid her rage, promised Miss Fairweather perfect secrecy, insinuated a few phrases of flattery, and at last coaxed her up the stairs.

The belle of Woodstock entered the room with a flourish and waited for a gasp of admiration, while Salann braced herself for a cry of rapture. But the sick man glanced at the beauty with glassy eyes and spoke in the driest of business tones:

"Miss Quinn, you're late again. I'm waiting to dictate."

"Who does he think I am?" said the surprised beauty.

"His stenographer," said Salann, and a chuckle slipped out of her.

Miss Fairweather whisked on her heel, but Salann got in front of the door and pleaded:

"You must humor him. The doctor says we must humor him in everything."

As Miss Fairweather hesitated, in anger that even a delirious man should mistake her for a stenographer, Ripley grew impatient.

"I can't wait all day!" he snapped.

Men are different in an office and in an arbor. Ripley Ames' executive tone alarmed Miss Fairweather, and at Salann's whispered suggestion she sat down and wrote with an imaginary pencil on an imaginary notebook as Ripley dictated:

Messrs. J. G. Gruber & Sons,
Nepperhan, New York.

Dear Sirs:

Yours of even date received and contents noted. In reply to same would say we are shipping per fast freight on the 21st inst., consignment ordered as follows:

Thirteen barrels lard, 16 sides bacon, 25 dozen eggs, 14 cases Mother's Delight soap.

Thanking you for past favors and trusting to continuation of same,

Yours truly,

This was the first of some fifteen letters of equal beauty of content and grace of expression. Miss Fairweather hoped that each was the last, but every time she rose he rose, too, with an angry exclamation that frightened her back to her chair. His business *brusquerie* was aggravated by a sick man's viciousness, and his maniac look cowed her completely.

She sat trembling with fear and rage. She knew that Mr. Applegate was waiting in his motor-car to take her to dinner and to the

(Continued on Page 30)

The Actor's Hard-Luck Story

WHY HIS PROFESSION IS THE MOST PRECARIOUS OF ALL

By the Actor

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A WOMAN once called at the stage door of a theatre and asked for the stage manager. When he appeared she said: "I brought my son Johnny down here to see if you can't make an actor out of him; he ain't good for nothing else."

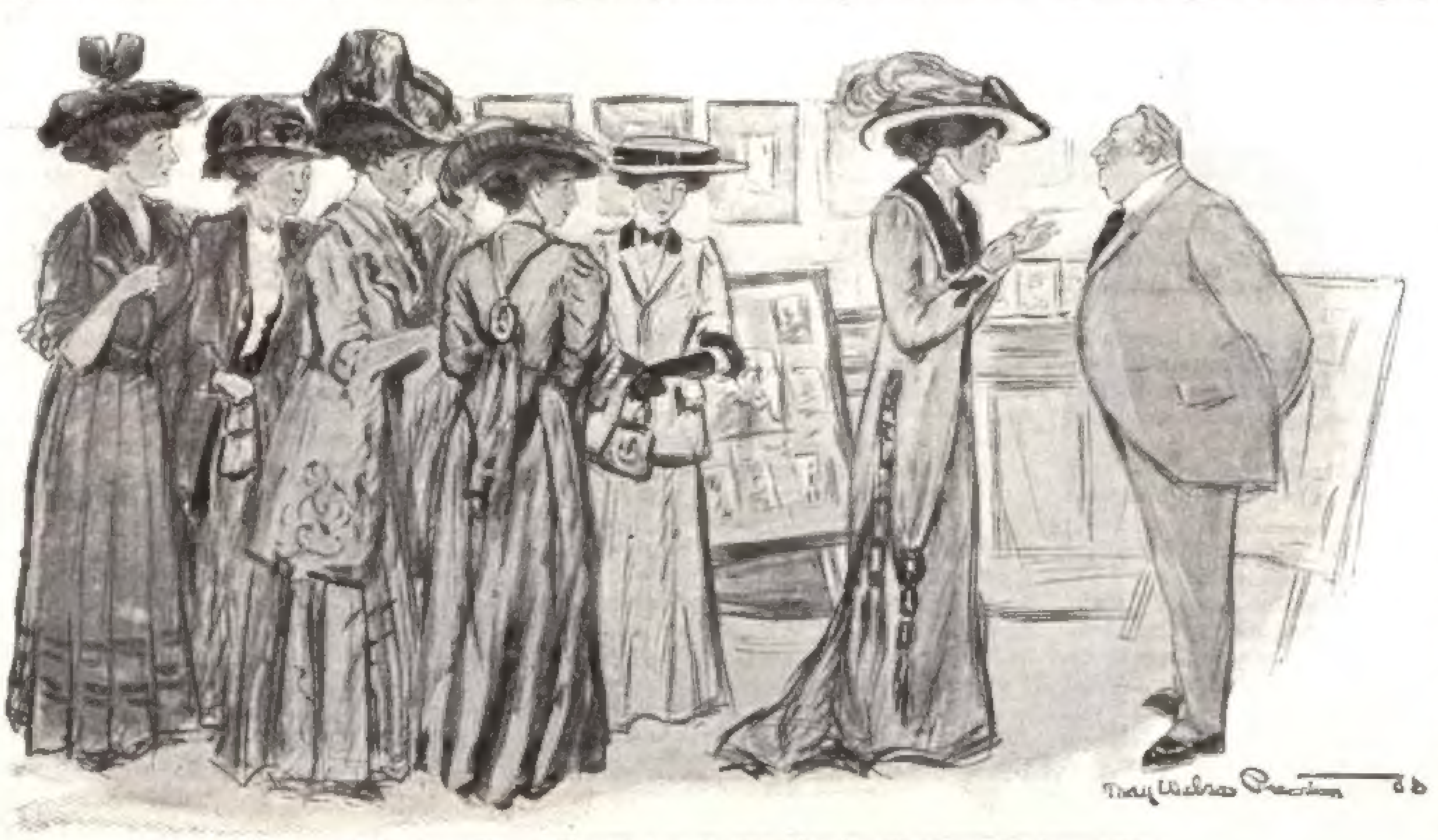
My reason for going on the stage was much the same. I had tried several other things, from teaching school to being "city editor" on a country newspaper. I had been unsuccessful in all, and having been told, from the time that I began to speak pieces at the school exhibitions, that I had a talent for the stage, I came to the conclusion that as I was "not good for anything else," I would try it. I came to New York nearly twenty years ago, and have been on the stage the greater portion of that time. Little did I dream of the hardships of the struggle of the new Rialto — of the disappointments, the humiliations and the heartaches that were in store for me.

No profession in the world is so precarious as the actor's. Not even the victims of historic Grub Street ever endured the trials and vicissitudes which have beset the actor, from the days of Shakespeare, at least.

Why is this? Actors seem to receive better pay than almost any class of wage-earners, particularly the beginners. Any man or woman with good looks and a little ability can earn from twenty to twenty-five dollars per week the first season. After that his salary may increase according to his ability, circumstances and opportunity.

These three things are to be reckoned with in his advancement, and not ability alone, as would appear to the casual observer. Many an actor has had his salary increased fifty or one hundred per cent. in a single night. How did this come about? First, the opportunity must have been created; second, the circumstances must have been such that he was given the opportunity; and, last, he must have had the ability to take advantage of it.

These three things are necessary to success on the stage, and they are largely responsible for the precariousness of the actor's profession, but not wholly. There are other vital contingencies to be encountered, of which I shall speak later.



Many are the Envious Glances They Cast at the Girl Who Has Had Forty Weeks and Who, in Consequence, is Gowned in the Latest Fashion

Once an actor was summoned to appear as a witness in court.

"Are you an actor?" asked the lawyer for the defense.

"Being under oath, I decline to answer, for fear of incriminating myself," replied the actor.

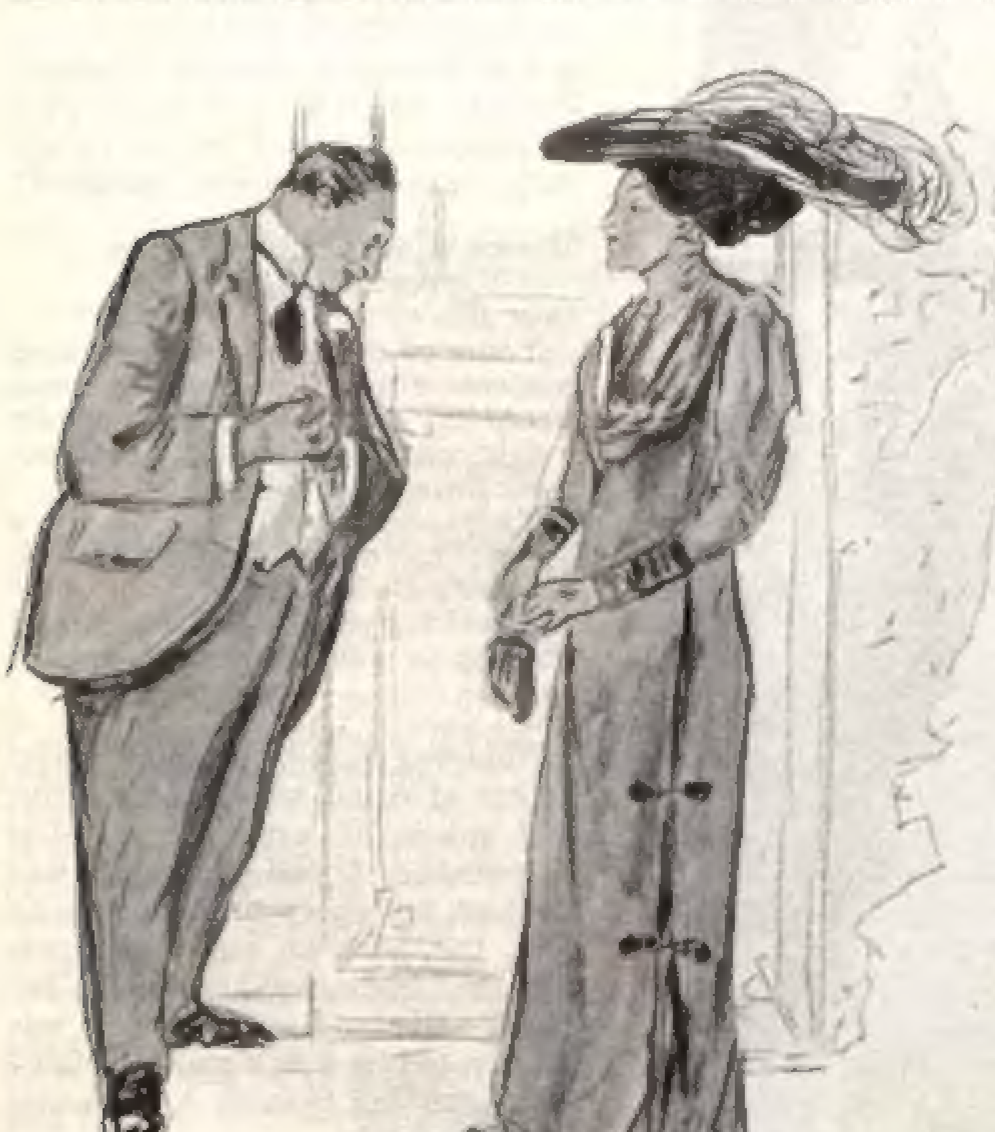
While not under oath, I do not propose to say anything here that is not absolutely true, therefore I will not say that I am an actor. I have been called an actor, and have never resented the accusation. Sometimes one adjective and sometimes another has preceded the simple noun. Some of these I have resented bitterly, but in the nearly twenty years which have passed since I went on the stage the adjectives have become so numerous and varied that "they pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not." I can say, however, that I played in New York recently without the protection of a net.

During the years that I have been connected with the stage I have played with some of the worst and some of the best companies in America and England. I have played the "tank towns" of the West and South, and I have played leading rôles in Broadway productions.

After this long and varied career one would think that I knew the game, and that my past experience would be of inestimable value in guiding my footsteps for the future. On the contrary, I find myself at times as uncertain as to the best thing to do as when I had only three or four years' experience behind me.

This seems absurd, but it is true, and the reason is that there are no precedents in the theatrical profession by which one may be guided. Every year brings a new experience, and I believe the old-timer is as apt, if not more so, to make mistakes as the youngster, who, not having had the hard knocks of years, goes in blindly and trusts to luck.

An example of this: Three years ago I was offered an engagement in two different stock companies at the same time. Both were managed by men who were supposed to be reputable. The salary offered by one was very much better than the other. Everything else seeming equal, I chose the one offering the larger sum. I played two weeks without receiving any salary, and had to pay my own transportation to my home. After seventeen years' experience I refused the orange and took the lemon.



When the Manager is Making Money Out of the Player No One is More Affable or Agreeable

Another example of picking the wrong one: A friend of mine who was playing in a company which had been "laying off" a good deal secured an engagement in a stock company and resigned his position. While he was en route to join the new company the theatre in which the stock company was located was burned. He thus lost both ways.

Why do we read of actors stranding and being compelled to count cross-ties to New York? Nobody ever heard of a doctor, a lawyer or a painter stranding. The cause is simple. The doctor, the lawyer and the painter pursue their vocations at home, while ninety per cent. of actors are compelled to travel all over the country. If the doctor, the lawyer or the painter strikes a hard streak he is at home, or, at any rate, is not compelled to go elsewhere; but the actor's hard luck comes while he is far from New York, where he must go, it being the only place where he can hope to obtain another engagement.

"But," you ask, "why does not the actor have money, after having been employed for some weeks, with which to pay his fare?"

There are two answers to this question. One is, that he sometimes does; in which case he does not strand. The other answer is, that for some weeks prior to the catastrophe he has received no salary, and has been using his money to pay his hotel bills and other expenses.

"Why didn't the actor quit when his first week's salary was unpaid?" you ask.

There are various reasons for his not doing so. The principal one is that the precariousness of his profession is such that he knows that if he returns to New York in mid-season his chances of getting another engagement are small; and again, the manager always has a plausible story about the bad business being "only temporary, and that the booking a few weeks off is in territory where they will turn them away," and the actor, who lives most of his life on sanguine expectations, stays on until his money is gone and he is stranded far from home.

Men in other lines would be amazed if they knew how the theatrical business is conducted. No other business in the world is carried on with such an utter lack of business principles. There are one or two large firms which seem to have some system, and, at least, the capital to carry on their affairs in a legitimate way. But what is legitimate in the theatrical business? The actor's answer is: anything the manager chooses to do. And a glance at the usual form of theatrical contracts will convince the most skeptical that he is not far from right.

Ninety-five per cent. of theatrical contracts contain a clause which permits either party to abrogate it by giving the other two weeks' notice. This would seem equitable at a glance, but as the supply of actors is always greater than the demand, it is not the case. A manager can always find actors, but actors cannot always find engagements. The contract also agrees that "the manager may close the season at any time by giving the company two weeks' notice." Thus it is shown that the actor, who apparently has a contract for a season, in reality has one for only two weeks. He may have expended hundreds of dollars for wardrobe—clothes to be worn in the play—for the contract stipulates that "he must dress all parts assigned to him"; and he may have given from three to six weeks' rehearsals, for which he gets no compensation. If the play fails on the first night, as it often does, a notice goes up that "the season will close in two weeks."

Women are the worst sufferers in cases of this kind, for their clothes cost more, and they must have a different gown for each act. If there are two or more evening scenes in a play, a woman must have a different dress for each, costing anywhere from one hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred dollars; for stage gowns of to-day must be the real thing, and no faking is allowed. A man can wear his full-dress suit in each of the evening scenes, for there is no change of apparel that he can make. His dress suit need not be even new, for the style changes very little from year to year, but the woman dare not wear a gown she has ever used before.

Just here I will say that the actor's profession is far more precarious for women than for men. Their clothes cost more, and their salaries average no more than the men's. Furthermore, there are at least three male rôles in every play to one female, notwithstanding there are as many actresses in New York as there are actors. This is a tip for would-be Juliets and Rosalinds.

Managers are not particular about observing the two-weeks'-notice clause. I know of a company which was on a train going to the next stand. The manager came around and said: "We close here." As the train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour it was difficult for the company to know where they closed. They continued as far as their tickets permitted, and, although they closed at forty miles an hour, they stranded standing still

Few people outside the profession have any idea of actors' salaries. We hear at times of actors who receive one thousand dollars per week. Some do receive this amount, but they are hardly to be considered salaried actors. They are stars, to whom the management guarantees one thousand dollars per week, in addition to which they share in the profits of the enterprise. Actors who are not stars receive from twenty-five dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars per week. Those who receive the last-named figure number not more than half a dozen.

The cheaper companies pay from twenty-five dollars for small parts to fifty dollars for "leads." The first-class companies pay thirty to thirty-five dollars for minor parts, leading people up to one hundred and fifty dollars.

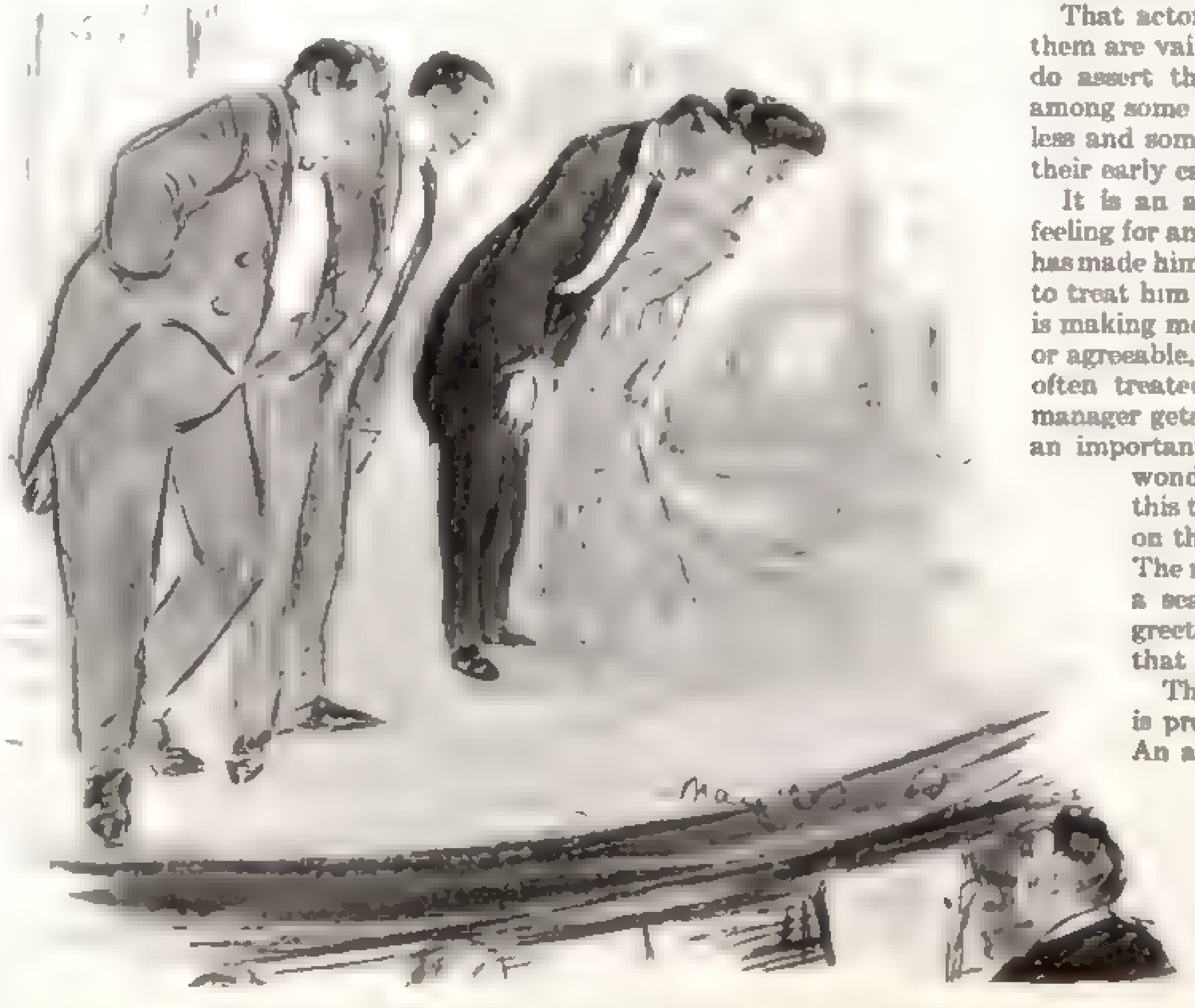
These figures look large to the average wage-earner, but it must be remembered that the manager pays transportation only, and the actor must pay his own sleeping-car fare and hotel bills. Of course, he may stay where he chooses, but he is expected to live according to his position. One of the actor's failings is that he lives beyond his income, forgetting that, at best, his salary only comes in about thirty weeks in the year.

An actor who has always lived within his means has a motto on the wall of his room which says: "Aping the rich makes actors poor." This actor is in comfortable circumstances, for he has practiced what he preached.

A prominent manager was recently quoted as having said: "Even in Shakespeare's time there was a common saying, 'Take the linen off the hedges, the actors are coming to town.' "

In answer to this an actor said: "Take in the hedges, the managers are coming to town." This is typical of the estimation in which each holds the other.

A number of managers recently formed themselves into an association, the principal object of which, according to the newspapers, was to blacklist actors who broke contracts.



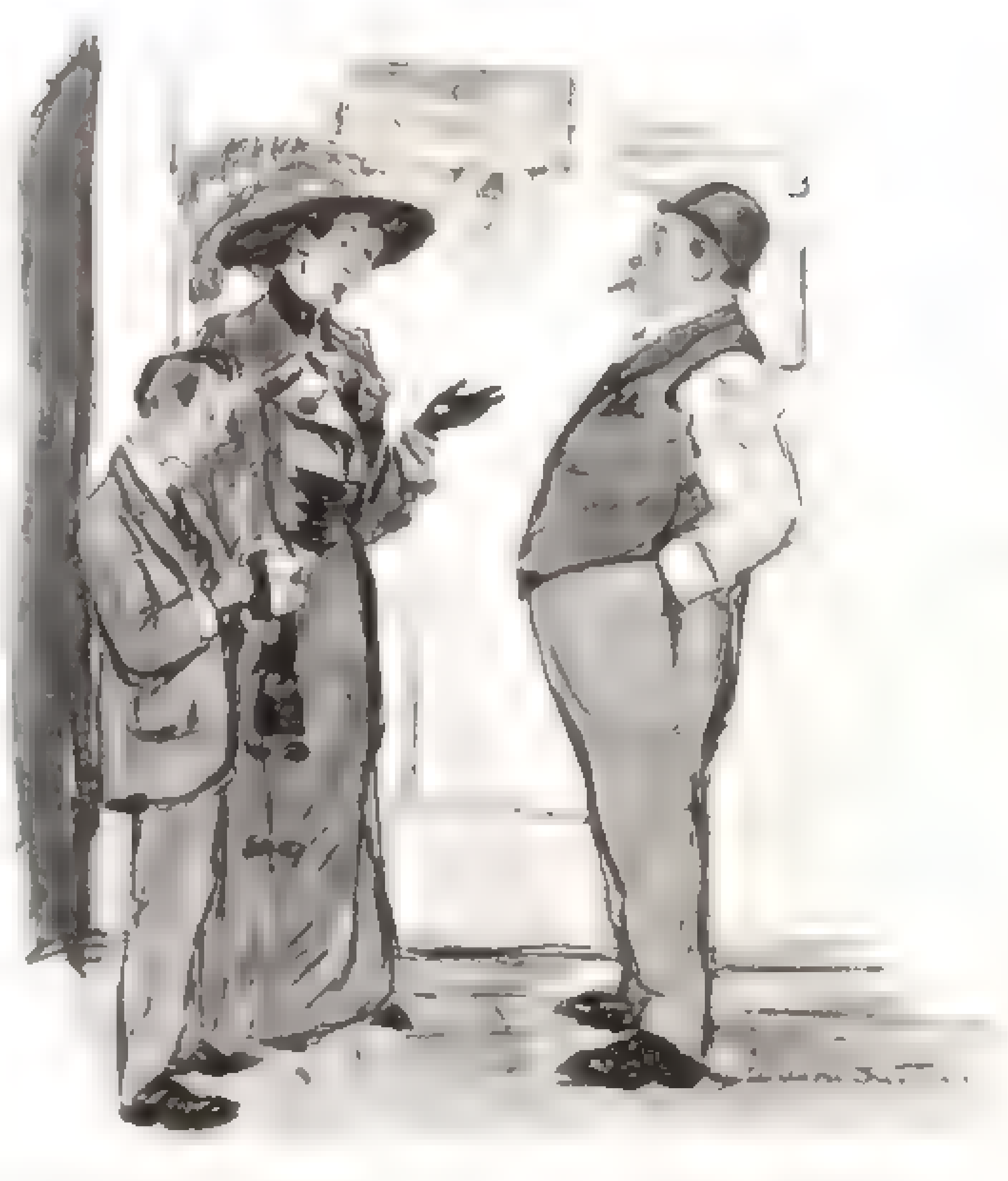
They Couldn't Miss the Opportunity of Taking a Curtain Call

If the public only knew what a joke the thing called a "contract" between an actor and a manager really is! I have already shown that the instrument can be canceled by either party giving the other two weeks' notice; the manager can also close the season at any time by giving the same notice; he can cut the actor's salary in half the week preceding a Presidential election, the week before Christmas and Holy Week; he does not pay him for nights lost in traveling, even when these nights are lost in order to make some distant town on the route.

The actor must play on Sundays in the West where such performances are permitted; he must give an extra performance on all holidays without extra compensation, and suffer other unjust impositions.

But members of this same Managers' Association have violated both the spirit and the letter of the few little things which they promised the actor in this so-called contract. Members of this association have closed companies on three, two and even one day's notice: not once, but time and again. On one occasion an actor who was playing in one of their companies was wanted for a new play. He would not negotiate with the second manager because he was engaged. The company with which he was playing closed on Saturday night, with one day's notice, and he was too late for the other engagement, a man having been secured two days before. And yet this association was formed to protect managers against actors who break contracts!

Again, a young actress who played in a piece produced in New York in the spring was reëngaged for the same play for the fall and winter season. She went home and spent the summer, returning at the appointed time for rehearsals. When she called on her managers they told her that they had decided not to send the play out, and, although they had reached this conclusion some time before, they had not notified her. So she found herself without an engagement after having rested in fancied security for several months.



"I Brought My Son Johnny Down Here to See if You Can't Make an Actor Out of Him; He Ain't Good for Nothing Else"

Occasionally we hear that a manager is taking legal proceedings to compel an actor to keep his contract. Since this association was formed one member of it has tried to restrain an actor from playing in the company of another member. Does the ludicrousness of the situation appeal to the reader? One member of the association employs an actor, after having been notified that he is under contract to another member, thereby helping the actor to break his contract. Isn't the pot calling the kettle black?

More than one instance of this kind has occurred and the actor was not blacklisted, because the second manager wanted him, and, furthermore, must have offered him a superior inducement to play in his company. Who is more culpable, the actor who breaks his contract or the manager who makes it to his advantage to do so?

The majority of these contracts state that the manager will pay the actor's fare to the point of opening, but the actor must pay his own fare from the closing point to New York. In nine cases out of ten the company opens at a town near New York, and closes at some distant point. The manager pays for the short ride; the actor, the long one. I know of a case where a company opened in New England and closed in Salt Lake City—without notice—and the members had to pay their own fares to New York.

A company was recently taken to London to produce an American play. They spent ten days on the water and a week in London before opening. The play ran eight nights, being a miserable failure. The company were given two weeks' salary and sent home second-class. The management considered that they had been sufficiently paid by a trip abroad.

A manager of a stock company in New York once engaged a leading woman at a very high salary. He gave her a contract for thirty weeks without notice. The venture was not a success, and the manager could find no way to break his contract legally. He then began to cast the actress for parts to which she was unsuited in every way, hoping to make her release him. She stuck it out, however.

The manager of an attraction which is said to have played to more money than any play ever produced enforced the half-salary clause on his company when they were "playing to capacity and selling out weeks in advance." Even the chorus, who got from fifteen to eighteen dollars per week, did not escape. Where is the justice of this, and by what right does the manager thus take advantage of his employees?

A certain manager once closed his company on election day, which happened to fall on Wednesday. The regular matinée days of the theatre were Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Wednesday being a holiday, an extra performance was given in the afternoon, and a "midnight matinée" was given after the regular evening performance, at which election returns were read between the acts. This made six performances that the company played in three days, and they were paid one-half of one week's salary, the season was closed the following day, and they were left to pay their own transportation to New York.

Instances of this kind could be given without number, but enough has been said, I think, to show the reader that the actor is not the person most culpable in contract-breaking

No employer excepting the theatrical manager requires his employees to share his losses. All other wage-earners who are employed by the week or month are paid full salaries even if a holiday, death or other cause compels a suspension of business.

That actors have many weaknesses and that many of them are vain and hard to control I freely admit. But I do assert that the attitude of independence prevalent among some successful actors was produced by the heartless and sometimes brutal treatment of managers during their early career.

It is an absolute fact that many managers have no feeling for an actor except contempt, unless, perchance, he has made himself so valuable that the manager is compelled to treat him with a show of respect. When the manager is making money out of the player no one is more affable or agreeable, but one whose place can be easily filled is often treated like dirt. Sometimes it happens that a manager gets in a hole for a certain type of actor to play an important part. When the right man appears it is wonderful to see the difference in his reception at this time and on a former occasion, when he called on the manager and the latter did not need him. The manager is now all smiles and asks him to have a seat, whereas on the previous visits he was greeted with a stony stare and brusquely told that there was nothing open.

The average manager's attitude toward the actor is pretty well exemplified in the following story: An actor who had received no salary for several weeks called upon the manager and asked him for a small amount of money.

"Don't bother me about small matters," said the manager irritably.

"But," said the actor, "I need it—I must live."

"Not necessarily," said the manager, and walked away.

(Continued on Page 36)

SACHARISSA

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON

SACHARISSA took the chair. She knew nothing about parliamentary procedure; neither did her younger, married sister, Ethelinda, nor the recently-acquired family brother-in-law, William Augustus Destyn.

"The meeting will come to order," said Sacharissa, and her brother-in-law reluctantly relinquished his new wife's hand—all but one finger

"Miss Chairman," he began, rising to his feet.

The chair recognized him and bit into a chocolate.

"I move that our society be known as The Green Mouse, Limited."

"Why limited?" asked Sacharissa.

"Why not?" replied her sister warmly.

"Well, what does your young man mean by limited?"

"I suppose," said Linda, "that he means it is to be the limit. Don't you, William?"

"Certainly," said Destyn gravely; and the motion was put and carried.

"Rissa, dear!"

The chair casually recognized her younger sister.

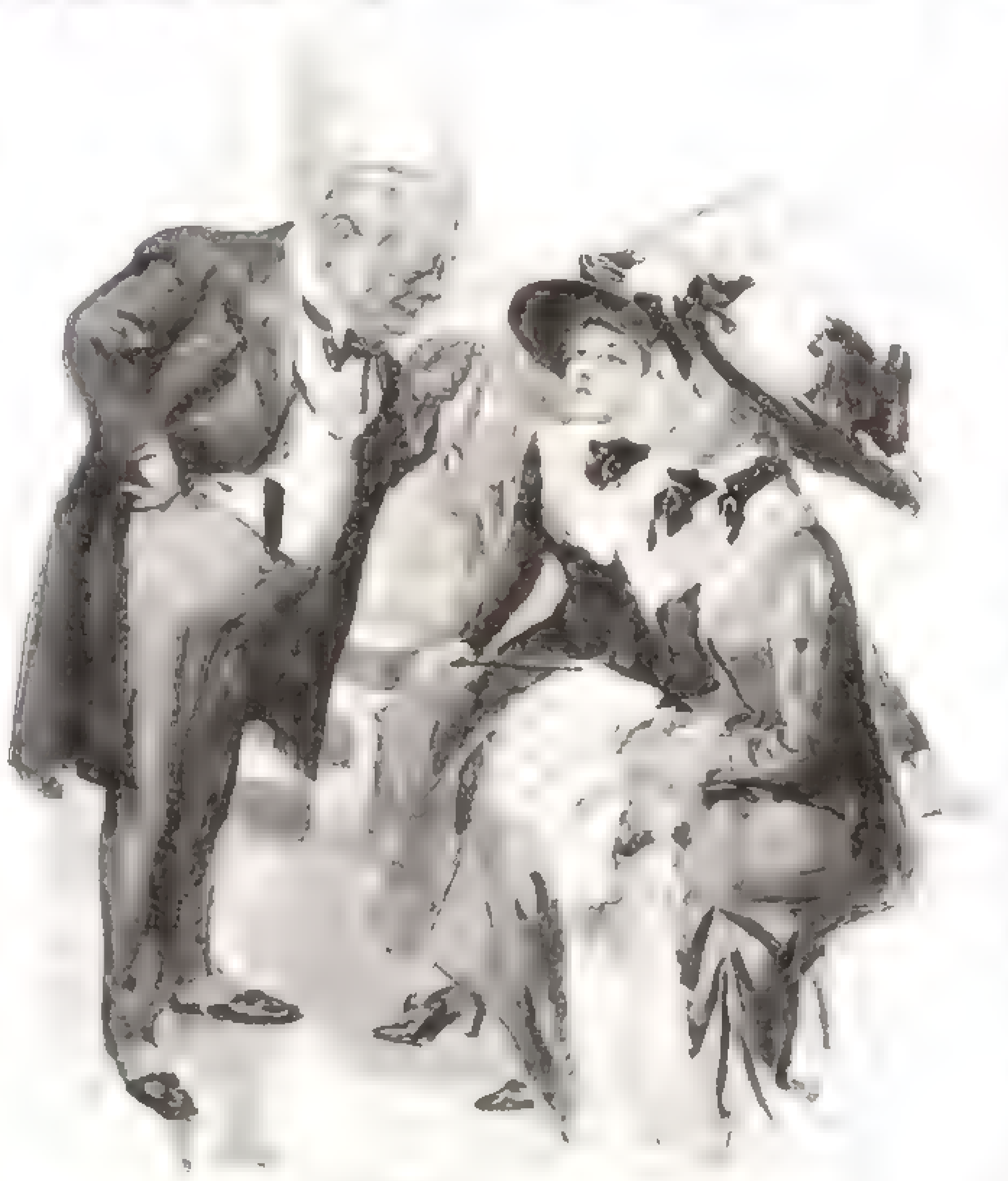
"I propose that the object of this society be to make its members very, very wealthy."

The motion was carried; Linda picked up a scrap of paper and began to figure up the possibility of a new touring-car.

Then Destyn arose; the chair nodded to him and leaned back, playing a tattoo with her pencil-tip against her snowy teeth.

He began in his easy, agreeable voice, looking across at his pretty wife:

"You know, dearest—and Sacharissa, over there, is also aware—that, in the course of my economical experiments in connection with your father's Wireless Trust, I have accidentally discovered some brand-new currents of a most extraordinary character."



"Yes, *Pa-pah!*"

Sacharissa's expression became skeptical; Linda watched her husband in unfeigned admiration.

"These new and hitherto unsuspected currents," continued Destyn modestly, "are not electrical but psychical. Yet, like wireless currents, their flow eternally encircles the earth. These currents, I believe, have their origin in that great unknown force which, for lack of a better name, we call fate, or predestination. And I am convinced that by intercepting one of these currents it is possible to connect the subconscious personalities of two people of opposite sex who, although ultimately destined for one another since the beginning of things, have, through successive incarnations, hitherto missed the final consummation—marriage!—which was the purpose of their creation."

"Bill, dear," sighed Linda, "how exquisitely you explain the infinite"

"Fudge!" said Sacharissa; "go on, William."

"That's all," said Destyn. "We agreed to put in a thousand dollars apiece for me to experiment with. I've made an instrument—here it is."

He drew from his waistcoat pocket a small, flat jeweler's case and took out a delicate machine resembling the complicated interior of a watch.

"Now," he said, "with this tiny machine concealed in my waistcoat pocket, I walk up to any man and, by turning a screw like the stem of a watch, open the microscopical receiver. Into the receiver flow all psychical emanations from that unsuspicious citizen. The machine is charged, positively. Then I saunter back here, place the instrument on a table—like that—touch a lever. Do you see that hair-wire of Rosium uncoil like a tentacle? It is searching, groping for the invisible, negative, psychical current which will carry its message."

"To whom?" asked Sacharissa.

"To the subconscious personality of the only woman for whom he was created, the only woman on earth whose psychic personality can intercept that wireless greeting and respond to it."

"How can you tell whether she responds?" asked Sacharissa incredulously.

He pointed to the hair-wire of Rosium:

"I watch that. The instant that the psychical current reaches and awakens her, crack!—a minute point of blue incandescence tips the tentacle. It's done; psychical communication is established. And that man and that woman, wherever they may be on earth, surely, inexorably, will be drawn together, even from the uttermost corners of the world, to fulfill that for which they were destined since time began."

There was a semi-respectful silence; Linda looked at the little jewel-like machine with a slight shudder; Sacharissa shrugged her young shoulders.

"How much of this," said she, "is theory and how much is fact?—for, William, you always were something of a poet."

"I don't know. A month ago I tried it on your father's footman, and in a week he'd married a perfectly strange parlor-maid."

"Oh, they do such things, anyway," observed Sacharissa, and added, unconvinced. "Did that tentacle burn blue?"

"It certainly did," said Destyn

Linda murmured: "I believe in it. Let's issue stock."

"To issue stock is one thing," said Destyn, "to get people to buy it is another. You and I may believe in Green Mouse, Limited, but the rest of the world is always from beyond the Mississippi."

"The thing to do," said Linda, "is to practice on people. They may not like the idea, but they'll be so grateful, when happily and unexpectedly married, that they'll buy stock"

"Or give us testimonials," added Sacharissa, "that their bliss was entirely due to a single dose of Green Mouse, Limited."

"Don't be flippant," said Linda. "Think what William's invention means to the world! Think of the time it will save young men barking up wrong trees! Think of the trouble saved—no more doubt, no timidity, no hesitation, no speculation, no opposition from parents."

"Any of our clients," added Destyn, "can be instantly switched on to a private psychical current which will clinch the only girl in the world. Engagements will be superfluous; those two simply can't get away from each other."

"If that were true," observed Sacharissa, "it would be most unpleasant. There would be no fun in it. However," she added, smiling, "I don't believe in your theory or your machine, William. It would take more than that combination to make me marry anybody."

"Then we're not going to issue stock?" asked Linda. "I do need so many new and expensive things."

"We've got to experiment a little further, first," said Destyn.

Sacharissa laughed: "You blindfold me, give me a pencil and lay the Social Register before me. Whatever name I mark you are to experiment with."

"Don't mark any of our friends," began Linda.

"How can I tell whom I may choose. It's fair for everybody. Come; do you promise to abide by it—you two?"

They promised doubtfully.

"So do I, then," said Sacharissa. "Hurry up and blindfold me, somebody. The 'bus will be here in half an hour, and you know how father acts when kept waiting."

Linda tied her eyes with a handkerchief, gave her a pencil and seated herself on an arm of the chair watching the pencil hovering over the pages of the Social Register which her sister was turning at hazard.

"*This* page," announced Sacharissa, "and *this* name!" marking it with a quick stroke.

Linda gave a stifled cry and attempted to arrest the pencil; but the moving finger had written.

"Whom have I selected?" inquired the girl, whisking the handkerchief from her eyes. "What are you having a fit about, Linda?"

And, looking at the page, she saw that she had marked her own name.

"We must try it again," said Destyn hastily. "That doesn't count. Tie her up, Linda."

"But—that wouldn't be fair," said Sacharissa, hesitating whether to take it seriously or laugh. "We all promised, you know. I ought to abide by what I've done."

"Don't be silly," said Linda, preparing the handkerchief and laying it across her sister's forehead

Sacharissa pushed it away. "I can't break my word, even to myself," she said, laughing. "I'm not afraid of that machine."

"Do you mean to say you are willing to take silly chances?" asked Linda uneasily. "*I* believe in William's machine whether you do or not. And I don't care to have any of the family experimented with."

"If I were willing to try it on others it would be cowardly for me to back out now," said Sacharissa, forcing a smile; for Destyn's and Linda's seriousness was beginning to make her a trifle uncomfortable.

"Unless you want to marry somebody pretty soon you'd better not risk it," said Destyn gravely.

"You—you don't particularly care to marry anybody, just now, do you, dear?" asked Linda.

"No," replied her sister scornfully.

There was a silence; Sacharissa, uneasy, bit her underlip and sat looking at the uncanny machine.

She was a tall girl, prettily formed, one of those girls with long limbs, narrow, delicate feet and ankles.

That sort of girl, when she also possesses a mass of chestnut hair, a sweet mouth and gray eyes, is calculated to cause trouble.

And there she sat, one knee crossed over the other, slim foot swinging, perplexed brows bent slightly inward.

"I can't see any honorable way out of it," she said resolutely. "I said I'd abide by the blindfolded test."

"When we promised we weren't thinking of ourselves," insisted Ethelinda.

"That doesn't release us," retorted her Puritan sister.

"Why?" demanded Linda. "Suppose, for example, your pencil had marked William's name! That would have been im—immoral!"

"*Would* it?" asked Sacharissa, turning her honest, gray eyes on her brother-in-law.

"I don't believe it would," he said; "I'd only be switched on to Linda's current again." And he smiled at his wife.

Sacharissa sat thoughtful and serious, swinging her foot.

"Well," she said, at length, "I might as well face it at once. If there's anything in this instrument we'll all know it pretty soon. Turn on your receiver, Billy."

"Oh," cried Linda tearfully, "don't you do it, William!"

"Turn it on," repeated Sacharissa. "I'm not going to be a coward and break faith with myself, and you both know it! If I've got to go through the silliness of love and marriage I might as well know who the bandarlog is to be. . . . Anyway, I don't really believe in this thing. . . . I can't believe in it. . . . Besides, I've a mind and a will of my own, and I fancy it will require more than amateur psychical experiments to change either. Go on, Billy."

"You mean it?" he asked, secretly gratified.

"Certainly," with superb affectation of indifference. And she rose and faced the instrument.

Destyn looked at his wife. He was dying to try it.

"Will!" she exclaimed, "suppose we are not going to like Rissa's possible f-fiancé! Suppose father doesn't like him!"

"You'll all probably like him as well as I shall," said her sister defiantly. "Willy, stop making frightened eyes at your wife and start your infernal machine!"

There was a vicious click, a glitter of shifting clockwork, a snap, and it was done.

"Have you now, theoretically, got my psychical current bottled up?" she asked disdainfully. But her lip trembled a little.

He nodded, looking very seriously at her.

"And now you are going to switch me on to this unknown gentleman's psychical current?"

"Don't let him!" begged Linda. "Billy, dear, how *can* you when nobody has the faintest idea who the creature may turn out to be!"

"Go ahead!" interrupted her sister, masking misgiving under a careless smile.

Click! Up shot the glittering, quivering tentacle of Rosium, vibrating for a few moments like a thread of silver. Suddenly it was tipped with a blue flash of incandescence.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! There he is!" cried Linda excitedly. "Rissy! Rissy, little sister, *what* have you done?"

"Nothing," she said, catching her breath. "I don't believe that flash means anything. I don't feel a bit different—not the least bit. I feel perfectly well and perfectly calm. I don't love anybody and I'm not going to love anybody until I want to, and that will probably never happen."

However, she permitted her sister to take her in her arms and pet her. It was rather curious how exceedingly young and inexperienced she felt. She found it agreeable to be fussed over and comforted and cradled, and for a few moments she suffered Linda's solicitude and misgivings in silence. After a while, however, she became ashamed.

"Nothing is going to happen, Linda," she said, looking dreamily up at the ceiling; "don't worry, dear; I shall escape the bandarlog."

"If something doesn't happen," observed Destyn, pocketing his instrument, "the Green Mouse, Limited, will go into liquidation with no liabilities and no assets, and there'll be no billions for you or for me or for anybody."

"William," said his wife, "do you place a low desire for money before your own sister-in-law's spiritual happiness?"

"No, darling, of course not."

"Then you and I had better pray for the immediate bankruptcy of the Green Mouse."

Her husband said, "By all means," without enthusiasm, and looked out of the window. "Still," he added, "I made a happy marriage. I'm for wedding bells every time. Sacharissa will like it, too. I don't know why you and I shouldn't be enthusiastic optimists concerning wedded life; I can't see why we shouldn't pray for Sacharissa's early marriage."

"William!"

"Yes, darling."

"You *are* considering money before my sister's happiness!"

"But in her case I don't see why we can't conscientiously consider both."

Linda cast one tragic glance at her material husband, pushed her sister aside, arose and fled. After her sped the contrite Destyn; a distant door shut noisily; all the elements had gathered for the happy, first quarrel of the newly-wedded.

"Fudge," said Sacharissa, walking to the window, slim hands clasped loosely behind her back.

The snowstorm had ceased; across Fifth Avenue the park resembled the mica-incrusted view on an expensive Christmas card. Every limb, branch and twig was outlined in clinging snow; crystals of it glittered under the morning sun; brilliantly dressed children, with sleds, romped and played over the dazzling expanse. Overhead the characteristic deep blue arch of a New York sky spread untroubled by a cloud.

Her family—that is, her father, brother-in-law, married sister, three unmarried sisters and herself—were expecting to leave for Tuxedo about noon. Why? Nobody knows why the wealthy are always going somewhere. However, they do, fortunately for story-writers.

"It's quite as beautiful here," thought Sacharissa to herself, "as it is in the country. I'm sorry I'm going."

Idling there by the sunny window and gazing out into the white expanse, she had already dismissed all uneasiness in her mind concerning the psychical experiment upon herself. That is to say, she had not exactly dismissed it, she used no conscious effort, it had gone of itself—or, rather, it had been crowded out, dominated by a sudden and strong disinclination to go to Tuxedo.

As she stood there the feeling grew and persisted, and, presently, she found herself repeating aloud: "I don't want to go, I *don't* want to go. It's stupid to go. Why should I go when it's stupid to go and I'd rather stay here?"

Meanwhile Ethelinda and Destyn were having a classical reconciliation in a distant section of the house, and the young wife had got as far as:

"Darling, I am *so* worried about Rissa. I *do* wish she were not going to Tuxedo. There are so many attractive men expected at the Courlands'."

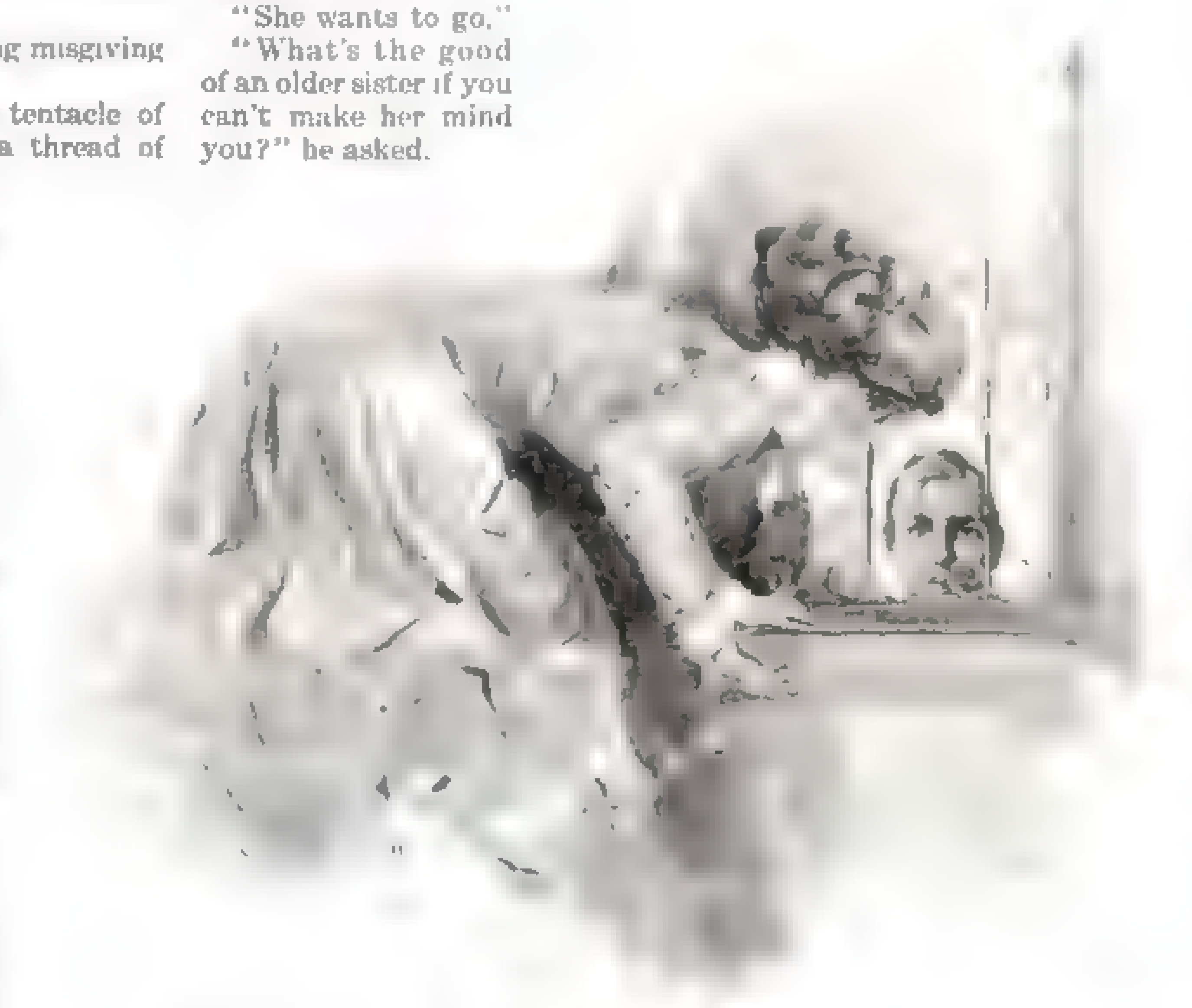
"She can't escape men anywhere, can she?"

"N-no; but there will be a concentration of particularly good-looking and undesirable ones at Tuxedo this week. That idle, horrid, cynical crowd is coming from Long Island, and I *don't* want her to marry any of them."

"Well, then, make her stay at home."

"She wants to go."

"What's the good of an older sister if you can't make her mind you?" he asked.



"Then—You are the Sweetest Woman in the World! . . . Good-by—Sacharissa—Dear"

"She won't. She's set her heart on going. All those boisterous winter sports appeal to her. Besides, how can one member of the family be absent on New Year's Day?"

Arm in arm they strolled out into the great living-room, where a large, pompous, vividly-colored gentleman was laying down the law to the triplets—three very attractive young girls, dressed precisely alike, who said, "Yes, pa-*pah!*" and "No, pa-*pah!*" in a grave and silvery-voiced chorus whenever filial obligation required it.

"And another thing," continued the pudgy and vivid old gentleman, whose voice usually ended in a softly mellifluous shout when speaking emphatically: "that worthless Westbury-Cedarhurst-Jericho-Meadowbrook set are going to be in evidence at this house-warming, and I caution you now against paying anything but the slightest, most superficial and most frivolous attention to anything that any of those young whip-snapping, fox-hunting cubs may say to you. Do you hear?" with a mellow shout like a French horn on a touring-car.

"Yes, pa-*pah!*"

The old gentleman waved his single eyeglass in token of dismissal, and looked at his watch.

"The 'bus is here," he said fussily. "Come on, Will; come, Linda, and you, Flavilla, Drusilla and Sybilla, get your furs on. Don't take the elevator. Go down by the stairs, and hurry! If there's one thing in this world I won't do it is to wait for anybody on earth!"

Flunkies and maids flew distractedly about with fur coats, muffs and stoles. In solemn assemblage the family expedition filed past the elevator, descended the stairs to the lower hall, and there drew up for final inspection.

A mink-invested footman waited outside; valets, butlers, second-men and maids came to attention.

"Where's Sacharissa?" demanded Mr. Carr sonorously.

"Here, dad," said his oldest daughter, strolling calmly into the hall, hands still linked loosely behind her.

"Why haven't you got your hat and furs on?" demanded her father.

"Because I'm not going, dad," she said sweetly.

The family eyed her in amazement.

"Not going?" shouted her father, in a mellow bellow. "Yes, you are! Not *going!* And why the dickens not?"

"I really don't know, dad," she said listlessly. "I don't want to go."

Her father waved both pudgy arms furiously. "Don't you feel well? You look well. You *are* well. Don't you *feel* well?"

"Perfectly."

"No, you don't! You're pale! You're pallid! You're peaked! Take a tonic and lie down. Send your maid for some doctors—all kinds of doctors—and have them fix you up. Then come to Tuxedo with your maid to-morrow morning. Do you hear?"

"Very well, dad."

"And keep out of that elevator until it's fixed. It's likely to do anything. Ferdinand," to the man at the door, "have it fixed at once. Sacharissa, send that maid of yours for a doctor!"

"Very well, dad!"

She presented her cheek to her emphatic parent; he saluted it explosively, wheeled, marshaled the family at a glance, started them forward, and closed the rear with his own impressive person. The iron gates clanged, the door of the opera 'bus snapped, and Sacharissa strolled back into the rococo reception-room not quite certain why she had not gone, not quite convinced that she was feeling perfectly well.

For the last few minutes her face had been going hot and cold, alternately flushed and pallid. Her heart, too, was acting in an unusual manner making sufficient stir for her to become uneasily aware of it.

"Probably," she thought to herself, "I've eaten too many chocolates." She looked into the large gilded box, took another and ate it reflectively.

A curious languor possessed her. To combat it she rang for her maid, intending to go for a brisk walk, but the weight of the furs seemed to distress her. It was absurd. She threw them off and sat down in the library.

A little while later her maid found her lying there, feet crossed, arms stretched backward to form a cradle for her head.

"Are you ill, Miss Carr?"

"No," said Sacharissa.

The maid cast an alarmed glance at her mistress' pallid face.

"Would you see Doctor Blimmer, miss?"

"No."

The maid hesitated:

"Beg pardon, but Mr. Carr said you was to see some doctors."

"Very well," she said indifferently. "And, please, hand me those chocolates. I don't care for any luncheon."

"No luncheon, miss?" in consternation.

Sacharissa had never been known to shun sustenance.

The symptom thoroughly frightened her maid, and in a few minutes she had Doctor Blimmer's office on the telephone; but that eminent practitioner was out. Then she found in succession the offices of Doctors White, Black and Gray. Two had gone away over New Year's, the other was out.

The maid, who was clever and resourceful, went out to hunt up a doctor. There are, in the cross streets, plenty of doctors between the Seventies and Eighties. She found one without difficulty—that is, she found the sign in the window, but the doctor was out on his visits.

She made two more attempts with similar results, then, discovering a doctor's sign in a window across the street, started for it regardless of snowdrifts, and at the same moment the doctor's front door opened and a young man, with a black leather case in his hand, hastily descended the icy steps and hurried away up the street.

The maid ran after him and arrived at his side breathless, excited:

"Oh, *could* you come—just for a moment, if you please! Miss Carr won't eat her luncheon!"

"What!" said the young man, surprised.

"Miss Carr wishes to see you—just for a ——"

"Miss Carr?"

"Miss Sacharissa!"

"Sacharissa?"

"Y-yes, sir—she ——"

"But I don't know any Miss Sacharissa!"

"I understand that, sir."

"Look here, young woman, do you know my name?"

"No, sir, but that doesn't make any difference to Miss Carr."

"She wants to see *me!*"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I—I'm in a hurry to catch a train." He looked hard at the maid, at his watch, at the maid again.

"Are you perfectly sure you're not mistaken?" he demanded.

"No, sir, I ——"

"A certain Miss Sacharissa Carr desires to see *me?* Are you certain of that?"

"Oh, yes, sir—she ——"

"Where does she live?"

"One thousand eight and a half Fifth Avenue, sir."

"I've got just three minutes. Can you run?"

"I—yes!"

"Come on, then!"

And away they galloped, his overcoat streaming out behind, the maid's skirts flapping and her narrow apron flickering in the wind. Wayfarers stopped to watch their pace—a pace which brought them to the house in something under a minute. Ferdinand, the second man, let them in.

"Now, then," panted the young man, "which way? I'm in a hurry, remember!" And he started on a run for the stairs.

"Please follow me, sir; the elevator is quicker!" gasped the maid, opening the barred doors.

The young man sprang into the lighted car, the maid turned to fling off hat and jacket before entering, something went fizz-bang! snap! clink! and the lights in the car were extinguished

"Oh!" shrieked the maid, "it's running away again! Jump, sir!"

The ornate, rococo elevator, as a matter of fact, was running away, upward, slowly at first. Its astonished occupant turned to jump out—too late.

"P-push the third button, sir! Quick!" cried the maid, wringing her hands

"W-where is it!" stammered the young man, groping nervously in the dark car. "I can't see any."

"Cr-rack!" went something.

"It's stopped! It's going to fall!" screamed the maid. "Run, Ferdinand!"

The man at the door ran upstairs for a few steps, then distractedly slid to the bottom, shouting:

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"No," came a disgusted voice from somewhere up the shaft

Every landing was now noisy with servants, maids sped upstairs, flunkeys sped down, a butler waddled in a circle.

"Is anybody going to get me out of this?" demanded the voice in the shaft. "I've a train to catch."

The perspiring butler poked his head into the shaft from below:

"'Ow far hup, sir, might you be?"

"How the devil do I know?"

"Can't you see nothink, sir?"

"Yes, I can see a landing and a red room."

"'E's stuck hunder the library!" exclaimed the butler, and there was a rush for the upper floors.

The rush was met and checked by a tall, young girl who came leisurely along the landing, nibbling a chocolate.

"What is all this noise about?" she asked. "Has the elevator gone wrong again?"

Glancing across the landing at the grille which screened the shaft she saw the gilded car—part of it—and half of a young man looking earnestly out.

"It's the doctor!" wailed her maid.

"That isn't Doctor Blimmer!" said her mistress.

"No, miss, it's a perfectly strange doctor"

"I am *not* a doctor," said the young man coldly.

Sacharissa drew nearer.

"If that maid of yours had asked me," he went on, "I'd have told her. She saw me coming down the steps of a physician's house—I suppose she mistook my camera case for a case of medicines."

"I did—oh, I did!" moaned the maid, and covered her head with her apron.

"The thing to do," said Sacharissa calmly, "is to send for the nearest plumber. Ferdinand, go immediately!"

"Meanwhile," said the imprisoned young man, "I shall miss my train. Can't somebody break that grille? I could climb out that way."

"Sparks," said Miss Carr, "can you break that grille?"

Sparks tried. A kitchen-maid brought a small tackhammer—the only "'ammer in the 'ouse," according to Sparks, who pounded at the foliated steel grille and broke the hammer off short.

"Did it 'it you in the 'ead, sir?" he asked, panting.

"Exactly," replied the young man, grinding his teeth.

Sparks 'oped as 'ow it didn't 'urt the gentleman. The gentleman staunched his wound in terrible silence.

Presently Ferdinand came back to report upon the availability of the family plumber. It appeared that all plumbers, locksmiths and similar indispensable and free-born artisans had closed shop at noon and would not re-open until after New Year's, subject to the Constitution of the United States.

"But this gentleman cannot remain here until after New Year's," said Sacharissa. "He says he is in a hurry. Do you hear, Sparks?"

The servants stood in a helpless row.

"Ferdinand," she said, "Mr. Carr told you to have that elevator fixed before it was used again!"

Ferdinand stared wildly at the grille and ran his thumb over the bars

"And Clark"—to her maid—"I am astonished that you permitted this gentleman to risk the elevator."

"He was in a hurry, miss. I thought he was a doctor."

The maid dissolved into tears.

"It is now," broke in the voice from the shaft, "an utter impossibility for me to catch my train."

"I am dreadfully sorry," said Sacharissa

"Isn't there an axe in the house?"

The butler mournfully denied it.

"Then get the furnace-bar"

It was fetched; nerve-racking blows rained on the grille; puffing servants applied it as a lever, as a battering-ram, as a club. The house rang like a boiler factory.

"I can't stand any more of that!" shouted the young man. "Stop it!"

Sacharissa looked about her, hands closing both ears.

"Send them away," said the young man wearily. "If I've got to stay here I want a chance to think."

After she had dismissed the servants Sacharissa drew up a chair and seated herself a few feet from the grille. She could see half the car and half the man—plainer, now that she had come nearer.

He was a young and rather attractive-looking fellow, cheek tied up in his handkerchief, where the head of the hammer had knocked off the skin.

"Let me get some witch-hazel," said Sacharissa, rising.

Lips Pressed to the White Hands Crushed Fragrantly Between His Own

"I want to write a telegram first," he said.

So she brought some blanks, passed them and a pencil down to him through the grille, and reseated herself.

When he had finished writing he sorted out some silver, and handed it and the yellow paper to Sacharissa.

"It's dark in here. Would you mind reading it aloud to me to see if I've made it plain?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Sacharissa; and she read:

MRS. DELANCY COURLAND,
Tuxedo.

I'm stuck in an idiotic elevator at 1008½ Fifth Avenue. If I don't appear by New Year's you'll know why. Be careful that no reporters get hold of this.

KILLIAN VAN K. VANDERDYNK.

Sacharissa flushed deeply. "I can't send this," she said.

"Why not?" demanded the young man irritably

"Because, Mr. Vanderdynk, my father, brother-in-law, married sister, and three younger sisters are expected at the Courlands'. Imagine what effect such a telegram would have on them!"

"Then cross out the street and number," he said; "just say I'm stuck in a strange elevator."

She did so, rang, and a servant took away the telegram.

"Now," said the heir apparent to the Prince Regency of Manhattan "there are two things still possible. First, you might ring up police headquarters and ask for aid; next request assistance from fire headquarters."

"If I do," she said, "wouldn't the newspapers get hold of it?"

"You are perfectly right," he said.

She had now drawn her chair so close to the gilded grille that, hands resting upon it, she could look down into the car where sat the scion of the Vanderdynks on a flimsy Louis XV chair.

"I can't express to you how sorry I am," she said. "Is there anything I can do to—to ameliorate your imprisonment?"

He looked at her in a bewildered way

"You don't expect me to remain here until after New Year's, do you?" he inquired.

"I don't see how you can avoid it Nobody seems to want to work until after New Year's."

"Stay in a cage -two days and a night!"

"Perhaps I had better call up the police"

"No, no! Wait. I'll tell you what to do. Start that man, Ferdinand, on a tour of the city. If he hunts hard enough and long enough he'll find some plumber or locksmith or somebody who'll come."

She rang for Ferdinand; together they instructed him, and he went away, promising to bring salvation in some shape.

Which promise made the young man more cheerful and smoothed out the worried pucker between Sacharissa's straight brows.

"I suppose," she said, "that you will never forgive my maid for this—or me either."

He laughed. "After all," he admitted, "it's rather funny."

"I don't believe you think it's funny."

"Yes, I do."

"Didn't you want to go to Tuxedo?"

"I!" He looked up at the pretty countenance of Sacharissa. "I *did* want to—a few minutes ago."

"And now that you can't your philosophy teaches you that you *don't* want to?"

They laughed at each other in friendly fashion.

"Perhaps it's my philosophy," he said, "but I really don't care very much. . . . I'm not sure that I care at all. . . . In fact, now that I think of it, why should I have wished to go to Tuxedo? It's stupid to want to go to Tuxedo when New York is so attractive."

"Do you know," she said reflectively, "that I came to the same conclusion?"

"When?"

"This morning."

"Be-before you—I ——"

"Oh, yes," she said rather hastily, "before you came ——"

She broke off, pink with consternation. What a ridiculous thing to say! What on earth was twisting her tongue to hint at such an absurdity?

She said, gravely, with heightened color: "I was standing by the window this morning, thinking, and it occurred to me that I didn't care to go to Tuxedo. . . . When did *you* change *your* mind?"

"A few minutes a—that is—well, I never *really* wanted to go. It's jollier in town. Don't you think so? Blue sky, snow—er—and all that?"

"Yes," she said, "it is perfectly delightful in town to-day."

He assented, then looked discouraged.

"Perhaps you would like to go out?" he said.

"I? Oh, no. . . . The sun on the snow is bad for one's eyes; don't you think so?"

"Very. . . . I'm terribly sorry that I'm giving you so much trouble."

(Continued on Page 38)

GOLDEN GRAFTING

How the California Orange Growers Reaped Success

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

Exterior of Packing-House in California Citrus Belt

SIX thousand dollars a year was not enough for the three brothers. An income of six thousand a year, divided by three, was not, in their opinion, an adequate compensation for the effort involved in planting twelve hundred acres to corn and in converting the crop into prime beef. Therefore they sold the farm, realized eighty-five thousand dollars and moved to California. The three brothers to-day have an income of twelve to fifteen thousand a year derived from a ranch of but fifty acres, for which they paid fifty thousand dollars. They live in a climate of perpetual summer, a mile from a town of six thousand inhabitants, and within an hour's ride of a large city. Their profit of twenty-five per cent. on the investment is made out of oranges. When they came to California they could not tell an orange from a fig tree. Their ignorance concerning the raising of oranges was stupendous; yet their venture succeeded. They made money because they followed implicitly the advice of their uncle, who had paid good, hard cash—thirty thousand dollars for the experience he placed at the disposal of his nephews gratuitously. This uncle, in 1887, had invested twenty thousand dollars in a twenty-acre grove which never paid him a cent in profits until the year the nephews arrived. For this reason his knowledge of oranges was extensive, his advice sound; and the brothers, heeding his counsel, prospered.

When the three brothers were considering the exchange of their two square miles in Iowa for the garden plot in California they were shown over an orange grove of two hundred and twenty-five acres. In the corn belt a farm of equal size would have supported two families in comfort, and would have given employment to three or four hired men. The orange grove gave a living to thirty men, whose families were comfortably housed in a model settlement of rose-covered bungalows; over a hundred souls were dependent upon it for their bread all the year around; and six months out of every twelve fifty additional workers were busy in a bloodless "packing-house" filled with miles of endless belts and tons of costly machinery, preparing the crop for the market. And after the help had taken its share of the crop receipts, enough was left over to keep up the mansion of the owner, who made the ranch produce a hundred thousand dollars every year. Twenty thousand trees were working for this man, each tree presenting him with a crisp five-dollar bill every year. When he planted the first tree on the baked, parched land twenty years ago, the two hundred and twenty-five acres were barely able to keep three hundred dollars' worth of sheep alive; to-day every acre furnishes oranges worth four to five hundred dollars. As a sheep pasture the land could be bought for ten dollars per acre; to-day the owner laughs at an offer of three hundred thousand dollars for his grove.

No scarlet-robed wizards in fantastic headgear brought about this transformation of arid, thirsty grazing-land into the highest-priced and most remunerative fruit groves of the world; the miracle was worked by practical, hard-headed, fighting business men who applied scientific principles to the tilling of the soil, and made use of every modern method of commerce in disposing of their perishable crop. The man who makes those two hundred and twenty-five parched acres pay him a hundred thousand dollars a year is no magician; neither is he a farmer. He never was a farmer; he occupied a pulpit when he began raising oranges. To-day he preaches the gospel of intensive soil cultivation, of up-to-date business methods on the farm and in the grove, and the performance of his ranch proves that he practices what he preaches.

Fumigating Groves With the Aid of a Gasoline Engine That Places the Tents

Whatever they may have been in the past, the orange growers of California are no longer mere farmers. They are astute business men, who run orange producing and distributing plants on a commercial basis. Like bankers, manufacturers and merchants, they own touring-cars and send their children to college; if they can't keep up the pace set by the leaders and keep within hailing distance of them, they drop out. They are not peaceful tillers of the soil who sow the seed and are content to let Nature do the rest. They have openly defied the old dame's anger and defeated her; they attacked powerful competitors and routed them; they grappled with the railroads, the private car lines, the box trust, and they beat them; they created markets for their oranges where none existed. During the three decades of warfare hundreds, even thousands, of the growers lost courage, hope, money, and dropped out of the ranks, but the ablest fighters remained, and this process of elimination has made the California orange growers a class of men whose equal cannot be found anywhere among those who cultivate the soil. These men have made it possible to produce more than thirty thousand carloads of citrus fruits annually upon an area of but eighty thousand acres, to pay ten million dollars for the transportation of the crop to the markets, and to sell it at prices that give the growers an average return of three hundred dollars per acre. They have made it possible to support a family comfortably on the yield of five acres, and to pass the summer in Honolulu or New York on the yield of ten. They have made their ten-acre groves, scarcely large enough for a good-sized calf-lot in Kansas, worth more than a quarter section of rich wheat land in Dakota. They have set an example for the young fruit industry of the West that is revolutionizing the fresh-fruit trade of the world, and by their methods the Oregon apple grower was enabled to sell his product in New York at a profit, while the home-grown apple was disposed of at a loss to the producer.

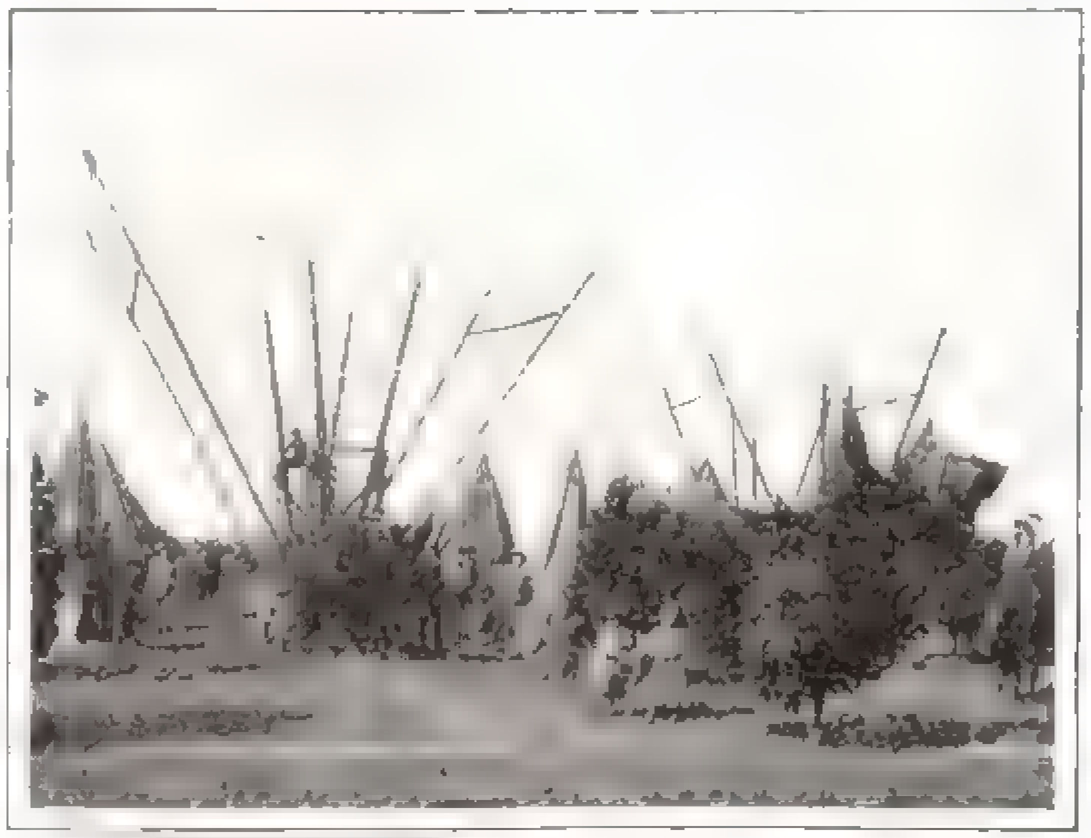
But, unless the newcomer is prepared to cast aside all ancient notions and prejudices acquired in Eastern deciduous orchards, to spend money unstintingly upon his orange-producing plant in a manner considered criminally extravagant in Indiana, unless he intends to take care of his grove as he would of a racing-stable full of thoroughbreds, he had better leave orange growing alone. The process of converting climate into automobiles and European tours, by way of the orange tree, necessitates a complete breaking-away from the conventional methods and standards of the corn or peach belt. The sowing of pennies in the black loam of the Middle West may bring forth a harvest of nickels, but an orange grove requires dime seeds, with a sprinkling of quarters, before it will yield its golden harvest.

The Old-Time Orange Growers

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when the first commercial orchards of California were beginning to bear fruit in quantities, the silver seed was unknown and unnecessary. San Francisco and the few other cities of the Pacific Coast that could be reached by water were ready then to take all oranges grown in the State, paying four and five cents apiece for them, wholesale. There was no competition, and the comparatively few growers of the State, in several seasons, realized seven and eight hundred dollars per acre. Such profits attracted a flood of capital into the business, especially when the Southern Pacific completed its line through the orange country to the East, and the Santa Fe pushed its rails in the same direction. Everybody planted orange groves, confident of a ready market for the product beyond the Rockies.

It did not occur to the multitude of planters that perhaps a small amount of knowledge concerning the habits of the exotic plant might be necessary to success. With the picture of the old apple tree at home vividly before them, they tried to make the orange trees follow the patterns as closely as possible. High-stemmed trees, with all the lower branches trimmed off, were all the rage in those days. They looked more like trees, and their height permitted the growers to drive right under them and pick the oranges into the wagon. The cool regions near the coast, with the fresh trade winds to temper the summer's heat, were preferred by the early planters in choosing sites for their groves, and only the richest kind of clay soil was good enough for them. Oh, it was an idyl, a vision of bliss and wealth, of leisure and comfort, this orange grove of a few decades ago, with its background of mountains, its sweeping sea breeze and its mocking-birds and hummers.

It was a dream that fell short of realization. True, the rich, red clay chosen by the growers was fertile and fat, but the winter rains changed it into a sticky mud, cut wide gullies through the grove and exposed the roots of the trees, and in summer the sun baked the floor of the orchard into a nice, hard, adobe brick that a pick could scarcely penetrate. The strong trades of the Pacific cooled the grower's heated brow, it is true, but they also knocked blossoms and fruit off the trees, drove the sharp thorns into the thin skin of the oranges and twisted the young trees, while the comfortable, foggy, summer days kept the fruit sour and immature. It was easy, pleasant work to stand on the wagon and pick the fruit off the high limbs, but unfortunately the best part of the crop was thrown away when the low limbs were sawed off, high up in the crown the fruit was dry, sunburnt, off-colored and wrinkled. The failure of the expected returns dispelled the beautiful vision; the grower kicked himself, pulled off his coat, and went to work in earnest. He moved out of the pleasant coast region with its equable climate and cooling winds, and migrated into the interior valleys where the thermometer throughout the long summer months flirts with the hundred-degree mark. There he perspired and cursed, but stayed on because he found that his oranges liked the heat and thrived in the oven. The fertile adobe he once thought indispensable for his trees he now passed by, and chose the lean, sandy soil with good, natural drainage which permitted him to feed fertilizer and water to his trees according to their needs. He cultivated his orchard assiduously, winter and summer, supplied fertilizer by the ton, raised cover crops to be plowed under, and did not stop work in the winter because the apple trees back home needed no attention in January. He reduced the height of the trees until their lowest branches swept the ground, because on these limbs he found the largest, juiciest and choicest fruit. He learned to trim and prune his trees to a nicety, that the sun might reach the innermost recesses of the heavy foliage and color the fruit a deep orange. He ransacked South America, South Africa, the West Indies, China and Australia for new and better varieties until he discovered the Washington Navel orange, a Brazilian importation that thrived wonderfully in California and bore a prolific crop. The Washington Navel was large, sweet, juicy, deeply colored, with excellent keeping qualities and, above all, it contained no seeds.



Every Second Year the Scale-Infested Trees are Covered With Air-Tight Tents and Fumigated at an Expense of Thirty Cents to One Dollar Per Tree. There are Ninety Trees to the Acre

Fumigating a Full-Grown Orange Tree

Putting his hand deep into his pocket, the grower proceeded to change his bearing, seedling trees into Navels. Every limb of the old trees was sawed off until nothing but the bare stem remained, and into the bark of the trunks young shoots of the new variety were embedded. Three or four full crops, the work of almost half a decade, were lost to the grower by the process, but he was willing to stand the loss for the sake of future gain. Often this budding-over process did not succeed at once. When the uncle of the three Iowans began his career as an orange grower he realized the value of the new variety and proceeded to change his twenty acres of seedlings into the seedless species, an obliging neighbor performing the work for him. The young shoots in the old trunks grew with astonishing rapidity, until within a few years a promising green crown covered the tops of the bare stems. But when the first fruit appeared the oranges were found to be dwarfed, hard, woody and bitter. Instead of grafting shoots of the Brazilian Navel upon the trees, twigs of the wild Australian Navels, hardly to be distinguished from the South American trees foliage, had been used, and once more the saw had to go to work upon the trees. Eleven years after the grove had been bought the owner harvested the first full crop

During the period of trying-out, when scores of orange varieties were experimented with to discover whether they were adapted to the California soil and climate, the slate upon which the growers recorded the result of the trials said nothing about insect pests. Around 1881, however, the growers began to make entries, or, rather, marginal notes in agate, concerning the appearance of scale insects in the groves. In 1885 a new slate had to be bought on account of the numerous scale entries. The white or cottony cushion scale was then occupying the attention of the growers to the exclusion of all other troubles. Coming from Australia in a shipment of orange trees the tiny insect had found California to its liking and multiplied until its myriads covered the groves with a white mantle, as though a blizzard had descended from the mountains into the valley. The white scale ate the groves clean and licked its chops for more. In the winter of 1884 a two-hundred-and-fifty-acre grove near San Gabriel produced fruit that sold for seventy-five thousand dollars; a year later not one orange grew on the trees, not a green leaf was to be seen. The white scale had taken possession. The citrus groves, nay, even the deciduous fruits, shade trees and shrubbery throughout the State seemed doomed. One grower ascribed the disappearance of his barbed-wire fence to the scale, but his allegations were not substantiated by convincing evidence. Spraying with whale-oil, soapsuds, tobacco juice, kerosene, all the time-honored remedies, failed to be effective.

For years the growers fought, unable to check the mad career of the pest, until one of their number, Alexander Craw, of Los Angeles, a fruit grower with a hobby for entomology, announced his belief that somewhere in the home of the scale a parasite could be found that would keep the pest in check. According to his theory, Nature had provided a parasite to prey upon each species of insects; if it were not for the work of these parasites, Craw reasoned, almost every insect pest, with its colossal breeding power, could multiply in such numbers that in twenty years it would own the earth. Craw advised the growers to send an entomologist to Australia to hunt for the parasite which, according to his theory, devoured the white scale. Remember, this was a quarter of a century ago, when economic entomology was just beginning to attract the attention of trained specialists. The orange growers did not laugh at Craw's theories; they asked the State to send an expert to the Antipodes to look for the parasite, but California could not spare the cash. Whereupon the growers put their hands into their pockets, collected a fund and asked Professor Albert Koebele to go to Australia and try his luck.

The professor's investigations confirmed Craw's theory; he found that the grub of a minute ladybird they called it *Vedalia cardinalis* in their gratitude—liked nothing better for its food than the interior of a fat, white scale. The ladybird was transplanted to California, started to breed, eat, and multiply in such numbers that the white scale disappeared almost wholly. If to-day a grower notices the white scale in his grove he sends to Sacramento for a colony of the insect policemen.

Putting the Little Pests to Sleep

AFTER the white scale had been eradicated the growers drew a sigh of relief, and made an entry upon their slate to the effect that, since bug eats bug, predaceous insects are best combated by other insects. They put this maxim into practice when scales of all hues, black, red, purple and yellow, imported from all corners of the globe, appeared in the orchards. They have revised their entry, however. The bug-versus-bug theory, for various reasons of a technical nature, did not give the expected results in every instance. In order to be certain of freedom from scales, the grower no longer relies on the natural enemies of the pests alone. He assists Nature by chloroforming the insects. He gives them gas. When this chloroforming process is under way the grove looks like the starting place of half a dozen balloons. Huge, air-tight, canvas bags resembling the latest styles in dirigible airships are hung over the trees, covering them from crown to root, and the bags are filled with a poisonous gas that puts an end to the scale. Unfortunately gas cannot kill all the eggs already laid, and two years after the process must be repeated. This method is effective—for a short while—and it is also expensive. According to the size, it costs from thirty cents to a dollar to "gas" a tree; as there are approximately one hundred trees to the acre, the expense varies between fifteen and fifty dollars per acre every year.

The successful grower to-day spends more money per acre, annually, to keep his trees free from insects than it costs to sow, care for and harvest two acres of wheat or corn, and he pays the money cheerfully. If the cheer is absent he pays, anyway, for the horticultural commissions of the citrus counties watch for scale like hungry ladybirds, and fumigate infested trees whether the owner asks for gas or not; the expense constitutes a lien on the grove.

California began shipping oranges to the East in 1887; at the close of that decade the rancher who raised oranges had nearly completed his evolution into the scientific grower of citrus fruit who watched over his trees, their performance and diet, as

A Plant for Preparing Oranges for the Market Six Years Ago though they were colts in training for the Futurity. The trees were thriving and prosperous, but the grower was not. He raised an abundance of good oranges, but he did not know how best to dispose of them. It was time for him to begin his second metamorphosis. The tiller of the soil had to become a keen, shrewd, pushing business man, able to sell his goods against powerful competition.

The California orange grower at that time was in the position of a new and struggling firm fighting to obtain a foothold in the territory of two old-established, strongly-intrenched rivals, who could produce their goods at half the cost and transport them to the market at half the expense imposed upon the newcomer. The oranges grown in Italy and Spain and the crops of Florida absolutely controlled the American markets in the East. The importers of Italian citrus fruits could ship a box of oranges from Messina to New York for thirty cents; when competition for cargoes became fierce among the vessel owners, the rate would drop as low as ten and seven cents a box. To reach New York the California grower had to pay a freight rate of a dollar per box, with no opportune rate wars to help him dump his crop. The Italian growers paid their laborers twenty-three or twenty-five cents for ten to twelve hours' work; in California labor cost $1.50 for nine hours, and was scarce at that price. Both Italy and Florida had well-developed home markets, able to absorb the surplus; the thinly-settled Western States, with their inadequate transportation facilities, could not be counted upon as large consumers of the California fruit. The territory between the Missouri and the Atlantic Coast was the only market open to the output of California groves, and the East did not want the California product.

The wholesalers were not at all enthusiastic about the oranges of the Pacific Coast. The first shipments of the fruit had arrived in the auction-rooms of the Atlantic seaboard with half the oranges a pulpy mass of corruption. The early, seed-filled oranges, picked and packed for shipment without method or system, as though they were to be transported to town three miles away instead of three thousand miles across the continent, were not famous for their keeping qualities. Bumping along at a snail's pace over the rickety, forty-pound rails, freezing on the snow-covered passes of the Sierras and the Rockies, baked in the endless miles of Arizona and Nevada desert, stewed in the humid heat of the Mississippi Valley, many of them gave up the ghost during the strenuous journey of two and sometimes three weeks. The odor of decayed seedlings still lingered in the sensitive nostrils of the trade when the new and improved stock, the Navel orange, seedless, deep-hued, large and juicy, began to arrive in the Eastern markets. Thanks to the tons of ice, for which the grower had to pay three prices, it was no more odoriferous than the Sicily and Florida product forwarded without ice, but the prejudice against Californias was tenacious.

Since the trade would not listen, the California grower decided to appeal to the man who eats the orange. He made his appeal to the consumer's eye, for he knew that the eye does the buying, while the mouth only chews and swallows. Remembering that it is said that a blindfolded person can scarcely tell whether he is taking a bite out of an apple or a potato, he proceeded to attract the consumer's eye to his highly-colored, large oranges. He packed them in neat boxes, arranging fruit of uniform size in symmetrical rows and patterns. To remove the dust, he washed each orange as it came from the tree, dried it and brushed it, to make it glow and shine. To give his product an air of exclusiveness, he wrapped each orange in tissue-paper. To earn the confidence of the trade the grower—at least the successful one—threw all injured, deformed, green, spotted or frozen fruit on the dump; the selected oranges he divided into three grades: fancy, choice and orchard run. The graded fruit once more was sorted according to size before it was packed in standard boxes, stamped with the grade and the number of the oranges contained within

The self-advertising campaign of the California orange was expensive; it increased the cost of preparing the oranges for the market from twenty and twenty-five to forty and fifty cents per box. On a ten-acre grove the added charges were at least two hundred dollars annually, but the object of the campaign was attained: the California oranges stood out above all others on the fruit-stands of the East, were seen, bought, eaten, and came

(Continued on Page 27)

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY

A. B. WENZELL

AND H. C. WALL

XVII

ARKWRIGHT saw no one but his valet-masseur for several days; on the left side of his throat the marks of Craig's fingers showed even above the tallest of his extremely tall collars. From the newspapers he gathered that Margaret had gone to New York on a shopping trip—had gone for a stay of two or three weeks. When the adventure in the garden was more than a week into the past, as he was coming home from a dinner toward midnight he jumped from his electric brougham into Craig's arms.

"At last!" exclaimed Josh, leading the way up the Arkwright steps and ringing the bell. Grant muttered a curse under his breath. When the man had opened the door, "Come in," continued Josh loudly and cheerily, leading the way into the house.

"You'd think it was his house, by gad!" muttered Grant.

"I've been walking up and down before the entrance for an hour. The butler asked me in, but I hate walls and roof. The open for me—the wide open!"

"Not so loud," growled Arkwright. "The family's in bed. Wait till we get to my part of the house."

When they were there, with doors closed and the lights on, Craig exhaled his breath as noisily as a blown swimmer. "What a day! What a day!" he half-shouted, dropping on the divan and thrusting his feet into the rich and rather light upholstery of a near-by chair.

Grant eyed the feet gloomily. He was proud of his furniture and as careful of it as any old maid.

"Go ahead, change your clothes," cried Josh. "I told your motorman not to go away."

"What do you mean?" Arkwright demanded, his temper boiling at the rim of the pot.

"I told him before you got out. You see, we're going to New York to-night—or rather this morning. Train starts at one o'clock. I met old Roebuck at the White House to-night—found he was going by special train—asked him to take us."

"Not I," said Arkwright. "No New York for me. I'm busy to-morrow. Besides, I don't want to go."

"Of course you don't," laughed Craig, and Arkwright now noted that he was in the kind of dizzy spirits that most men can get only by drinking a very great deal indeed. "Of course you don't. No more do I. But I've got to go—and so have you."

"What for?"

"To help me get married."

Grant could only gape at him.

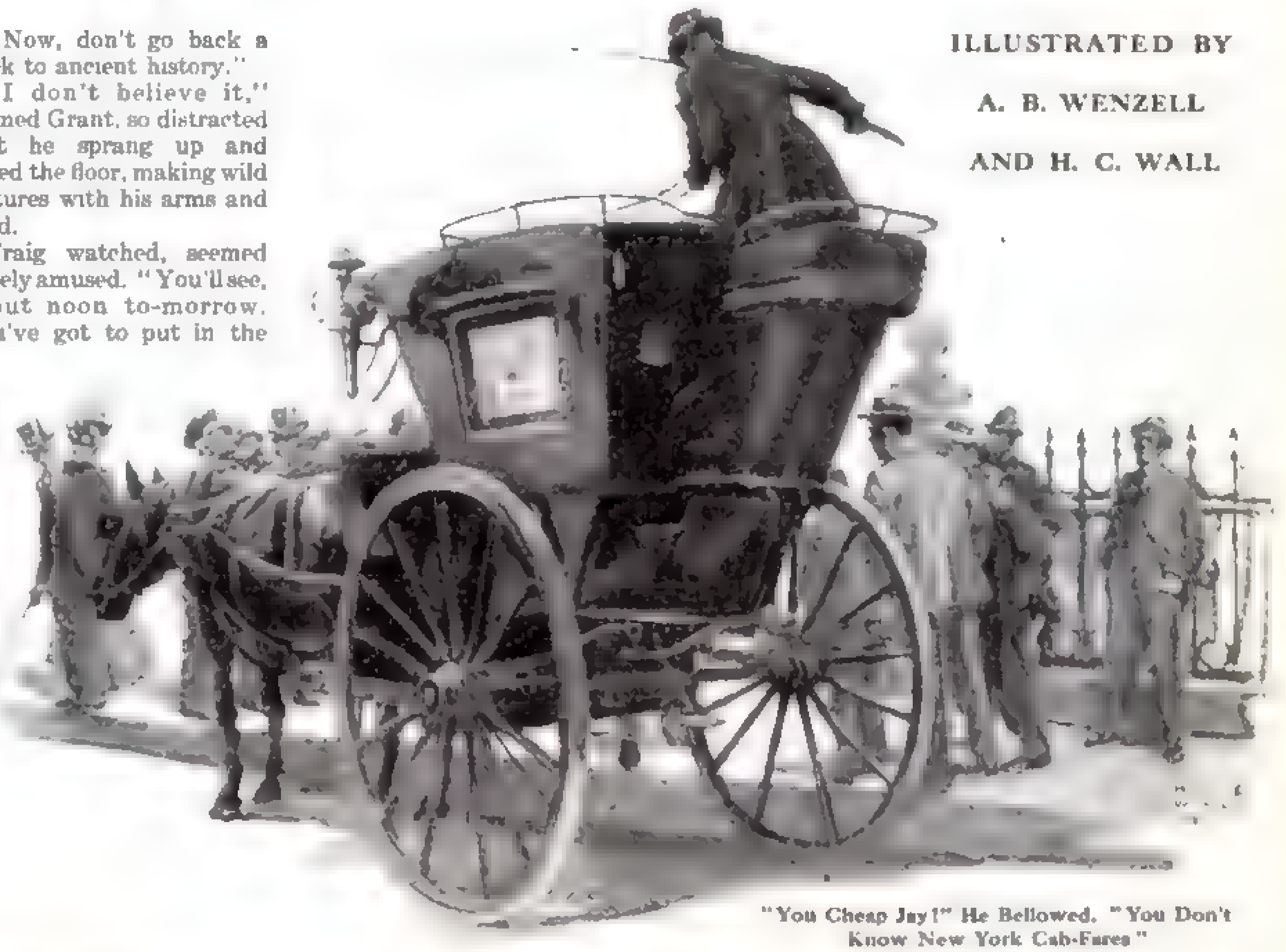
"Don't you know Margaret has gone to New York?"

"I saw it in the paper, but ——"

"Now, don't go back a week to ancient history."

"I don't believe it," foamed Grant, so distracted that he sprang up and paced the floor, making wild gestures with his arms and head.

Craig watched, seemed hugely amused. "You'll see, about noon to-morrow. You've got to put in the morning shopping for me. I haven't got —— You know what sort of a wardrobe mine is. Wardrobe? Hand-satchel! Carpet-bag! Rag-bag! If I took off my shoes you'd see half the toes of one foot and all the heel of the other. And only my necktie holds this collar in place. Both buttonholes are gone. As for my underclothes—but I'll spare you those."



"You Cheap Jay!" He Bellowed. "You Don't Know New York Cab-Fares"

"Yes, do," said Grant with a vicious sneer.

"Now, you've got to buy me a complete outfit." Craig drew a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off several, threw them on the table. "There's four hundred dollars, all I can afford to waste at present. Make it go as far as you can. Get a few first-class things, the rest decent and substantial, but not showy. I'll pay for the suits I've got to get. They'll have to be ready-made—and very good ready-made ones a man can buy nowadays. We'll go to the tailor's first thing—about seven o'clock in the morning, which'll give him plenty of time for alterations."

"I won't!" exploded Grant, stopping his restless pacing and slamming himself on to a chair.

"Oh, yes, you will," asserted Craig, with absolute confidence. "You're not going back on me."

"There's nothing in this—nothing! I've known Rita Severence nearly twenty years, and I know she's done with you."

Craig sprang to his feet, went over and laid his heavy hand heavily upon Arkwright's shoulder. "And," said he, "you know me. Did I ever say a thing that didn't prove to be true, no matter how improbable it seemed to you?"

Arkwright was silent,

"Grant," Craig went on, and his voice was gentle and moving, "I need you. I must have you. You won't fail me, will you, old pal?"

"Oh—I'll go," said Grant in a much-softened growl. "But I know it's a wild-goose chase. Still, you do need the clothes. You're a perfect disgrace."

Craig took away his hand and burst into his noisy, boyish laughter, so reminiscent of things rural and boorish, of the coarse, strong spirits of the happy-go-lucky irresponsibles that work as field-hands and wood-haulers. "By cracky, Grant, I just got sight of the remnants of that dig I gave you. It was a beauty, wasn't it?"

Arkwright moved uneasily, fumbled at his collar, tried to smile carelessly.

"I certainly am the luckiest devil," Craig went on. "Now, what a stroke pushing you over and throttling you was!" And he again laughed loudly.

"I don't follow you," said Grant sourly.

"What a vanity-box you are! You can't take a joke. Now, they're always poking fun at me—pretty nasty, some of it—but don't I always look cheerful?"

"Oh—*you!*" exclaimed Grant in disgust.

"And do you know why?" demanded Craig, giving him a rousing slap on the knee. "When I find it hard to laugh I begin to think of the greatest joke of all—the joke I'll have on these merry boys when the cards are all played and I sweep the tables. I think of that, and, by gosh, I fairly roar!"

"Do you talk that way to convince yourself?"

Craig's eyes were suddenly shrewd. "Yes," said he, "and to convince you, and a lot of other weak-minded people who believe all they hear. You'll find out some day that the world thinks with its ears and its mouth, my boy. But, as I say, who but I could have tumbled into such luck as came quite accidentally out of that little 'rough-house' of mine at your expense?"

"Don't see it," said Grant.

"Why, can't you see that it puts you out of business with Margaret? She's not the sort of woman to take to the fellow that show's he's the weaker."

"Well, I'll be—damned!" gasped Arkwright. "You *have* got your nerve! To say such a thing to a man you've just asked a favor of."

"Not at all," cried Craig airily. "Facts are facts. Why deny them?"

Arkwright shrugged his shoulders. "Well, let it pass. . . . Whether it's settled me with her or not, it somehow—curiously enough—settled her with me. Do you know, Josh, I've had no use for her since. I can't explain it."

"Vanity," said Craig. "You are vain, like all people who don't talk about themselves. The whole human race is vain—individually and collectively. Now, if a man talks about himself as I do, why, his vanity froths away harmlessly. But you and your kind suffer from ingrowing vanity. You think of nothing but yourselves—how you look—how you feel—how you are impressing others—what you can get for yourself—self—self—self, day and night. You don't like Margaret any more because she saw you humiliated. Where would I be if I were like that? Why, I'd be dead or hiding in the brush; for I've had nothing but insults, humiliations, sneers, snubs, all my life. Crow's my steady diet, old pal. And I fatten and flourish on it."

Grant was laughing, with a choke in his throat. "Josh," said he, "you're either more or less than human."

"Both," said Craig. "Grant, we're wasting time. Walter!" That last in a stentorian shout.

The valet appeared. "Yes, Mr. Craig."

"Pack your friend Grant, here, for two days in New York. He's going to-night and—I guess you'd better come along."

Arkwright threw up his hands in a gesture of mock despair. "Do as he says, Walter. He's the boss."

"Now you're talking sense," said Craig. "Some day you'll stand before kings for this—or sit, as you please."

On their way out Josh fished from the darkness under the front stairs a tattered and battered suitcase and handed it to Walter. "It's my little all," he explained to Grant. "I've given up my rooms at the Wyandotte. They stored an old trunkful or so for me, and I've sent my books to the office."

"Look here, Josh," said Grant, when they were under way, "does Margaret know you're coming?"

"Does Margaret know I'm coming?" repeated Joshua mockingly. "Does Margaret know her own mind and me? . . . Before I forget it here's a list I wrote out against a lamp-post while I was waiting for you to come home. It's the things I must have, so far as I know. The frills and froth you know about—I don't."

XVIII

MISS SEVERENCE, stepping out of a Waldorf elevator at the main floor, shrank back wide-eyed. "You?" she gasped.

Before her, serene and smiling and inflexible, was Craig. None of the suits he had bought at seven that morning was quite right for immediate use; so there he was in his old lounge suit, baggy at knees and elbows and liberally bestrewn with lint. Her glance fell from his mussy collar to his backwoodsman's hands, to his feet, so cheaply and shabbily shod; the shoes looked the worse for the elaborate gloss the ferry bootblack had put upon them. She advanced because she could not retreat; but never had she been so repelled.

She had come to New York to get away from him. When she entered the train she had flung him out of the window. "I *will not* think of him again," she had said to herself. But—Joshua Craig's was not the sort of personality that can be banished by an edict of will. She could think angrily of him, or disdainfully, or coldly, or pityingly—but think she must. And think she did. She told herself she despised him; and there came no echoing protest or denial from anywhere within her. She said she was done with him forever, and well done; her own answer to herself there was, that while she was probably the better off for having got out of the engagement, still it must be conceded that socially the manner of her getting out meant scandal, gossip, laughter at her. Her cheeks burned as her soul flamed

"The vulgar boor!" she muttered.

Was ever woman so disgraced, and so unjustly? What had the gods against her, that they had thus abased her? How Washington would jeer! How her friends would sneer! What hope was there now of her ever getting a husband? She would be an object of pity and of scorn. It would take more courage than any of the men of her set had to marry a woman rejected by such a creature—and in such circumstances!

"He has made everybody think I sought him. Now he'll tell everybody that he had to break it off—that *he* broke it off!"

She ground her teeth; she clenched her hands; she wept and moaned in the loneliness of her bed. She hated Craig; she hated the whole world; she loathed herself. And all the time she had to keep up appearances—for she had not dared tell her grandmother—had to listen while the old lady discussed the marriage as an event of the not remote future.

Why had she not told her grandmother? Lack of courage; hope that something would happen to reveal the truth without her telling. *Hope* that something would happen? No, fear. She did not dare look at the newspapers. But, whatever her reason, it was not any idea that possibly the engagement might be resumed. No, not that. "Horrible as I feel," thought she, "I am better off than in those weeks when that man was whirling me from one nightmare to another. The peace of desolation is better than that torture of doubt and repulsion. Whatever was I thinking of to engage myself to such a man, to think seriously of passing my life with him? Poor fool that I was, to rail against monotony, to sigh for sensations! Well, I have got them."

Day and night, almost without ceasing, her thoughts had boiled and bubbled on and on, like a geyser ever struggling for outlet and ever falling vainly back upon itself

Now—here he was, greeting her at the elevator car, smiling and confident, as if nothing had happened. She did not deign even to stare at him, but, with eyes that seemed to be simply looking without seeing any especial object, she walked straight on. "I'm in luck," cried he, beside her. "I had only been walking up and down there by the elevators about twenty minutes."

She made no reply. At the door she said to the carriage-caller: "A cab, please—no, a hansom."

The hansom drove up; its doors opened. Craig pushed aside the carriage man, lifted her in with a powerful upward swing of his arm against her elbow and side—so powerful that she fell into the seat, knocking her hat awry and loosening her veil from the brim so that it hung down distressfully across her eyes and nose. "Drive up Fifth Avenue to the Park," said Craig, seating himself beside her. "Now, please don't cry," he said to her.

"Cry?" she exclaimed. Her dry, burning eyes blazed at him.

"Your eyes were so bright," laughed he, "that I thought they were full of tears."

"If you are a gentleman you will leave this hansom at once."

"Don't talk nonsense," said he. "You know perfectly well I'll not leave. You know perfectly well I'll say what I've got to say to you, and that no power on earth can prevent me. That's why you didn't give way to your impulse to make a scene when I followed you into this trap."

She was busy with her hat and veil.

"Can I help you?" said he with a great show of politeness that was ridiculously out of harmony with him in every way. That, and the absurdity of Josh Craig, of all men, helping a woman in the delicate task of adjusting a hat and veil, struck her as so ludicrous that she laughed hysterically; her effort to make the laughter appear an outburst of derisive, withering scorn was not exactly a triumph.

"Well," she presently said, "what is it you wish to say? I have very little time."

He eyed her sharply. "You think you dislike me, don't you?" said he.

"I do," replied she, her tone as cutting as her words were curt.

"How little that amounts to! All human beings—Grant, you, I, all of us, everybody—are brimful of vanity. It slops over a little one way and we call it like. It slops over the other way and we call it dislike—hate—loathing—according to the size of the slop. Now, I'm not here to deal with vanity, but with good sense. Has it occurred to you in the last few days that you and I have got to get married, whether we will or no?"

"It has not," she cried with the frantic fury of a human being, cornered by an ugly truth.

"Oh, yes, it has. For you are a sensible woman—entirely too sensible for a woman, unless she marries an unusual man like me."

"Is that a jest?" she inquired in feeble attempt at sarcasm

"Don't you know I have no sense of humor? Would I do the things I do and carry them through if I had?"

In spite of herself she admired this penetration of self-analysis. In spite of herself the personality beneath his surface, the personality that had a certain uncanny charm for her, was subtly reasserting its inexplicable fascination.

"Yes, we've got to marry," proceeded he. "I have to marry you because I can't afford to let you say you jilted me. That would make me the laughing-stock of my State; and I can't afford to tell the truth that I jilted you because the people would despise me as no gentleman. And, while I don't in the least mind being despised as no gentleman by fashionable noddle-heads or by those I trample on to rise, I do mind it when it would ruin me with the people."

Her eyes gleamed. So! She had him at her mercy!

"Not so fast, young lady," continued he in answer to that gleam. "It is equally true that you've got to marry me."

"But I shall not!" she cried. "Besides, it isn't true."

"It *is* true," replied he. "You may refuse to marry me, just as a man may refuse to run when the dynamite blast is going off. Yes, you can refuse, but—you'd not be your grandmother's granddaughter if you did."

"Really!" She was so surcharged with rage that she was shaking with it, was tearing up her handkerchief in her lap.

"Yes, indeed," he assured her, tranquil as a lawyer arguing a commercial case before a logic-machine of a judge. "If you do not marry me all your friends will say I jilted you. I needn't tell you what it would mean in your set, what it would mean as to your matrimonial prospects, for you to have the reputation of having been thrown over by me—need I?"

She was silent; her head down, her lips compressed, her fingers fiercely interlaced with the ruins of her handkerchief.

"It is necessary that you marry," said he, summing up. "It is wisest and easiest to marry me, since I am willing. To refuse would be to inflict an irreparable injury upon yourself in order to satisfy a paltry whim for injuring me."

She laughed harshly. "You are frank," said she.

"I am paying you the compliment of frankness. I am appealing to your intelligence, where a less intelligent man and one that knew you less would try to gain his point by chicane, flattery, deception."

"Yes—it is a compliment," she answered. "It was stupid of me to sneer at your frankness."

A long silence. He lighted a cigarette, smoked it with deliberation foreign to his usual self but characteristic of him when he was closely and intensely engaged; for he was like a thoroughbred that is all fret and champ and pawing and caper until the race is on, when he at once settles down into a calm, steady stride, with all the surplus nervous energy applied directly and intelligently to the work in hand. She was not looking at him, but she was feeling him in every atom of her body, was feeling the power, the inevitableness of the man. He angered her, made her feel weak, a helpless thing, at his mercy. True, it was his logic that was convincing her, not his magnetic and masterful will; but somehow the two seemed one. Never had he been so repellent, never had she felt so hostile to him.

"I will marry you," she finally said. "But I must tell you that I do not love you—or even like you. The reverse."

His face, of the large, hewn features, with their somehow pathetic traces of the struggles and sorrows of his rise, grew strange, almost terrible. "Do you mean that?" he said, turning slowly toward her.

She quickly shifted her eyes, in which her dislike was showing, shifted them before he could possibly have seen. And she tried in vain to force past her lips the words which she believed to be the truth, the words his pathetic, powerful face told her would end everything. Yes, she knew he would not marry her if she told him the truth about her feelings.

"Do you mean that?" he repeated, stern and sharp, yet sad, wistfully sad, too.

"I don't know what I mean," she cried, desperately afraid of him, afraid of the visions the idea of not marrying him conjured. "I don't know what I mean," she repeated. "You fill me with a kind of—of—horror. You draw me into your grasp in spite of myself—like a whirlpool—and rouse all my instinct to try and save myself. Sometimes that desire becomes a positive frenzy."

He laughed complacently. "That is love," said he.

She did not resent his tone nor dispute his verdict externally. "If it is love," replied she evenly, "then never did love wear so strange, so dreadful a disguise."

He laid his talon-hand, hardened and misshapen by manual labor, but, if ugly, then ugly with the majesty of the twisted, tempest-defying oak, over hers. "Believe me, Margaret, you love me. You have loved me all along. . . . . And I you."

"Don't deceive yourself," she felt bound to say. "I certainly do not love you if love has any of its generally-accepted meanings."

"I am not the general sort of person," said he. "It is not strange that I should arouse extraordinary feelings, is it? Driver"—he had the trap in the roof up and was thrusting through it a slip of paper—"take us to that street and number."

She gasped, with a tightening at the heart. "I must return to the hotel at once," she said hurriedly.

He fixed his gaze upon her. "We are going to the preacher's," said he.

"The preacher's?" she murmured, shrinking in terror.

"Grant is waiting for us there"—he glanced at his watch—"or, rather, will be there in about ten minutes. We are a little earlier than I anticipated."

She flushed crimson, paled, felt she would certainly choke with rage.

"Before you speak," continued he, "listen to me. You don't want to go back into that torment of doubt in which we've both been hopping about for a month, like a pair of damned souls being used as tennis balls by fiends. Let's settle the business now, and for good and all. Let us have peace—for God's sake, peace! I know you've been miserable. I know I've been on the rack. And it's got to stop. Am I not right?"

She leaned back in her corner of the cab, shut her eyes, said no more—and all but ceased to think. What was there to say? What was there to think? When Fate ceases to tolerate our pleasant delusion of free will, when it openly and firmly seizes us and hurries us along, we do not discuss or comment. We close our minds, relax and submit.

At the parsonage he sprang out, stood by to help her descend, half-dragged her from the cab when she hesitated. He shouted at the driver: "How much do I owe you, friend?"

"Six dollars, sir."

"Not on your life!" shouted Craig furiously. He turned to Margaret, standing beside him in a daze. "What do you think of *that?* This fellow imagines because I've got a well-dressed woman along I'll submit. But I'm not that big a sucker." He was looking up at the cabman again. "You miserable thief!" he exclaimed. "I'll give you three dollars, and that's too much by a dollar."

"Don't you call me names!" yelled the cabman, shaking his fist with the whip in it.

"The man's drunk," cried Josh to the little crowd of people that had assembled. Margaret, overwhelmed with mortification, tugged at his sleeve. "The man's not overcharging much—if any," she said in an undertone.

"You're saying that because you hate scenes," replied Josh loudly. "You go on into the house. I'll take care of this hound."

Margaret retreated within the parsonage gate; her very soul was sick. She longed for the ground to open and swallow her forever. It would be bad enough for a man to make such an exhibition at any time; but to make it when he was about to be married, and in such circumstances! to squabble and scream over a paltry dollar or so!

"Here's a policeman!" cried Craig. "Now, you thief, we'll see!"

The cabman sprang down from his seat. "You cheap jay!" he bellowed. "You don't know New York cabfares. Was you ever to town before—eh?"

Craig beckoned the policeman with vast, excited gestures. Margaret fled up the walk toward the parsonage door, but not before she heard Craig say to the policeman: "I am Joshua Craig, assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States. This thief here ——" And so on until he had told the whole story. Margaret kept her back to the street, but she could hear the two fiercely-angry voices, the laughter of the crowd. At last Craig joined her—panting, flushed, triumphant. "I knew he was a thief. Four dollars was the right amount, but I gave him five, as the policeman said it was best to quiet him.

He gave a jerk at the knob of the parsonage street bell as if he were determined to pull it out; the bell within rang loudly, angrily, like the infuriate voice of a sleeper who has been roused with a thundering kick. "This affair of ours," continued Craig, "is going to cost money. And I've been spending it to-day like a drunken sailor. The more careful I am, the less careful I will have to be, my dear."

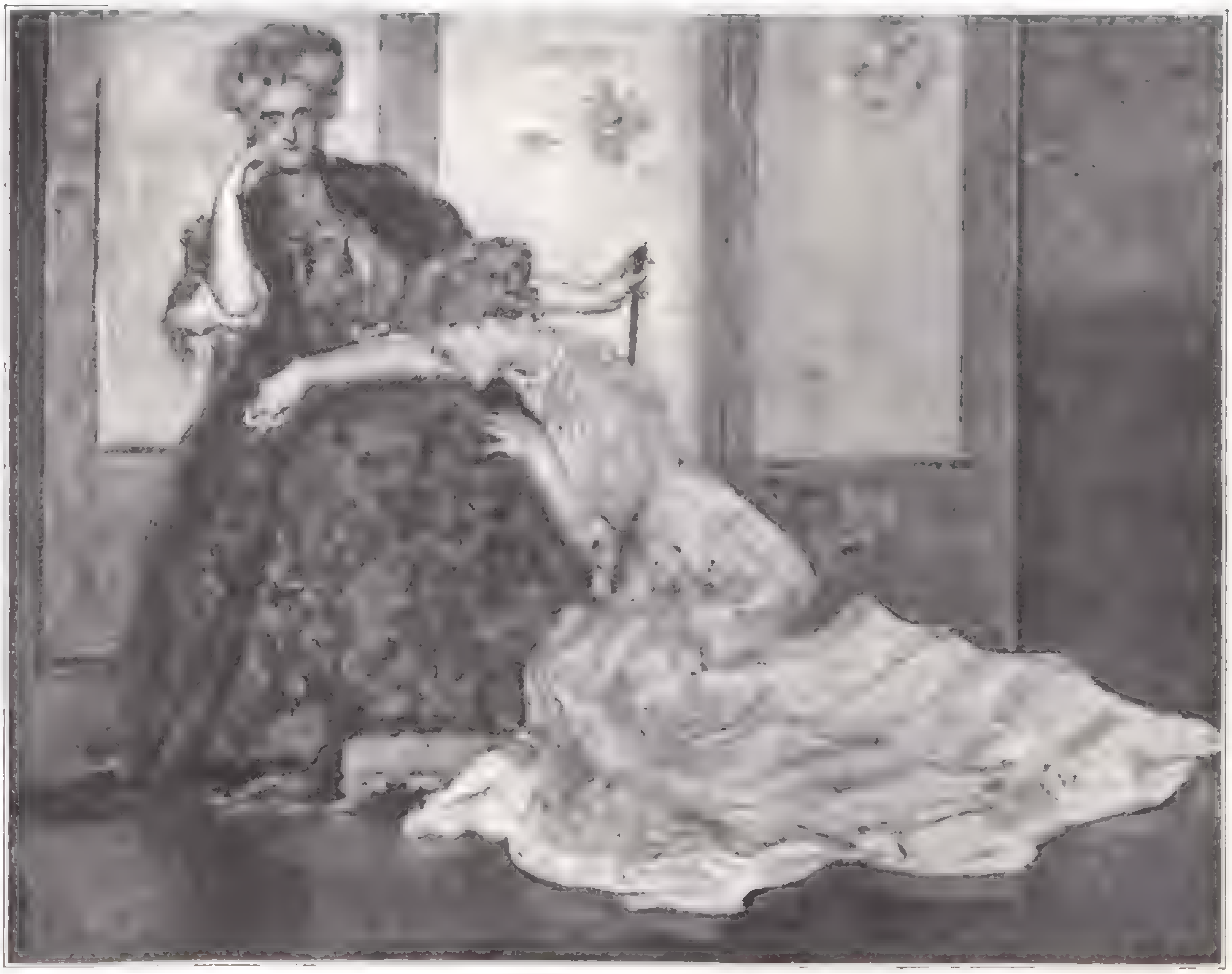
The door opened—a maid, scowling, appeared.

"Come on," cried Joshua to Margaret, and he led the way, brushing the maid aside as she stood her ground, attitude belligerent, but expression perplexed. To her, as he passed, Craig said peremptorily: "Tell Doctor Scones that Mr. Craig and the lady are here. Has Mr. Arkwright come?"

By this time he was in the parlor; a glance around and he burst out: "Late, by cracky! And I told him to be here ahead of time."

He darted to the window. "Ah! There he comes!" He wheeled upon Margaret just as she dropped, half-fainting, into a chair. "What's the matter, dear?" He leaped to her side. "No false emotions, please. If you

(Continued on Page 33)



"I Don't Believe I Can Ever Love Him"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1908

In Love With Your Job

"FORTY years of service have been given me in the pursuit of a profession that has no equal in the world," said President Eliot, discussing his resignation from Harvard.

There spoke the fortunate man. Novelists are vastly to blame for stuffing the youth of the nation with Tom Lawson tips on the quest of happiness. They keep up the old myth that it is all a question of marrying the one girl, when every sensible man knows that, if he hadn't met Nancy that summer he would have met Jane next fall, and it would have been all the same. The real secret of happiness is to be in love with your job; to do work that you like to do; that interests you; that you believe in.

This explains why so many men are not happy—a phenomenon which the foolish theory of the novelists would compel us, most ungallantly, to charge up to our wives. Of the thirty millions engaged in gainful occupations, so many wish they were doing something else; and so many, if they were doing something else, would be wishing backward!

By a well-known psychological process, charms appear where you desire them to be. Grouchy, scientific persons allege that you fell in love not so much with Nancy as with what your fond, desiring imagination made her seem to be. Try this process on your job.

Hauling the Load to the Station

FOR every ton of freight transported by rail during the past year shippers paid the railroads a small fraction over a dollar. That was the average charge, and the average haul was a little under one hundred and thirty-two miles.

The average cost of hauling a ton of goods over the streets of New York, from the dock to the consignee, is estimated at eighty cents, or nearly the average price of the rail haul. Much of the freight for the metropolis is towed in. Draying, towing, lighterage and expenses of handling on the water-front make a total cost in moving a ton of goods from the railroad terminal to the consignee of about two dollars and a quarter, or more than double the price of the rail haul proper. That this cost can be materially reduced is the opinion of some capable transportation men. As New York contains nearly five per cent. of the population of the country and does about ten per cent. of the manufacturing, a needlessly expensive method of handling freight there is an item of considerable importance.

We speak about good roads, perhaps, oftener than our readers care to listen. But in this question of transportation cost, the railroad freight rate, which properly enough receives much attention, is only one factor. There is more to be saved, we believe, by reducing the cost of the haul to and from the freight car than can possibly be saved by lowering the rail charge.

Whales of the Sucker Species

TO ATTEMPT to buy "permanent and healthy control of the Associated Press" was gravely proposed to some of the richest and shrewdest business men in the country. And we wonder that they didn't try it—in view of the bait which they and other rich and shrewd business men have eagerly swallowed in the same line.

That confidence-men fritter away their time on farmers when gentlemen bursting with cash are eagerly offering their unctuous sides to the gaff is simply another evidence of the low level of intelligence among swindlers. A bright confidence-man would cultivate a chinwhisker, introduce himself in the highest circles of Wall Street as the proprietor of Frog Catchers' Gazette and go home laden with spoils. To sell gold bricks in Indiana while opulent corporations are anxious to spend thousands trying to forge public opinion is like stealing frozen turnips when roast turkey may be had for the asking.

In this matter of trying to control public opinion by purchase, high finance is the prize sucker of the world—the great leviathan and behemoth among suckers. It cannot even understand that the services of a bought journal in moulding public opinion are of just the same value that the services of an outcast would be in introducing one into respectable society.

Eliminating the Superfluous E

NEXT year, at Chautauqua, will occur the fifth world's congress of Esperantists, who hope eventually to repair the great misfortune which happened at the tower of Babel.

Esperanto is a simple, logical, euphonious, scientific world-language, carefully constructed by very learned philologists. Its universal adoption would end the vastly wasteful and very heart-breaking struggle with those illogical peculiarities of construction and spelling which all other tongues admittedly possess, and would much advance the brotherhood of man. It may not be adopted next year, however, for we hear a rumor that a party of erudite Esperantists is thinking of bringing forward a much improved, simplified, more logical, euphonious and scientific form of Esperanto. At least, until Esperanto is properly reformed the world will have to muddle along with English, French and German—somewhat, if we may say it without offense, as it will have to hobble on with the old capitalist system until the Socialists can agree among themselves upon the system which is to supplant it. Meanwhile, the Esperantists may contribute to knocking out a few silent letters and to greater unanimity as to whether "a" should be pronounced as in father.

The truth is, there is hardly any such thing known as a radical social action. The term implies a rapid movement of the mass, and the mass cannot move rapidly. The great Anglo-Saxon political revolutions have proceeded with about that celerity which makes molasses in January a byword. Fear that the nation might, under anybody's urging, rush heedlessly over a precipice is not founded in reason. About a decade to a superfluous "e" is as fast as we can go.

Our Tender Home Roots

AN EMINENT and admirable New Englander died the other day—as an appreciation of him notes—"in the house in which he was born," eighty-one years before.

The phrase sounds strange in America. Even in New England, if it were applied to a common man, the supposition would be that deceased was bedridden and so unable to move West.

We hear often that Americans have no roots; no deep, inbred attachment to one spot, whose elms, picket-fences, whatnots and crayon portraits have absorbed the family joys and sorrows until precious associations leak from them as water does from the 1832 plumbing. If domestic associations need a physical object to cluster about, those of the typical American must hive on the little bundle of rent receipts in the left-hand bureau drawer. His fondest domiciliary recollection is of the funny Swede janitor they had on Poplar Street the year after Tootsie was born.

This we by no means deplore, but rejoice in. Our New Englander's ancestral home, be it observed, was a mighty good one. Otherwise he would have moved out long ago and sold it for a boarding-house. Eighty-odd million of us were not so lucky; we keep moving to get a house that our posterity may be satisfied to stay in.

The experience doesn't hurt. The man who cannot recall when he took home his bride without looking at the identical ingrain carpet must have had his attention badly distracted at the time. If his roots will not stand moving to the next ward he would better be rid of them. The late election shows that, as a nation, we are not suffering from a lack of roots.

A Second Party Needed

SOME time ago we expressed the idea that a live third party would be a good thing for politics in the United States. We seem to be upon securer ground in opinion, now, that there should be a live second party.

After all the apologists are done, those election returns exhibit the alleged Jeffersonians in a state of dissolution. They are not even effective opposition. This year, Bryan, the radical, running against Taft, the conservative, was about as badly beaten as Parker, the conservative, running against Roosevelt, the radical, was four years ago. In the last four contests the Republicans have averaged pretty well up to two-thirds of the electoral vote.

The solid South goes Democratic from local causes. Without it, that party would be nowhere. That it carried some Northern State elections signifies nothing. The votes there turned upon local issues. So there is to-day no advocate of a national policy, opposed to the policy of the Republicans, that need be taken into practical account.

Republican rule and polity may be so universally acceptable that when Judge Taft, eight years hence, picks out his successor the selection will be joyously ratified. Surely this election, with the great Taft vote at the largest industrial centres and the very small Socialist vote there, argues that there is not much acute discontent in the United States.

Yet, just for the sake of moderating a bit the appetite of the tariff beneficiaries and of pruning a few millions here and there from the Government budget, we would fain see an opposition. If it were an opposition that stood broadly and lucidly for basic convictions, instead of being a mere heterogeneous aggregation of "outs," we would see it still fainer.

Faith as a Basis for Dollars

REVIEWING Professor Andrews' Substitutes for Cash in the Panic of 1907, the Economist (of London) observes: "We wonder how many millions or tens of millions were lost in the United States last autumn by a crisis which would have been impossible under a rational system of currency and banking."

Professor Andrews concludes that substitutes for money were necessary under the circumstances, with which opinion the Economist inclines to agree, but adds, "although it involves the severest reproach that can be leveled at the banking system of a rich and civilized country."

The difference between our system and those abroad is not measured by mere elastic currency. England's currency, for example, is much less elastic than ours. The difference is that in other great commercial nations the immense prestige of the Government is available for the support of the banking system in a crisis. Every banking and currency system rests upon faith. Faith in individual institutions may be shaken, but not faith in the Government. It is that which eliminates the disastrous panic element. Every banker knows that runs are foolish. Every banker should be eager to secure a token which will check the folly.

The Republican platform merely mentions postal savings-banks and some vague generalities about currency reform. But we very much hope the subject will receive adequate consideration at the hands of the Taft Administration.

The British postal savings-bank, by the way, holds nearly eight hundred million dollars of deposits and at the last statement had less than two millions of cash on hand. There are no runs on it because people do not question the credit of the nation. But the savings department is that branch of banking in which there is least need here for Federal action.

The Panic Explained at Last

WE KNOW now why there was a panic last year. Happenings of the last fortnight remove all doubt upon that contested subject; yet it had been so obscured by controversy that recent revelations coming from widely-separated points have not been generally understood.

There was a panic in October, 1907, because the tariff will be revised in the spring of 1909. In Ohio, Mr. Taft sternly affirms it. From New York comes Chairman Payne personally to direct the assault. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Dalzell is rolling up his sleeves. In Illinois, Speaker Cannon turns down his thumb. The deed will be consummated, it is thought, just about eighteen months after the panic occurred; and that is precisely the period which elapsed from the beginning of the previous panic, in February, 1893, to the passage of the Wilson Bill, in August, 1894. Thus there is no doubt that the tariff, through some clairvoyance, which is as little explicable by reason as anything else about it, is able to sense an impending thrust into its vitals about a year and a half ahead and experiences a convulsion the phenomena of which we designate by the word panic.

This fit was less severe than the other, because Messrs. Payne, Dalzell and Cannon, while proceeding inflexibly to the carnage, will desist, for old acquaintance' sake, from the wanton barbarities which characterized the Wilson Bill. That bill, in its first year, reduced duties to only 41.75 per cent.—as compared with 42.55 per cent. last year. The present executioners will favor, we expect, a humane and decent average between those two figures, which would amount to an average reduction of four-tenths of one per cent.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Father of Mothers' Day

PHRASING it as did the Honorable Elmer Jacob Burkett himself, on that notable occasion in the Senate when he was protesting, tremulously, that he was not, is not and never shall be puerile—the same intimation having been conveyed to Elmer Jacob by that pleasant, genial, kindly old party, Senator Teller, of Colorado, to say nothing of animadversions to the same general effect by Senator Fulton, of Oregon, and a few withering cracks by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who, from his ears up, gives our most celebrated imitation of an ostrich egg—phrasing it as did Senator Burkett himself: "There is not another thought, there is not another sentiment in this world that brings a man as close to his duty to his fellow-man and to his duty to his God as when he is thinking of that dear old mother. I cannot sit here and have the Senator from Colorado say that I am puerile, and accuse me of wasting time, when I have taken up so little of the time of this Senate—I ought to take up but little time of the Senate, for I realize that I am a new member, and I want to sit and listen to the wisdom of the older members."

Everybody take a long breath. Now, again: Phrasing it as did Senator Burkett himself, it may be said that when he did conclude to take up a little time of the Senate he made a commotion that sounded like the Honorable William Howard Taft falling downstairs. Coming over from the House—where his piercing black eye, his piercing black tie and his piercing black coat had pierced everybody—to the Senate, and assuming a seat in that great deliberative body, Mr. Burkett lurked in the shadows for quite a spell, listening to the wisdom of the older members, if it may be called that—wisdom, I mean—and rarely appearing, except as a perfectly good listener, in that terrific arena of forensic faradiddle until along in May last, in the early days of May, the May days of May, to be exact. Then he hopped in. He hopped in and hopped out again, assisted by the slapsticks of various Senatorial comedians, including the Honorable John Kean and Messrs. Gallinger and Fulton, aforesaid, not to mention Gloomy Gus, as personated by Mr. Teller. It was this way. Mr. Burkett thought up a great scheme for the Senate. He decided that the Senate was forgetting its mother, or mothers, and sought a remedy. That remedy was none other than the poetical, sentimental, alluring proposition of recognizing Sunday, May 10, as Mothers' Day, and requiring each Senator and each officer and each employee of the Senate, from Charley Bennett and Dan Ransdell to Old Ike, to wear a white carnation in honor and in token of their mothers.

He Feels Deeply. Moreover, He Lives in Lincoln, Neb.

The Cynical Senate Sneers

HAVING thought this up Mr. Burkett acted, for with him the thought is father—no, mother—of the act. He introduced a resolution to the general effect outlined above, prescribing the flower as aforesaid, and waited. That was on May 8. The resolution went over a day, under the rules, and came up on May 9. Mr. Burkett wanted immediate decision, for next day was May 10, Mothers' Day, and the time was short enough to allow the Senators and others to outfit themselves with the white carnations. Senator Kean moved that all after the word "Resolved" be stricken out and the Fifth Commandment substituted, reciting said commandment without an error, much to the astonishment of the Senate and greatly to the honor and increment of New Jersey. Senator Fulton moved that the resolution be referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Teller shed a few tears over wasting the time of the Senate with such nonsense. Senator Fulton demanded that father and sister and brother and mother-in-law be recognized, also, and Senator Gallinger said he didn't, and he doubted if the other Senators did, have to wear a white carnation to remind him of his mother.

Then Senator Burkett made his splash. He spoke with tears gemming his eyes, with a voice shaking with emotion, with every tremolo stop pulled out. He pleaded for the white carnation. He pleaded for the day. He urged the Senate to get awake to its manifest duty, and when he had finished the Senate went on with a bill relating to lighthouses, and Senator Burkett wore his carnation next day without Senatorial company.

And another time he moved forward to the firing line, another time he showed his utter eagerness concerning the welfare of the country, when he opposed the opening of post-offices on Sunday so citizens might be able to get their mail. Strong argument he made, too. He said that when the post-offices are opened on Sunday the boys and girls go to the post-offices and flirt. He was against that. He wanted to stop it. He didn't think any boy and any girl had a right to go to any post-office on Sunday and flirt. It was contrary to the Constitution, or something, and he desired to have an end put to it. He declaimed in impassioned tones concerning this blot on our national escutcheon. "Do not open the post-offices on Sunday" he thundered, "and then the boys and girls will have no place to go and flirt. They will be compelled to remain at home, instead of meeting one another in our Federal buildings under the guise of going there for the mail. We can wait for our mails until Monday," or words to that general effect

Being dignified members of a dignified body no Senator said: "But, apparently, the girls can't wait for their males until Monday," which would have been a hot one; but, of course, the Senate never does such things. Also, it does not close post-offices on Sunday, as Mr. Burkett discovered to his utter disgust.

Now, it must be apparent that a Senator from Nebraska who can put across two epochal movements like this in one session is to be reckoned with in the future. To be sure, he didn't win, but he planted the seed, he planted the seed. Wherefore, we may expect to observe him galloping to the front in the coming session of Congress, waving aloft resolutions for various other great reforms, forbidding the boys and girls from going skating on Sunday on any ice that forms on Government waters, putting a bathrobe on Greenough's statue of Washington and formulating other crusades of great importance.

You see, Elmer Jacob Burkett is an intense man. He feels deeply. Moreover, he lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, and it is pretty hard for any person who lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, to get into the limelight so long as a certain other party inhabits that spot. But he is on to the fact that any public man who allies himself with the uplift will be uplifted, and he'd much rather be going up than down.

Like a large number of other statesmen who are now statesmanizing in our leading centres of such endeavor, Mr. Burkett was born in Iowa, and remained there until he had graduated from Tabor College. Then he became superintendent of schools at Leigh, Nebraska, and from that time forth, which was in 1892, or thereabouts, cast his fortunes with the State that contains the river of which Mr. Bryan was the Boy Orator until he became bald and took on weight. He became a lawyer in Lincoln and, presently, came to Congress as a Representative, walking gracefully across to the Senate when the Honorable C. H. Dietrich went home, removed, forever, from the toga

Mr. Burkett is forty-one, thereby qualifying handily for the Younger Set—apologies to Robert W. Chambers—in the Senate, and entering heartily into all the sports and pastimes of that sprightly combination, which include the baiting of Nelson W. Aldrich and the debating of Eugene Hale and Henry Cabot Lodge. He talks well, in a fervid and florid way, and has all the arts and graces of the real thing in a Western politician, being able to shake hands with a longer and more lingering handclasp than anybody in the Younger Set, with the possible exception of William Alden Smith, who never lets go until you call time on him. He tore into the schools of the District of Columbia one day, where the tearing always is good, appearing before the Senate as a schoolmaster and lecturing that body quite as pedantically as he used to hand it out to the pupils at Leigh. He knew what he was talking about, too.

This year Burkett will be found lined up again with the younger set in the Senate. As these men promise to cut quite a figure in shaping legislation, especially after March 4, he will have a chance to show whether there is more serious stuff in him.

He Wanted to Know

THERE is a fine old family living up in New York State that has plenty of servants but has never had a butler, deeming such an appurtenance a frivolity. A time ago the son married a high-born Massachusetts young lady and the couple came home to visit the groom's parents.

The older sister, having ideas of her own about what the bride might expect, decided to hire a butler for the occasion and went to the city to find one. She asked the caterer who usually sent up their ice cream and such things when they had a party if he could furnish one, and the caterer said he could. He called in a clean-cut, fine-looking man of about fifty and told him to do what the lady wanted.

"What will my duties be?" asked the man.

"Oh, nothing much but to stand around and butler, and, mostly, give an imitation of an old family retainer who has been with us for twenty years. That's what I want most. I want you to make them think you have been our butler for a quarter of a century." The bride and groom came. There was a big dinner in their honor. The guests remarked the butler, calm, important, handsome and dignified.

"Old family retainer," lied the sister glibly. "Been with us many years. Couldn't keep house without him. I think it is lovely to have these old family servants. Now, James, there, is a perfect butler. He has been with us since I was born. Knows all about us and all our ways perfectly. I consider James the finest example of an old family retainer ——"

"I beg pardon, Miss," said James, coming up and breaking in on the conversation, "but will you kindly tell me where the refrigerator is?"

Politics in Indiana

THEY play politics every minute of every day out in Indiana. Some crafty Republican, living in West Lafayette, finding the tide in that city going the way of the Democratic candidate for Governor, turned out one night a few weeks before election and plastered every dead wall in the place with posters reading

VOTE FOR TOM MARSHALL

And We Will Put a Saloon in Every Vacant Room
in West Lafayette

AND REVIVE PROSPERITY

Perhaps that didn't help some with the proletariat!

Morton and Methuselah

GEORGE B. SLOAN was seconding the nomination of Levi P. Morton in the State convention in New York that named that aged statesman for governor.

The bosses had decreed the nomination of Morton, but there was a good deal of protest because Morton was, even then, so old a man. However, the bosses had their way, and Sloan was sent up to make a seconding speech.

"Levi P. Morton," declaimed Sloan, "was born in Vermont. One hundred and nineteen years ago ——"

He meant to go on with something about Ethan Allen and Ticonderoga, but the continuity of his remarks was destroyed by a bull-voiced delegate who interrupted him just there with the bellowed inquiry: "Great Scott, is he as old as that?"

The Hall of Fame

❡ Maxfield Parrish, the artist, makes his pictures in a beautiful country home at Windsor, Vermont.

❡ S. B. Palmer, president of the New Jersey Zinc Company, is the champion flapjack eater of Vermont.

❡ Nox McCain, the lecturer, used to be George Nox McCain when he was a reporter in Philadelphia, but Nox McCain is noisier on the billboards.

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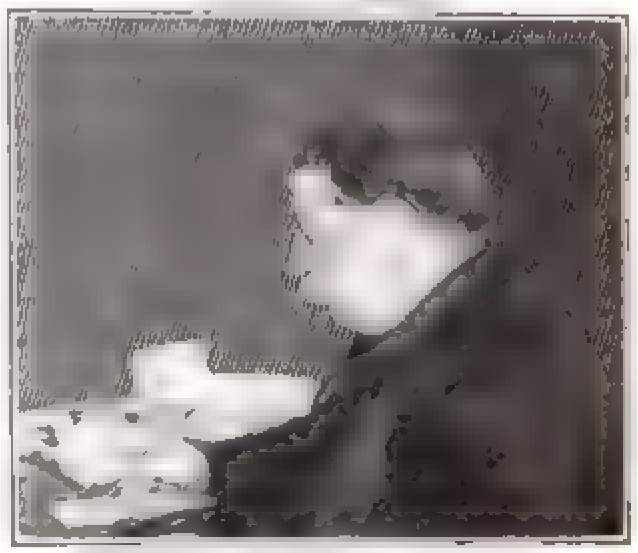
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OUR PATRIOTIC PREMIUM OFFER!

Did You Know All This?

Ten thousand persons have passed through the White House on a New Year's Day and shaken hands with the President.

Every visitor to the White House must keep his hands always in sight—during the public receptions.

The White House piano is all inlaid with gold, and the White House china service consists of over 1,500 pieces.

There were ten weddings and twelve births within the White House.

Not a single President came from West of the Mississippi.

Hayes was the only President to take the oath of office within the White House, and he took that oath a day ahead of time.

Jefferson did his marketing, and John Quincy Adams his own gardening. Mrs. John Adams used the East Room to dry the wash.

The wife of President John Adams had not wood enough to keep the big mansion warm.

Two private secretaries of the Presidents married each a daughter of a President. Four daughters of Presidents married in the White House.

Two first ladies died in the White House.

The Prince of Wales was a guest at the White House for one week; General Lafayette was a guest of J. Q. Adams; Prince Napoleon Bonaparte visited Lincoln; and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia visited Grant

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY
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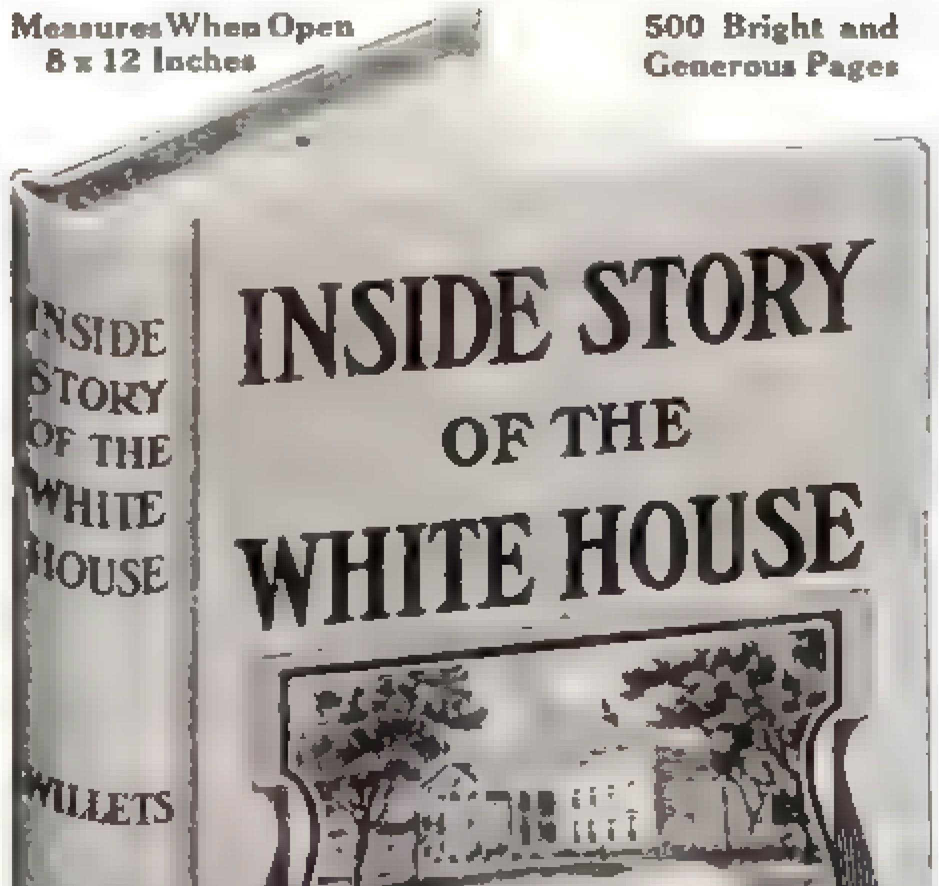
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BY GILSON WILLETS
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ELABORATE plans are well under way to make **1909 a Red Letter Year** in the history of **The Christian Herald.** With the many additions and improvements now in contemplation, we will, during the coming year, be more rightfully entitled than ever before to acclaim **The Christian Herald** the **Queen of American Weeklies** and the **Brightest and Best Family Paper in the World.** Only the Best in Literature and Art will be presented, and Every One of its **52 Issues,** the Year Around, will Sparkle with Gems from Cover to Cover.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.
Regular Contributor for 190[illegible]

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER
Member Editorial Staff

The Christian Herald is the "Almoner to Nations in Distress." It has distributed in Relief at Home and Abroad during the past fifteen years the enormous sum of **Four Million Dollars.** Emperors, Kings and Queens have received its representatives to express their thanks for the generous assistance afforded in staying the ravages of famine and pestilence. The American Government has repeatedly placed warships and chartered vessels at its disposal for the transportation of relief supplies.

In our own country the beneficences of **The Christian Herald** are without number. Its **Bowery Mission** supports the world-famed **Bread Line,** at which a hot breakfast is given to **2,000 Homeless Men** and boys every midnight, and its **"Children's Paradise,"** the Model Fresh-Air Home of the World, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., has entertained for a ten days' outing over **31,000 children of the tenements,** receiving **3,000 children annually. More could be said, but more is not needed.**

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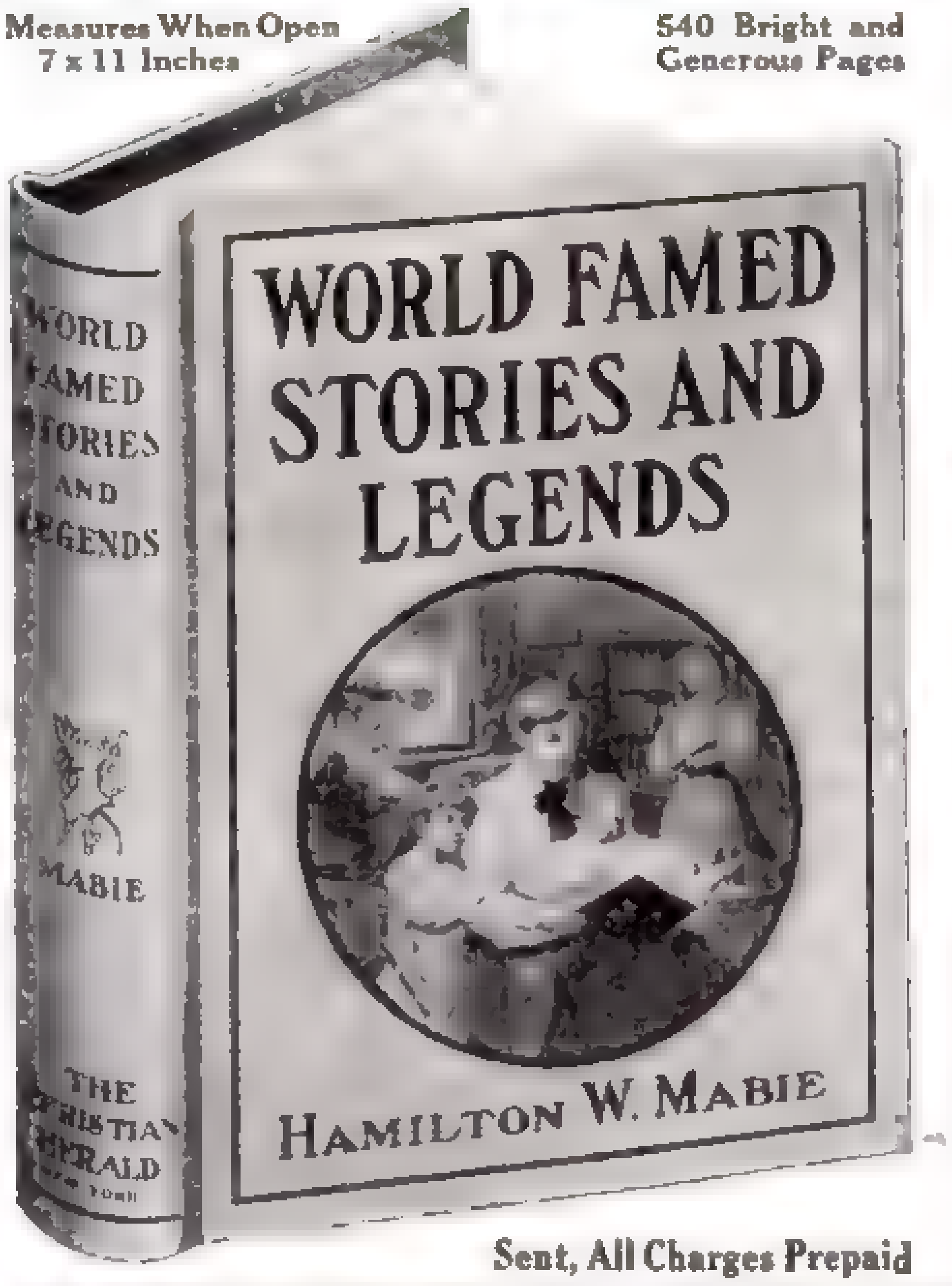
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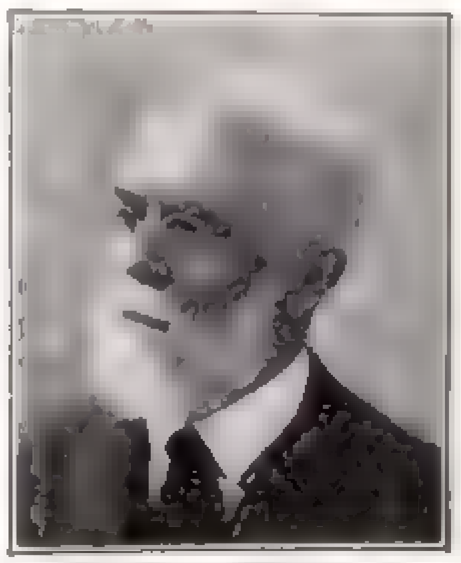

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THRIFT

Men and Their Wives

A WOMAN saved by putting away what change she could get her hands on each night by going through her husband's pockets. Her husband never missed the money, and would never have saved it himself. She made the thing regular, however, by an arrangement under which the husband was to keep every copper received in change through the day, putting it in a special pocket for her, which she emptied when he got home. Sometimes there were three or four pennies, and, again, as many as fifteen or twenty.

After this plan had been in operation about six weeks the husband wanted a loan of a dollar or so. The wife advanced the money until next salary day, but charged one hundred per cent. interest. Eventually the loan feature of this plan became fairly constant, the rate being lowered for amounts of five dollars.

When the plan had been in operation about a year the husband suddenly got into a corner where money was needed, and urgently. On his way home that night he thought of the penny-and-loan fund.

To his surprise there was a fund of more than one hundred dollars in his wife's hands, out of which he got a fifty-dollar loan at reasonable terms.

There are hundreds of women to whom it would never occur to look upon a husband as a circulating note. This husband, regarded in that way, was practically a note for one thousand dollars, paying four per cent. interest in pennies, assuming that the contents of the penny-pocket averaged twelve and a half cents a day, six days in the week. Add the profits on his loan patronage, and he was like a bond for twenty-five hundred dollars. His pennies alone would buy, at the age of forty, a thousand-dollar twenty-payment participating life-insurance policy in one of the best companies in the United States.

The Family Fine System

Another wife accumulated a private surplus by a weekly-envelope plan covering household expenses. It had been customary for the husband to hand over what money was wanted for the house each morning. No accounts were kept. So the wife proposed that he put twenty-four dollars into a regular pay-envelope for her each salary night, to cover household expenses. This was done, and she began saving, putting aside some weeks two dollars, some weeks five, and meeting an occasional deficit on the week out of her surplus. Each time the husband brought home a guest to dinner he paid a dollar, which was less than half the cost of entertaining downtown in a restaurant. At the end of a year this fund exceeded one hundred dollars. The husband had contemplated an addition to his life insurance for several years. At the wife's suggestion he took out a twenty-five-hundred-dollar twenty-payment non-participating policy, annual premium of seventy-three dollars, which the wife undertook to pay.

In a family of four the husband assumes responsibility for good behavior of the boy, aged eight, and the mother for her daughter, aged six. Misconduct is charged to the parents respectively, on the principle that it is due to lack of discipline and good feeling. A secret schedule of fines is adhered to, the parents paying assessed amounts each night, money going into a fund for the children's education. This schedule ranges from a dollar penalty for a falsehood to a cent for bad table-manners:

Telling a falsehood	$1.00
Taking property of another	1.00
Coarse or improper language or conduct	1.00
Destroying property (no matter whose)	.75
Disobedience	.75
Neglect sanitary provisions	.50
Talebearing	.50
Punishments at school	.30
Failure to be punctual	.25
Quarreling between themselves, each	.25
" with other children	.25
Impudence	.25
"I forgot"	.20
Impoliteness to visitors and others, when not downright impudence	.10
Breaches table-manners and deportment about house	.01

A traveling salesman married a business woman. This couple immediately put the family on a square, business basis. The husband had saved nothing. His wife had saved three hundred dollars. A meeting was held for purposes of incorporating a "holding company." The husband estimated his income for the coming year. The wife turned over to the company her three hundred dollars, receiving stock in ten-dollar shares. The husband bought an equal amount of stock on credit. It was agreed that this stock must earn eight per cent. dividends. The three hundred dollars real money was put out at five per cent. interest. That left three per cent. for the husband to pay on his wife's stock, and eight per cent. on his own, as well as his stock to free from indebtedness.

At the end of a year the holding company had earned forty-eight dollars dividends, which the shareholders put back into its funds. The husband had also paid for ten of his shares—one hundred dollars. So the company wound up the year with four hundred and forty-eight dollars assets.

That part of the plan was chiefly a pleasant diversion the first year. After a few months of married life, though, this couple found that there was such an institution as the "plant" (namely, the household), and it needed money for repairs and depreciation. The holding company, having a charter as broad as that of Bay State Gas, took over this function. A stated sum was paid in monthly to cover repairs and depreciation. At the end of the year the company had a surplus of one hundred and thirty dollars on the repair account, which was charged off and put out at interest, husband and wife each receiving six and one-half shares of stock therefor, and undertaking to pay the extra three per cent. necessary to make up the dividend.

At the beginning of the second year the husband took twenty more shares on credit, and the wife ten. On these, of course, they paid the full eight per cent. dividend, and were also under obligations to pay off principal in installments. During that year, too, the holding company continued its household repair business.

At the end of the second year the husband had purchased fifteen of his fifty shares, and the wife had paid for six of her ten. The repair department had closed with a profit of ninety dollars. Dividends on capitalization were eighty-two dollars. The holding company was now capitalized on paper at ten hundred and thirty dollars. Its actual cash assets were ten hundred and sixty dollars capital and savings plus that earned by dividends and profits on repairs. At this point the company suddenly went out of existence, for, with the capital and accumulations, a first payment was made on a home. Thus a pleasant fiction brought about a net saving of more than seven hundred dollars in two years, and was replaced by an old-fashioned mortgage that was much simpler, and at the same time absorbed savings at a faster rate.

Saved When He Had To

At only three periods of his life has a certain salaried accountant been able to save, and for each there was an incentive.

When fifteen years old he left school in Massachusetts, going to work in a factory where elastic gores for shoes were woven—an important industry then, when gore shoes were in universal use. While learning the trade he was paid three dollars a week. After a few months a loom was given him and he earned eight to ten dollars on piecework. In eighteen months he got a fast, new type of loom on which he could make fifteen to eighteen dollars. One of his chums decided to go to a business school in the city, and the loom-hand wanted to go, too. So he stopped buying bicycles and other luxuries and got out a savings-bank book that had shown a balance of twenty dollars for more than a year. By hard work and economy he saved three hundred dollars in six months, spent eight months learning bookkeeping, kept the books of a wholesale house during the summer vacation for eight dollars a week, and finished his school course in the fall.

For two or three years he saved nothing, buying bicycles, boats and guns with his spare cash. Then, suddenly, he found that he wanted to marry. Giving up a bookkeeper's job at fifteen dollars he got a better-paid position, and also undertook to audit books evenings. This brought in about twenty-five dollars a week, out of which he put aside forty per cent., accumulating a thousand dollars in less than two years. Then he married and stopped saving again, and did not begin until his two children grew out of a city apartment, and he rented a house in the suburbs.

Presently he wanted a home and went to work to get it. In two years, by economy and extra work, he got together enough money to buy a valuable lot, joined a building and loan society, and is now putting up his house, with the incentive of a reasonable mortgage to be cleared off.

Since leaving school this accountant has been handling money belonging to others. He believes money in itself has no attraction for the average youth, but that, as in his own case, young fellows prefer to spend it in traps, vacations, good living. He has never been able to save unless amusements and luxurious comforts were overshadowed by a desire for something bigger and better.

In a family where the husband handed over a fixed amount for household expenses each week the wife kept her accounts by the simple method of dividing the allowance, putting so much into an envelope marked groceries, so much into others labeled light and fuel, servant, children's clothing, and so forth. There was no savings envelope. Occasionally she deposited a few dollars surplus in a bank. There was no envelope marked sickness either, so for several years the savings-account was drawn upon to meet doctors' bills. It never grew very fast.

This family moved to the suburbs. It was difficult to find servants, and they seldom stayed more than a week when hired. Presently the servant envelope began to show a surplus on its four dollars, received regularly. The wife became so interested in that envelope that she stopped worrying about servants and did most of the work herself. For two years she has had no servant. An average of two dollars a week is spent for washing and ironing, done outside, and periodical house-cleanings. The rest goes into a savings-bank.

A Small Boy's Savings

A traveling salesman had an only son with whom he had been liberal in the matter of spending money, and rather thoughtless. The boy began developing extravagant habits, and had no appreciation of the value of money. So the father made it a rule that all the spending money he got in future must be earned. The boy's mother was made the employer, and a regular schedule of prices for definite chores was drawn up—two cents a basket for splitting kindling, five cents an hour for hoeing garden, five cents for going to the corner store, three cents a hundred for collecting potato bugs.

This reformed the boy in one way, for it made him ambitious. He got out of bed early in the morning to earn money. There was always a big pile of kindling on hand, and he kept an eye open for odd jobs of all kinds.

But the reason he worked for money was that he might buy more or less useless things that he had bought under the old arrangement. So a saving plan was added to the earning plan.

The boy was permitted to spend one-quarter of all the money he made in his own way, without supervision. Another quarter went into a small home bank, to be deposited in a savings-account at interest. The remaining fifty per cent. of his earnings was kept back by his father, half to be invested in books and half in tools and toys.

Before anything was bought out of this final fund, however, father and son had a conference and agreement on articles to be purchased or books selected. Thus the fund went chiefly to the purchase of educational toys, such as a printing-press, a scroll-saw, a camera. No anticipation of payments was permitted, nor any transfer of money from one fund to another to hurry the consummation of a purchase. In that way the fact that there was a surplus on hand did not kill the incentive to work for an object.

"SINCERITY TALKS"
by
Wilbur D. Nesbit

NECESSARY LUXURIES

SOME men buy an evening suit (full dress) at least once a year.

Some men buy two of them a year

Some men follow the same course as to dinner suits. (Tuxedos.)

Some men don't buy them at all, because they *think* they seldom have occasion for wearing such garb.

Which reminds one of what the Texan said about not needing his gun very often but when he *did* need it he needed it mighty bad and mighty quick.

We believe that about the principal reason so many men *think* they do not often need a dress suit is the carefully developed and maintained idea that such garments must be, considering their limited sphere of activity, more *expensive* than anything else a man buys to wear.

There is no more reason why your full dress clothes must be made at a *luxurious* price by a merchant tailor than that your business suit or your frock suit or your overcoat should be so made.

It is perfectly logical, is it not? that when we pay our head designer and our cutters salaries akin to those enjoyed by rulers of states, that these men should possess the scientific craftsmanship to produce full dress apparel second to none.

Sincerity full dress garb is characterized by a dignity and refinement that add to the distinction of the wearer. Such clothes *necessarily* call for fineness of fabric, superbness of lining and a splendid workmanship—and we have the *organization* to give all that and *more*.

The winter season, with its dinners and dances and theatrical attractions, makes full dress demands upon the *college chap* and his father. It's money in your *pocket* to equip yourself with Sincerity opera coats, tuxedos and full dress suits. You will want one or the other, or all, as quickly and as badly as the Texan wanted his gun—and your dealer can supply you right *now*, before 6 o'clock—the hour to get into them.

Our Style Book illustrates in half-tones the *real* garments mentioned above. All our other styles, too. A postal to us, and we mail it at once.

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How Rich Men Invest Their Surplus

Security Comes First

THERE is one thing that certainly should not be lost sight of in considering the matter of investments—this is the fact that nothing counts up so fast as interest—just plain interest. Why? Because that doesn't involve the backset of, taking a loss. Your rich man of the true investor type never quite loses sight of this fact. That is why he places security ahead of every other consideration.

If he has a really considerable fortune to begin with, and then sticks to this text from start to finish, and lives a reasonable time to put it into practice, he is bound to see that fortune immensely increased.

Provided the security is sound, the law of interest works with implacable persistence and industry. It keeps on grinding day and night, month in and month out, and never stops to rest a minute. It knows no "exceptions."

Here, then, is the situation: The man of liberal means may, if he will hold the reins tight enough on himself, become much wealthier along the avenue of the interest table. About all he will need to do will be to live up to the rule of investing his money with the same regard to perfect security that any able and conscientious man would exercise in the investment of a trust fund. Under such conditions the volume of increase will roll up with mathematical precision.

But, in discussing the question of how men of large means place their investments, we are up against a problem in human nature—and that is the element which generally upsets all our fine calculations. Not all men who have plenty of means are gifted with the investor temperament. This may be a new phrase to the reader; but rest assured of the existence of the thing itself, and also of the fact that it has to be reckoned with in the analysis of this problem!

About seven years ago I faced this problem in a personal way and determined to retire from active business and join the investor ranks. After making a clean-up of my business interests I turned my attention to the investment proposition and settled down to enjoy myself. Perhaps I did so, after a fashion—but I frankly confess that the strain on my disposition was so great that at the end of two years I was certainly an undesirable companion. My investments were all right, but my disposition was making fast strides in the direction of bankruptcy. On the steamer, coming back from Europe, I confided to my family that I had discovered that I had not the investor temperament, that I felt sidetracked, out of my element, and that I could not stand the feeling that I was no longer in the active, constructive push of things.

Just as soon as I touched the home shore I jumped into affairs and have had my hands full ever since—and will never attempt the rôle of the inactive investor again until age or something else forces me to do so. I'd rather make simply the same amount of money by hard work that I might make from investments pure and simple than to step out of the race, fold my hands, or become a professional pleasure-chaser. I have spoken at such length with regard to the "investor temperament" for the reason that unless this is understood it is impossible to understand American life or American men of affairs; at the same time I should say that I have not followed the plan of putting all my eggs in one basket. No wise man will follow such a course, but will see to it that a very considerable part of his resources is put away in the most substantial securities before he begins to take any liberties with any part of his funds.

There is just one point with regard to the selection of securities on which my own personal views may not entirely coincide with those, of the average careful investor. It has been my experience that the most secure as well as the most profitable investments I have made are not in the first mortgage class. For example, I am a part owner of a large office building in one of the largest cities of the country, and I would not exchange my interest in this enterprise, dollar for dollar, for, any first mortgage security I can think of at the moment. This is not alone because of the high percentage which this investment pays me, but it is also because I believe the investment to be just as secure as any first mortgage proposition which could be brought to me. Again, the professional investor is inclined to look askance at stocks 'or shares of any kind. I have several blocks of preferred stocks which I consider as carrying all the necessary security that conservative selection would demand, and they certainly pay better than any of the standard first mortgage bonds into which I could have put the money at the time I invested in these preferred stocks.

Of course, no man of fortune who has good judgment or who gets good advice before investing will put any considerable amount into any investment or security that he does not first thoroughly investigate—and the wider his business experience and connections the greater is his opportunity of making investments which will, first, afford ample security, and, second, pay him a considerably larger return than those standard securities of the first mortgage type which are commonly considered to need no investigation.

—THEODORE P. SHONTS.

Wisdom in Division

IT IS my observation that the man of wealth, confronted with the problem of investing his surplus, is inclined to divide it into four parts to be put into four different classes of securities. Of course this varies with different individuals, and the proportion put into these several classes of securities is also variable. However, I have in mind one representative and very successful investor of large wealth who puts about one-fifth of his surplus into the very highest class of city or county bonds obtainable. These investments would generally yield interest not to exceed four per cent., as an average, but occasionally he would get an added return from the increased market value of the securities

Of course his purpose in acquiring these high-grade securities bearing a low rate of interest is almost entirely a protective one. He keeps them so that he may have something which he may sell at any time, at short notice, without a sacrifice. The valuation of these high-grade securities is not easily disturbed even at a time of financial disturbance, when less desirable holdings feel the depression. The result is that a man who puts aside a reasonable amount of his money in securities of this sort can always get money when he needs it.

The next class of securities considered by the wealthy investor whom I have in mind is that of high-grade mortgage and railroad bonds yielding an interest return in the neighborhood of four to four and one-half per cent.

Then, if he still has money to invest, he generally takes on a line of good corporation bonds—those issued by big public-service corporations like the gas and electric light companies and street or interurban railway and telephone companies. In selecting this kind of securities any investor should take good care to know that his bonds will mature within a reasonable time before the termination of the franchise of the company—and by a reasonable time I would be understood to mean five years, for example.

In the fourth class are the second-grade railway securities, the industrials and the various other kinds of liens and securities into which the shrewd investor puts his money. It is this class which offers the largest chance for profit, but, at the same time, involves a larger degree of risk. The investor of whom I am thinking puts about forty per cent. of his surplus into the third class of securities which I have named and about twenty per cent. into each of the other classes.

Investment in industrial securities demands special knowledge. If the investor, through his natural business associations, gains a clear insight into the conditions governing the prosperity of certain industrial institutions, and knows that they have the right resources, the right prospects and the right management, he can well afford to invest in their securities

But my observation is that the man of large wealth and experience as an investor will not put his money into industrials unless he is especially well posted on the resources and the affairs of the concerns in question.

There is one point with regard to investments on which I would like to place especial emphasis. The average business man, when he rolls up a little surplus and begins to play the part of an investor, is almost invariably inclined to do the very thing which he ought not to do—and that is, to pass over the highest classes of securities and put his money into those which promise a high rate of return and at the same time involve more than a reasonable degree of risk. He justifies this action by reasoning that, as he has so small a surplus to invest, he must make the most of it, and make it bring him in "something worth while." As a matter of fact, his reasoning and his action should be just the reverse of this. Because he has so little, he should put it into something in which he will not, by any chance, suffer a loss. Because of this peculiar and illogical way of reasoning the man who is a beginner in investing usually gets nipped, and if business men generally would begin by buying high-grade securities there would be a great many more wealthy investors.

—ALBERT W. HARRIS.

Investment by Vote

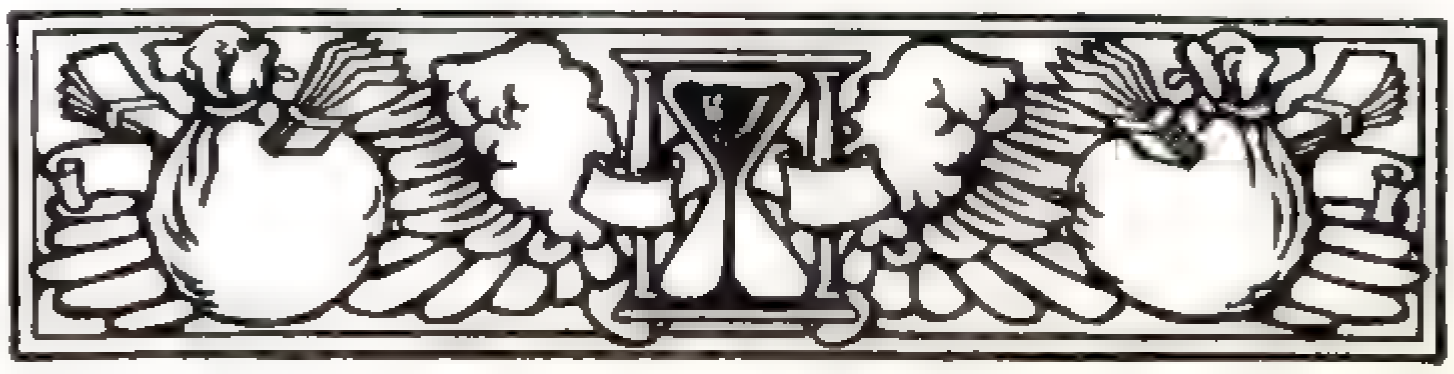
WHILE not in the least assuming that I am a large investor—which I am not—ever since I have been in active business life it has been one of my responsibilities to make investments, either for others or for myself. As my whole environment, interest and training led me into the newspaper field it was inevitable that my knowledge of finance should be comparatively superficial. It could not, under any circumstances, have been anything else. However, this very fact makes my situation representative of that in which thousands of active men of affairs find themselves; and, therefore, it may not be without its point.

Every man, I take it, who finds himself with the responsibility on his shoulders of investing any considerable sum of money will hardly wish to relinquish the exercise of his personal judgment and to rely wholly upon the judgment of others. If he has the modern spirit he is going to have some choice in the discharge of his responsibilities, even if he feels that others may be far better posted in the details of investments than himself

What, then, is he going to do about it? Here is what I have always done, and the plan has not, in a single instance, entailed a loss. Among my personal acquaintances are three men who are experts in the investment field. To each of these I have, from time to time, written substantially this: "I have so many thousand dollars to invest for myself or So-and-so. Will you please send me a list of the securities into which you would advise me to put this money? I am not content with a return of less than four per cent., and would like to realize five to five and a half per cent. And the security must be good and sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man."

On receiving and comparing these lists I have invariably found that they contained certain identical items. Those items appearing in the three lists were my first selection. Next I took the recommendations by two of my advisers and added them to those on which all were agreed.

—M. McCORMICK.



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COLLEGE-BRED FARMERS

The Seed and the Soil

BEFORE entering the Nebraska School of Agriculture I worked on my farm with my father. Our yields were fully up to the average of farmers in our community, but I was not satisfied with this. Many times we would come face to face with problems that were too much for us, and the realization of this fact led me to take a scientific agricultural training.

After returning to the farm it was not thought advisable to purchase any great amount of additional machinery, but work was carried on with what we had on hand. Our equipment of farm tools was about what you might find on any average Western farm.

We had on one part of our farm a field containing thirty-three acres quite rolling, and the soil mixed with clay. The neighbors considered it one of the poorest fields in our locality. However, there was good foundation soil. At the opening of this year's operations my first year out of school—I asked a neighbor what he would consider a good yield of corn from that field. He answered I could not get from it as large a crop as any of my neighbors from their fields of the same acreage. Here, however, are the results of that test of the field under scientific principles of farming. It yielded me sixty-one bushels and a half to the acre. The field of a neighbor, much better in soil, yielded him forty bushels to the acre, and another neighbor secured from a field from equally good soil thirty-five bushels an acre. My success was a revelation to the neighborhood, and the farmers admitted it.

Now what was the cause of this greater yield? Two things: scientific seed selection and scientific cultivation. I chose my seed with the greatest care and in accordance with the teachings I had received at the university. The soil was thoroughly cultivated and handled according to the principles I had been taught in school.

The same year I had an equally striking demonstration of what could be done under right cultivation of the wheat crop. I secured a yield of forty-four bushels and three-quarters on a field of twenty-one acres. This was six to ten bushels better an acre than the yield secured by neighbors who had fields equally good or better. Now let me give the results obtained the following year from the field of twenty acres which had been yielding about forty bushels to the acre, or about the same as the field across the road, both being alike in soil and in previous cultivation and both having been cultivated by two of the best "practical" farmers in the community. My field had been in my hands for two years, and the crop of corn it produced is the result of two years of scientific farming put into practice. It yielded me an average of seventy-eight bushels and a half of corn to the acre. That of my neighbor, who was held to be the "crack farmer" of the community, brought him forty bushels to the acre, thus giving an advantage of thirty-eight bushels and a half of corn to the acre, a direct result of two years' cultivation under scientific principles. How is this accomplished? By difference in rotation for the two years previous and planting the crop; by the difference in preparation of the soil and in cultivating the crop; and last, but by no means least, the difference in the selection of seed.

All these crops, with the exception of the wheat, were fed on the farm, and the manure returned to the soil. By careful feeding we netted fifty cents for our corn, while at the same time the other farmers were selling corn to the elevators for thirty cents, and still others, through poor management in feeding their corn, actually got out of it a smaller return than this. Some selected animals poor in type and quality for feeding and violated every known principle of feeding, thereby increasing the cost of the gains in weight on their animals from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent.

I figure that during the first year out of school the net profit to me as a result of my agricultural education was $500—to say nothing of the improvements in live stock, garden, orchard, land and the like. But above all, the farm, at the close of the first three years of scientific handling, is in a condition to produce a maximum yield the next year instead of a minimum. The real value which was added to the farm of one hundred and ninety acres, solely by methods of farming, was shown when last year the farm sold for fifteen dollars more an acre than land was at that time selling for, which had three years previous outsold it by three to five dollars an acre—thus showing the relative increase of seventeen to twenty dollars over the surrounding farms. All this relative increase can be credited to nothing else than the practical application of scientific agricultural methods.

—P. A. NICHEY.

A City Boy on the Farm

I WAS raised a city boy, my father being a physician. After going through the graded school I entered high school, and toward the finish of my course there I became ill and lost so much time from school that it was impossible for me to graduate with my class. Therefore, I refused to go back to the high school and graduate with the next class. About this time some chance circumstances directed my attention to the school of agriculture; it seemed that this would be a very interesting line of study, so I investigated it more fully and became so interested in it that I entered upon the scientific course of agriculture in the fall of 1902.

For the first time in my life I was actually and intensely interested in my school work. By hard work, and because I had the advantage of a high-school training back of me, I was able to finish the course in two years.

Immediately after leaving the college I was given a good position which placed me in charge of a herd of pure-bred shorthorns in Custer County, Nebraska. There I remained for nearly two years, and had entire responsibility for breeding, feeding and herding management. Here I was able to test out the practical value of what I had learned in my college course, as many of the cattle developed under my management were exhibited. Again, the commercial success of the herd was, of course, a most practical test of what my equipment in scientific training was worth. I found, for one thing, that the knowledge of veterinary surgery and medicine which I gained in this school was almost invaluable, as it enabled me to save the lives of several expensive animals, and also to save the disfigurement of many others.

A broad experience is generally to be desired, provided it can be had in early life and upon advantageous terms. Therefore, when the position of traveling dairy inspector, under the Food, Dairy and Drug Commission of Nebraska, was offered me I accepted it. This statement alone will suggest to the boy who is debating the advisability of taking a course in scientific agriculture the fact that such a training may lead into many avenues other than the actual operation of a farm.

—J. W. DAWSON.

The Money in Know How

WHEN some doubting farmer of the old school asks me what is the good of a college education in farming I simply turn the tables by asking him these questions: "What is it worth in dollars and cents to know the value of a balanced ration for feeding of cattle—when that will produce the best results in the shortest possible time? What is it worth to know the value of different food-stuffs for all his stock and be able to select the very best one? What is it worth to the practical farmer to be able to interpret market quotations as to grades and classes of live stock; to know the real worth of crops such as clover and cow peas; which is the best binder, mower or spraying machine on the market; to know how to set out and trim and spray and care for an orchard so that it will yield richly; to know how to fill the place of a veterinary surgeon in case of injury or sickness among stock?"

Just as a matter of illustration: two summers ago there was a large peach crop in my section, and I marketed enough from approximately three acres to receive, for the crop, $400. That same season another fruit grower only four miles distant let hundreds of bushels of peaches rot on the trees and ground simply because he did not know how to handle them, to sell them or to pick them. At school I had been trained in these very things, and the only reason why I was not swamped in the same way as my neighbor was because of the instruction I had received. The next season—the one just past. I had another direct demonstration of the value of my training from still another angle. My trees in the peach orchard had been pruned cultivated and cared for in accordance with the principles taught me in college. When the peach harvest came I found that the crop in all that region was a practical failure, and, while my neighbors had no peaches to sell, or next to none, my own trees yielded me a hundred bushels, which brought me a splendid price.

One strong point in our instruction in college was the value of alfalfa. Consequently I put ten acres into alfalfa, which is practically a new crop in my section, and last season harvested forty tons of hay, cured, from the ten acres. Had I not learned from the agricultural school the proper time to sow alfalfa, how and why to inoculate the ground, to keep out the grass and weeds, I would probably have made a rank failure of it and sustained the bad reputation the crop had among farmers of my locality, who had no faith in it and believed it wholly unadapted to that region. Now my neighbors are decidedly interested in it.

—L. L. ANDERSON.

A Showing With Oats

IN THE three years since I graduated from the college of agriculture at the University of Nebraska I have had the management of a large ranch in addition to my own place. The scarcity and poor quality of help has made this labor harder, with result that I have had very limited opportunity to work out crop rotation and other plans for the improvement of my own land. However, whatever success I have had I attribute to my scientific training at the university.

There has been some opportunity for me to work out the principles which I have been taught there. For example, from ten acres of land I thrashed 965 bushels of oats. The highest oats ever grown by any neighbor is but seventy bushels to the acre, and forty bushels has been about the highest except in these two cases. My crop was secured by special preparation of the seed-bed, by obtaining the proper kind of seed for my locality, and by fanning the seed thoroughly before it was put on the land.

—H. D. LUTE.

Eyes of High Value

PERHAPS the most interesting miniature in J. Pierpont Morgan's great collection represents the eye of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was the wife of the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. It is beautifully executed, and shows the eye as if rising from a bank of blue and gray clouds. There is just a suggestion of cheek and forehead, the latter half-covered by the lady's light, flaxen hair, which falls in curls over it.

So far as known, this was the first painting of the kind ever made. It was done by Cosway, the famous miniaturist, on a commission given by the Prince Regent, who wore it on a bracelet. The Prince gave to Mrs. Fitzherbert a similar painting of his own eye, which is now the property of the Earl of Portarlington.

From this beginning there started a fad for "eyes," as they were called, which lasted for a number of years, and the miniaturists of the day were kept busy with orders for them. Many examples of this curious art are still in existence, and only three years ago an exhibition of them was given in London.

It is interesting in this connection to record the fact that Queen Victoria, when the eldest son of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) was a very little baby, had such paintings made of each of his features separately—not only the eyes, but the nose, mouth and ears. These she had mounted on a bracelet, which she never exhibited, however, to anybody outside of the family, unless it were a very intimate friend. It will be remembered that the child, who was called the Duke of Clarence, died when he had scarce attained manhood.

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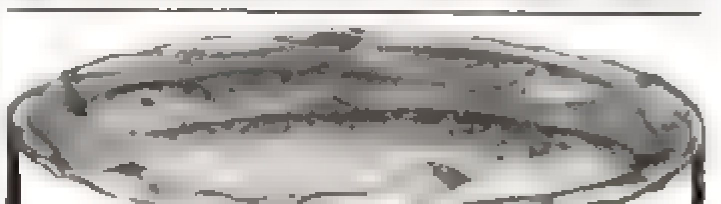

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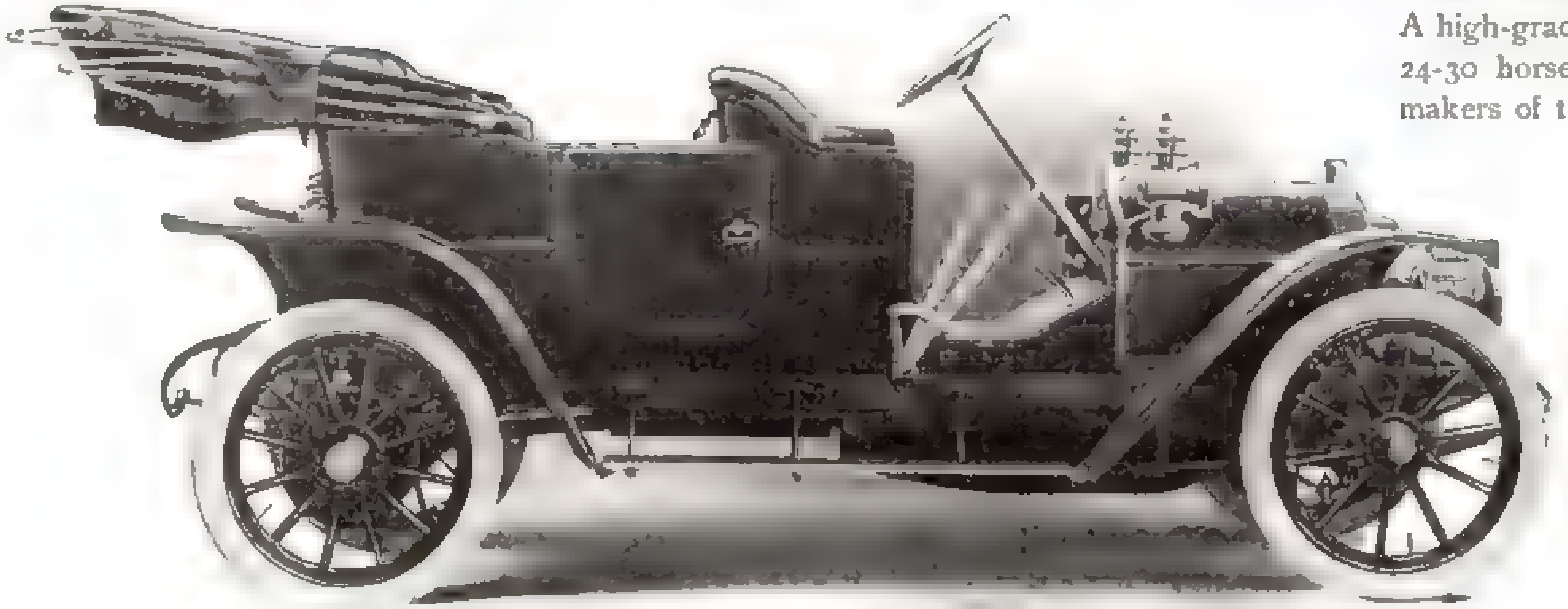

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The winner of the Vanderbilt Cup Races on Saturday, October 24th, averaged 64 miles per hour. That was record-breaking time for specially-built racing cars. Over that same course our "30," costing but $1500, averaged 48 miles per hour. Do you want any better evidence that these cars are right?

This was not luck—there were two cars, remember. Both of the cars more than lapped every competitor. The man who won second had never seen the car until an hour before he drove it. And he drove a car which, the day before, had run into a cow on the course.

Both were stock cars—just like the 806 cars now being run by owners. Just like the car that you'll get.

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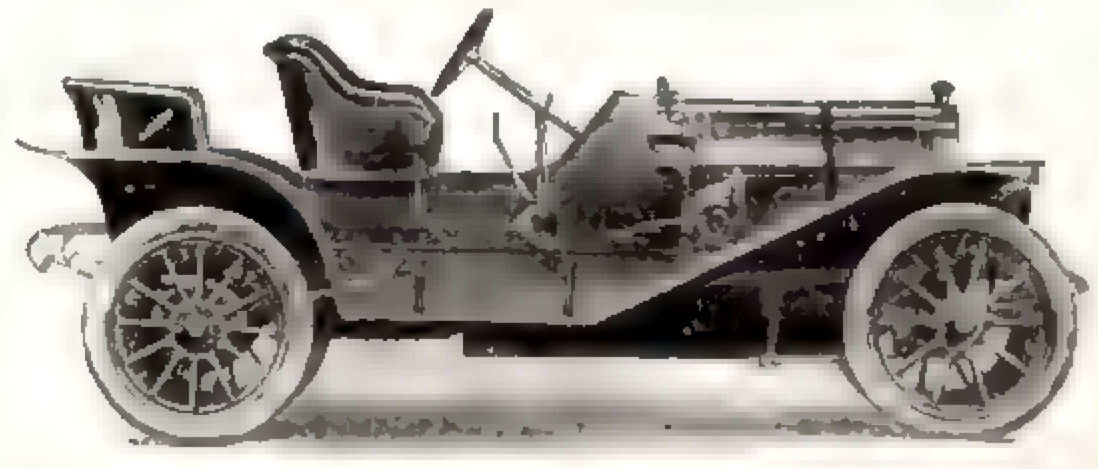

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

RECLAMATION TOWNS

An Experiment in Civilization

By RENÉ BACHE

WHAT the Reclamation folks call an "experiment in civilization" is in progress in certain newly-irrigated valleys of the West, where model towns, known as farm villages, are being laid out and occupied by suitable assemblages of inhabitants. In southern Montana, for example, eight of these towns are being established, all of them on railroad lines, and each of them with a handsome and substantial station for passengers and freight.

The most remarkable point about the towns in question is that they are designed mainly for occupancy by farmers—the farmers, that is to say, who take up homesteads on the lands watered by the Government. Instead of living on his farm in the usual fashion, the reclaimed agriculturist will make his home in the village, enjoying all the social and other advantages accruing from urban residence, and will go out every day, by wagon or trolley, to his fields.

The Sun River Valley, in Montana, which is one of the greatest of the Government projects, is to have twenty such towns, arranged at equal distances, six miles apart, like checkers on a checkerboard. Thanks to this method of fixing things no farm in the valley can possibly be more than three miles from a town, and a great majority of the farmsteads will be much nearer. Thus, if a farmer prefers to live on his farm he may still send his children to school every day, and church and village store will be easily accessible. On the other hand, if he dwells in the town he can reach the scene of his agricultural pursuits within a few minutes.

It will thus be seen that the plan in question does away with the isolation which hitherto has been regarded as a curse almost inseparable from agricultural existence. During the first five years after the farmer takes up one of these homesteads, bestowed free of cost by the Government, he is obliged, under the terms of his contract with Uncle Sam, to live on his farm. But meanwhile he has an opportunity to secure, for a small price, a lot in the most convenient town, on which he may build and reside afterward.

The plan on which these farm villages are laid out is decidedly interesting. It is substantially the same for all of them, a schoolhouse being the centre, with broad avenues radiating from it. The blocks in the immediate neighborhood of the schoolhouse—the middle quadrangle of blocks, as one might say—are cut up into small lots for stores and dwellings. Outside of this quadrangle the land is divided into larger patches, covering one or more acres, which are suitable for truck gardening, poultry-keeping or agriculture of any sort that may be pursued on a small scale.

The country beyond, in all directions, is portioned off into farmsteads, suitable for grain, for fruit-growing, or what-not. Before long trolleys will connect all of the towns in each valley, the power for running the cars being furnished, in the shape of electricity, from the irrigation works. This is, indeed, a very simple matter. But no little picturesqueness attaches to the expectation that the farmers, very soon, will produce their own electricity for business and domestic purposes.

The individual farmer on such an irrigated tract receives his water, derived from the main canal, through a little ditch, into which the fluid pours with a small fall. This fall represents power, which is convertible into electricity. All that is necessary is to set up, at no great expense, the simple machinery requisite, and a current, the cost of which per kilowatt hour is almost nothing, will illuminate the house and barn, operate the churns in the dairy, and run various kinds of farm machinery, such as the corn-sheller, the feed-grinder, the circular-saw, the grindstone and the horse-clipper.

Arrangements of the kind described place the farmer upon an entirely new footing. Not only does he become a town-dweller, without in the least diminishing his agricultural activities, but he becomes the possessor of all sorts of luxuries and modern conveniences hitherto denied him. Even though he may prefer to remain on the farm the resources of civilization are at his command. His children receive a first-class education—the school in each farm village is a graded school, employing the best of teachers—and all the newest novels and best of other books are offered to him through the medium of circulating libraries. For himself and for his family there is no longer any possible question of loneliness or of deprivation of any of the comforts of life.

In prehistoric times the aborigines of Arizona and New Mexico dwelt on the shelves of cliffs or in inaccessible parts of cañons, for safety against marauding Navajo and Apache.

These were the original farm villages in this country. Those which are now being established by the Government follow out the same idea, though with a different end in view. Once again the farmers become town-dwellers, but for the sake of enjoying the advantages of civilization and not for the purpose of defense against enemies unless loneliness and deprivation of the comforts of life be regarded in that light, as foes to happiness. As for the irrigation which to-day makes such blessings possible, it is a fact of much interest that in the Southwest many of the canals recently dug by the Reclamation Service follow the lines of ditches excavated for the same purpose by the Indians in prehistoric times.

Mention was made a moment ago of the small patches of land, an acre or two or three acres in extent, in the model towns, designed for use as truck gardens and for other minor agricultural purposes. It is the intention of the Government to utilize these, in an incidental fashion, for the instruction of farmers in intensive agriculture—by which is meant the utilization of small areas, through high cultivation, for the production of relatively great returns. The Japanese and Chinese have developed this art in a wonderful way; we in this country are almost entirely ignorant of it. The story, recently published, of a man in southern California who has brought up a family on one acre of land, lived comfortably and put money in bank, was no fiction. It was literally true. There are dollars, and plenty of them, in such farming—whence, obviously, the know-how of it is worth while.

In southern Idaho four model towns have been laid out. It is a region in which hardly more than a few months ago the only inhabitants were jack-rabbits. There was not a human being within thirty miles. One year later there were four thousand people there. So dry was the land that even sagebrush did not grow well on it. To-day, thanks to the water which the Government has supplied, this is one of the most productive agricultural areas in the world. There are three banks, three newspapers, several hotels, and churches and schools. Each of the towns has its railroad station, with ready transportation for all sorts of products to the great markets.

The farm villages which the Reclamation Service is thus establishing are by no means for farmers only. All sorts of other people of the right kind are wanted, and are at liberty to purchase lots for building or other purposes. Laborers, skilled and unskilled, are needed to help the growth of the infant communities, and professional men, lawyers, physicians or what-not, may locate in these towns with a sure prospect of making a good living. Incidentally other parts of the country are benefited through an augmented demand for agricultural and other machinery, and for supplies of every imaginable kind. Not only the necessaries of life but many of the luxuries are wanted, and paid for in cash, by the settlers of the newly-irrigated valleys, many of whom are buying pianos and automobiles.

A few years ago, when Congress gave great sums of money for the watering of the West, there was a howl of disapproval in the East. What was the East going to get out of all this expenditure? The outcry has died down. No longer is even a whimper on the subject heard. It has come to be realized that the cash expended on these projects produces a substantial benefit, not merely for one part of the United States, but for the whole people.

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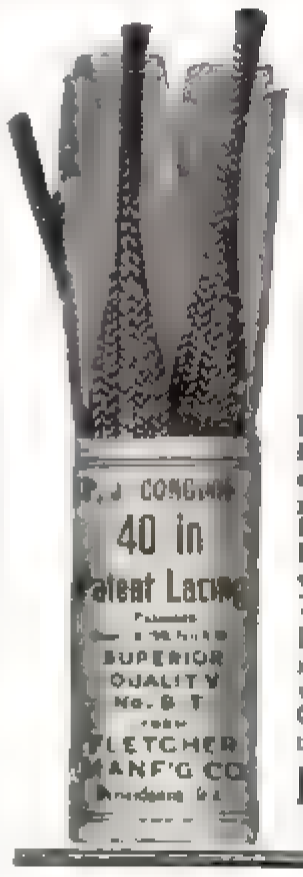

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Are the neatest and dressiest shoe laces made. They look better, wear better and give more comfort than any other.
Men's, women's and children's [illegible] *or ribbed silk imitation Oxford Laces, 15c*

SEND 5c. For Sample Pair

Most shoe stores and notion counters have these laces, or will gladly get them for you if you ask. If not, send direct to us and we will forward postpaid by mail—5c. per pair for tubular laces, any length, black or tan. 10c. pair for ¾ in. wide, any length, black or tan. 15c. pair for 1 in. wide Oxfords.

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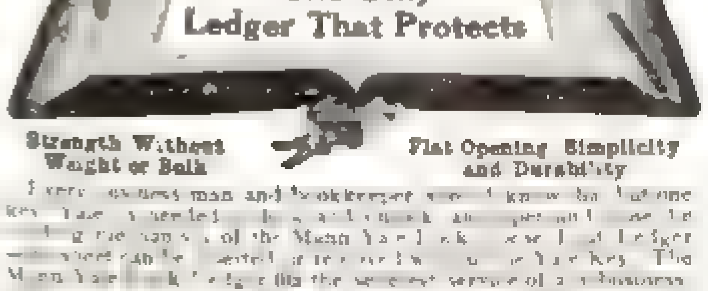
WHAT IS A DRAKNEL HAVANA STOGIE?

A smoke that has absolutely nothing in it but the purest selected leaf without a particle of flavoring. There's a half hour's [illegible] healthful smoke in every Draknel Havana [illegible] 25 hours of comfort for a dollar bill. Send in the dollar bill and the Draknels will be back in a rush. If you are not [illegible] enthusiastic—fire 'em back at my expense and I'll return the money.

EARLE A. LENHARD, Sec'y
THE DRAKNEL CO., 1331 Market Street, Wheeling, W. Va.
[illegible]



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"9009"—the powerful and swiftly moving story of prison life by James Hopper and Fred. R. Bechdolt, which ran recently in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is now ready in book form at all bookdealers'. Built on actual facts and told simply and with restraint, the story contains a most tremendous arraignment of American prison conditions that will provoke to thought and then to action. It is comparable only to Charles Reade's great novel, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," which brought about a reformation of the English prison system. **Postpaid, $1.25.**

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GOLDEN GRAFTING

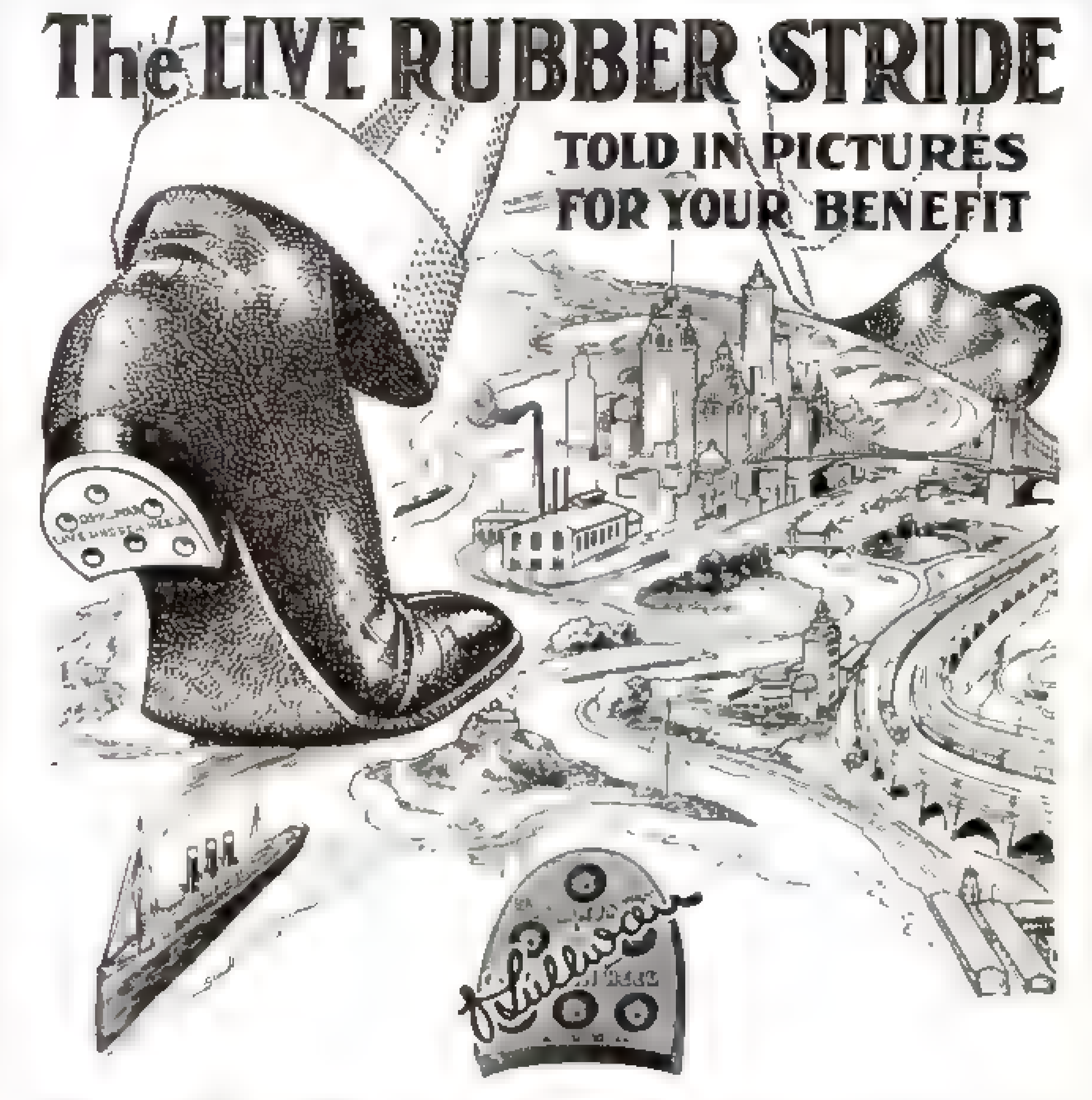
(Continued from Page 15)

into demand. The output of the Golden State grew by leaps and bounds until, in 1893, it had reached total shipments of forty-one hundred carloads. And in proportion as the output increased the returns dwindled. The season of 1892-1893 was a banner year in the quantity and quality of the oranges produced, and it was also the most unprofitable year in the history of the citrus industry. Many growers did not realize enough out of the sale of their oranges to pay freight, icing and selling charges. The more abundant the harvest, the heavier the loss. Something was wrong, radically wrong. Overproduction, the pessimists said, thinking of the forty-one hundred cars loaded with oranges that had gone East. The optimists, the undismayed fighters, laughed at the idea of overproduction when the entire output of California was barely sufficient to supply the country's population with five oranges, less than half a dozen per capita, in a year. They dismissed the phantom of overproduction and called a convention of the growers to discuss marketing methods and systems of crop distribution.

That convention laid the cornerstone for the greatest and most successful coöperative organization ever formed on American soil. By a unique combination of united action and individual enterprise, subordinated only to the general policy established by the governing body of the republic formed by the growers, the organization was able to increase the output of the California citrus groves from forty-one hundred carloads in 1893 to thirty-one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two carloads in 1904, without overloading the nation's stomach, and it succeeded in selling this quantity of fruit at prices which, in the last six seasons, have given the movement for better automobile roads in the citrus belt a most decided impetus.

Before the memorable convention the owners of the groves raised the fruit and sold it to middlemen, speculative buyers who forced the prices down to the lowest possible level. If the grower attempted to evade the speculators, and shipped his fruit to the East on his own account, the speculators nevertheless exacted their pound of flesh in the form of packing and icing charges. They owned the facilities for preparing the crop for the market and for transporting it, and they demanded prices that put to shame even the efforts of the white scale. Since the convention, the growers, by virtue of coöperation, own the packing-houses, pick the oranges and prepare them for the market at cost, ship their own fruit and sell it without paying tribute to any one. By virtue of coöperation they have succeeded in booting the speculative middleman out of the industry; they have made the private-car lines toe the mark; they have thrown the European orange out of the country, planed the freight charges down ten per cent., and are just now engaged in a game of tag with the box trust. By virtue of coöperation the growers have developed a system of making money out of citrus fruits that assists every owner of a grove, whether he be a member or not, without crushing any one, because the System concerns itself only with the eternal problem of supply and demand, and leaves high finance severely alone. By virtue of coöperation chance has been eliminated from the industry, and close supervision and regulation of all factors bearing upon the consumption of citrus fruits has taken its place.

The organization that brought about the transformation of the industry is the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, a fighting corporation with peace and harmony for its aims, a concern that has never paid a cent in dividends and yet has turned millions of dollars into the pockets of its four thousand members every year. The Exchange is a vast calculating and distributing machine. It knows exactly how many oranges you or I eat, or should eat, in a day or a week, and it tries with all the means at its disposal to show us that California oranges would best fill the bill. At the headquarters of the Exchange in Los Angeles the orange-consuming power of every large community in the United States and Canada is tabulated, and it is the main object of the Exchange to satisfy and stimulate the demand without overfeeding and



The O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride

Means Action

CATCH the spirit of the twentieth century, the spirit of quickened progress and achievement, the spirit of the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, turbine steamers and electric locomotives. Show it in your walk. Get that light, springy, vigorous stride that denotes initiative, energy and speed. **Get the O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride.**

For Whom Are Rubber Heels?

O'Sullivan's **Live Rubber Heels** are not for lazy, indolent people—though they need them most.

They are:
For people who do things;
Who keep the wheels of business moving;
Who make industries hum;
The bread and butter earners;
We are interested in them.

The **Heels of Live Rubber** will lessen for them the daily grind and the fatigue at night.

> The application of live rubber to locomotion is expressed in all modern contrivances of sport, commerce and general utilities. Progress depends on initiative, initiative depends on incentive; incentive depends on energy; energy comes from thinking. Thinking is stimulated by right walking. Right walking is encouraged by Live Rubber Heels.
> HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN

Are You Ambitious to Succeed?

Have your shoes fitted with a pair of **O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels.**

They indicate to your employer that you are looking for an opening to climb higher—that your motto is "Excelsior." They indicate that your employer's business is your business, and that you are alert and ready to carry a message to Garcia—that you don't need to be shown the road or be pushed into it.

The success of the American people is due to their initiative, push and courage, and you know the man or woman to whom it is a burden to walk is in no happy, energetic frame of mind to tackle large enterprises.

Learn to walk gracefully and naturally. Proper walking gives inspiration and, backed by red blood and opportunity—**THERE IS ACTION.**

Learn to Walk Gracefully

Look to your shoes. Look to the heels of your shoes especially.

Whether you walk to your work or stand to your work, the heels ought never to be over an inch high, or for a woman an inch and a quarter, including the half inch of **Live Rubber.** The ball, or fore part, of the sole ought to be as wide as the spread of your foot—as you look over it—the toe to suit your personal taste (not the shoemaker's), and to conform to the contour of your foot.

The Name "O'Sullivan" on Rubber Heels Is Like "Sterling" on Silver.

See to Your Heels Especially

Your heels are of paramount importance. All the weak insteps and flat feet can be traced to abnormal attitude in walking, toeing out. In walking the feet should be carried almost parallel.

The heel should be set under the shoe so as to receive the line of weight passing through the centre of the inside ankle bone. You remember our Brooklyn Bridge graphic and what the effect would be if the piers of the bridge were set three feet further apart. The same reason applies to the arch, or instep, of your foot. It weakens the instep. You are indisposed to walk, your foot has lost its spring. You sit down where you used to stand and you ride where you used to walk.

See to your boot heels. Have them equipped with **Heels of Live Rubber**—and walk. The spring of the Live Rubber will encourage you.

When you order rubber heels and pay 50 cents, see that you get O'Sullivan's, as there are substitutes that leave a bit more profit to shoemakers.

The Live Rubber Stride Won the Marathon

American grit and Live Rubber Heels carried John J. Hayes to victory in the Marathon. It was Hayes's head, plus O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels, that won us the coveted trophy, and head plus heels is an unconquerable combination in this LIVE RUBBER AGE.

If you are interested in this great victory and want to know all about it, in picture and story, send a two-cent stamp with the appended coupon and you will receive a set of beautiful cards of Hayes, depicting how he won the race and a handsome illustrated booklet telling all about the ancient and modern Marathon.

Two cts. in stamps, the cost of mailing, will bring you both. Mark your name in square on the coupon.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER COMPANY,
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Enclosed find two cent stamp for BOOKLET and POSTALS on the Marathon Race.
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The Florsheim Shoe

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One of many neat and attractive styles in the Florsheim line every one of them distinguished by the Florsheim *Quality*.

Florsheim Shoes are all made on "natural shaped" lasts that prevent cramping or distortion because they allow the foot to lie naturally in the shoe.

Most styles are $5 and $6.
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The AMERICAN SPECIAL gives all the protection required in the usual store. It is no longer necessary to pay fancy prices. We can save you from $100 to $200 of what you would have to pay elsewhere. We make over 100 different styles and sizes of cash registers. Write for our extraordinary offer on the AMERICAN SPECIAL.

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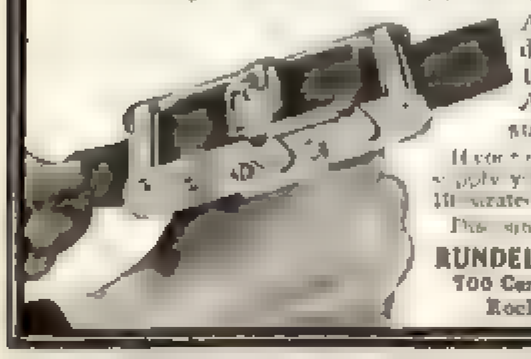
Makes old double-edged safety razor blades better than new, improves new blades, and insures a perfect shave

Absolutely automatic and cannot cut strop.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country, in return for a little work done in leisure hours. If you are interested, address **The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.**

For the Holiday Table you want fresh, crisp, appetizing salted nuts. Try "HATCH'S SALTO COOKERS," the aristocracy of the peanut family. Pound box sent postpaid for $1 00. More wanted if once tried.

A. M. FISHER, 11 Broadway, New York

thereby causing congestion. That is the System which has made the orange industry in California a sound, commercial enterprise, a stable occupation, like making and selling steel or cotton.

The Exchange cares naught for sudden stimulations of the orange appetite and the consequent bull market. Instead of chasing high prices with its goods, its endeavors are directed toward the early detection of a weak stomach, of falling orange prices. It knows no sudden spasms, no feverish activity one day and headaches the next. Day after day, during the season, it sends out its trains of oranges, distributing them over the entire country as evenly as possible. If falling prices in Kansas City show that the town and the surrounding territory cannot absorb the allotted quantity of oranges at prevailing prices, Los Angeles is advised by wire, and shipments to that particular section are reduced until the Missouri stomach has recovered from its indisposition. Like any large dry-goods or shoe house, the orange growers have their salesmen in every city of importance. Through these salaried agents the Exchange feels the pulse of the orange markets. It is the business of every agent to sell California oranges, sell them in any manner, at auction or private sale, to wholesaler or jobber, f. o. b. California, spot cash, or cash on delivery and inspection, but sell the fruit, push it into every village and hamlet of his territory, get rid of it as fast as possible, provided he obtains prices for the fruit as high as those paid elsewhere. Every day the salesmen send their sales' reports to the general agencies in Chicago and Omaha, where they are condensed and wired to Los Angeles for the guidance in the routing of the shipments. Weather forecasts are studied religiously by the agents. Should a snowstorm suddenly descend upon Detroit and travel in the direction of Indianapolis, Los Angeles, basking unsuspectingly in the warm sun, hears of it and reduces shipments to the freezing, snowbound cities; for oranges do not sell well when push-carts are stalled and fruit-stands hidden by frosted windows. If a hot wave strikes Chicago, a few additional carloads of lemons follow on its heels.

The California Fruit Growers' Exchange is a republic based upon economic instead of political principles. Its four thousand members are divided into eighty autonomous communities, called Associations, which comprise all members in a given locality. The Associations, as a rule, own the plants and machinery necessary for the washing, brushing, drying, sorting, grading, packing and labeling of the fruit raised by the members. The grower pays for the picking of the fruit and delivers it to the packing-house of the Association. Only the actual cost of the handling is charged against him. When the fruit is ready for shipment the local exchange, consisting of a number of Associations from the same district, takes charge of the marketing. There are thirteen of these local exchanges, and they in turn elect one member each to serve on the central body, which supervises the distribution of the crop and the development of the markets, leaving questions of purely local import to be settled by the district exchanges and the Associations. Each district exchange is entitled to ship its proportionate percentage of the total crop to all the markets of the country; each Association furnishes its pro-rata share to all the markets, and each grower thus gets the benefit of the average prices prevailing in all distributing centres every day in the orange season. As the crop is spread evenly over the country, so the returns are divided without favor among the growers, large or small, giving each the profit his enterprise and knowledge of the business entitle him to. The selling machinery of the Exchange is continuously at the disposal of every member, whether he owns five or five hundred acres, and the service is furnished at actual cost, with no rake-off, profit or commission.

So smoothly does the cooperative selling system work that it has maintained prices in the face of constantly increasing output, and it upheld the market even in the blast of the financial depression last year. With thousands of acres of new groves coming into bearing every year, the cry of overproduction is no longer heard in California, for the growers have demonstrated, beyond doubt, that the limit of the nation's orange appetite has not been reached. Last winter the Exchange supplemented the efforts of its Iowa salesmen by extensive advertising throughout the State; with the assistance

When a Blessing Comes in Disguise

Advancing prices of life's necessities are making many men debate seriously this Autumn the question of ready-to-wear clothes versus the custom tailor.

No household can well economize on food, or rent, or light, or fuel, without hardship. But a man *can* cut off this tailor luxury not only without hardship to himself, but in very many instances with positive benefit to his appearance and peace.

Stein-Bloch clothes are respected among clothing dealers as the representative ready-to-wear clothes—the clothes that give them a "leading" line, that fit properly and that have style.

They are made individually by tailors, held together in a great organization, who have the touch of experience and the conscious superiority of specialists.

By wearing them you are giving yourself *a luxury that your tailor never found for you.* Ready at the best clothier's in your town.

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

Insist upon seeing the label. 54 years of Knowing How is in it.

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FREE
This Big Book to Help You Buy Christmas Jewelry

Here is a cut of our Big New Illustrated Catalog. It shows over three thousand different pieces of newest and latest style Jewelry—at prices ranging from a dollar up. Any pocket-book can be suited.

Write your name and address on a post-card—or in a letter. Mail it to us. As soon as we get it, we will send you our Big New Catalog postpaid—**FREE.**

This catalog is yours for the asking. And it helps you with thousands of suggestions for Christmas gifts

Remember this. New York City is "The Home of Jewelry." No matter where—nor of whom—you buy, some New York City house realizes a profit on nearly every article of Jewelry sold in America.

Why should you pay two or three profits?

Buy from us and you buy direct from "The Home of Jewelry"—New York City. You buy direct from the makers. You pay but one very small profit—that of the manufacturer. You get full value for your money—in Jewelry. You get newest and latest designs.

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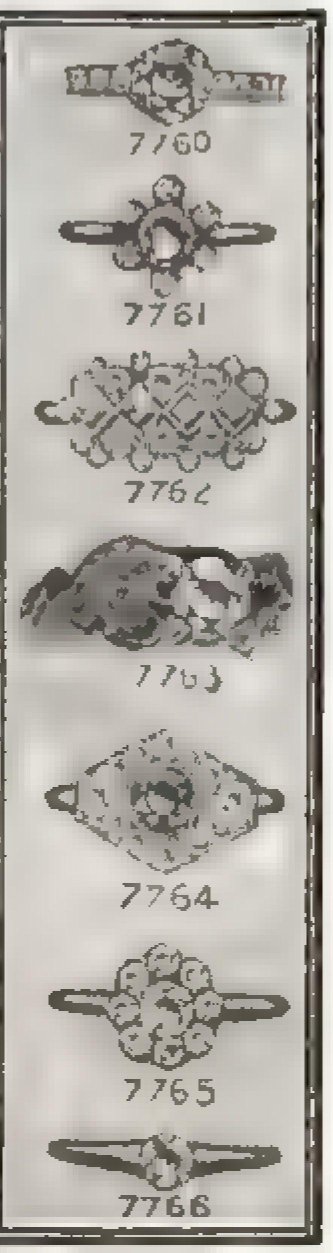

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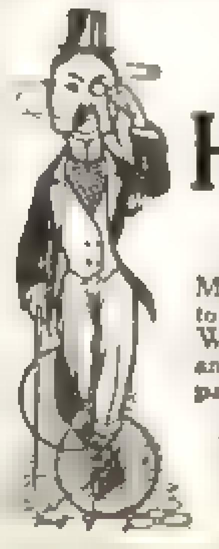

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of the Southern Pacific these two having made peace long since – Iowa was covered with eight-sheet posters in many colors, setting forth the merits of California and its oranges. Iowa responded nobly and the posters doubled the normal orange consumption of the State.

This fall the Exchange saved its members three hundred thousand dollars per annum by superseding the combine of lumber firms which formerly supplied the growers with six million boxes every season. When the combine proceeded to levy additional tribute, to the extent of a five-cent advance in the price of a box, the Exchange rebelled. The growers taxed themselves a cent on each box handled through the Exchange, and with the pennies thus gathered they built a factory to furnish boxes at cost.

Though unable to resist the onslaught of the California orange growers, the peasant of Sicily still clings doggedly to the market America offers for his surplus lemons. The best portion of the Sicilian lemon crop is disposed of in Europe; the balance, varying in amount between two and a half and four and a half million boxes, is unloaded regularly upon the United States. Because of this dumping process the raising of lemons in California still is a lottery, since the arrival of cargo after cargo of foreign fruit, in years when the Sicilian crop is large, invariably smashes the market. Until a few years ago the California growers were drawing so many blanks that many of them, disheartened, budded their lemon trees into oranges. Only the occasional distribution of large prizes prevented the collapse of the lemon industry on the Pacific Coast.

During this period one of the lemon growers resolved to sell out when the lemon price dropped to thirty-five cents per box. He received eight hundred dollars per acre for his thirty-acre grove, two hundred dollars less than the current price for similar properties, and considered himself lucky for getting that amount. Three months after the sale lemons had risen from thirty-five cents to ten and eleven dollars per box, on account of frost in Sicily, and the purchaser of the thirty acres sold his crop for twenty-seven thousand dollars, receiving back, within ninety days, his investment of twenty-four thousand dollars and a bonus of one hundred dollars per acre. Conditions have improved in the last three or four years, but as late as 1906 the lemon price in New Orleans soared to nine and ten dollars per box when, during a prolonged hot spell, the usual supply of Sicilian lemons did not arrive.

The California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, after years of almost exclusive attention to the orange, has taken up the cudgel for the lemon, and a special sales' manager has been appointed whose department will handle lemons exclusively. Of the battle's issue there can be no doubt, for the lemon importers are playing directly into the hands of the Californians. The Sicilian growers have not profited by the loss of the American orange market; they have not learned that honesty is the best policy in business. For years the Eastern fruit brokers have complained of gross misrepresentation on the part of the Sicilian growers. They alleged that the brands on the boxes of imported fruit did not tell the truth about the size and quality of the lemons contained within, and their charges were confirmed officially last summer when the New York importers were warned by the authorities to comply with the provisions of the Pure Food Act prohibiting false labeling. A second body-blow was dealt the Sicilian lemon almost simultaneously when the president of the New York Fruit Exchange, in a circular to his customers, criticised the imported fruit and the dishonest methods of the foreign growers, until the yellow skin of the Italian lemon turned brown. The Californians smiled when the criticism reached their ears; they knew the enemy's weak spot, and they were sharpening their weapons for the final contest.

Within a few years their acreage will be large enough to supply all the lemons consumed in the United States and Canada; every year they are improving the quality of their fruit, increasing its size and juiciness, decreasing loss by decay, breeding the seeds out of it, and, when the lemon grown in California has reached the perfection of the California orange, California marketing methods will see to it that the United States no longer offers a dumping place for foreign-grown citrus fruit.

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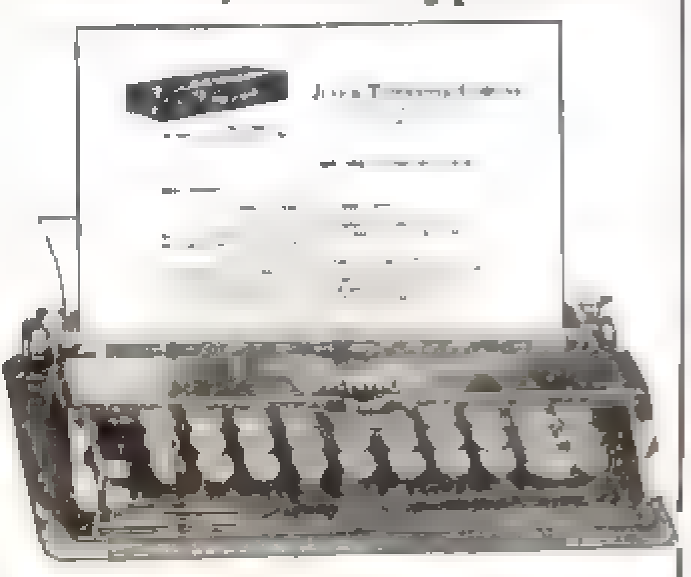

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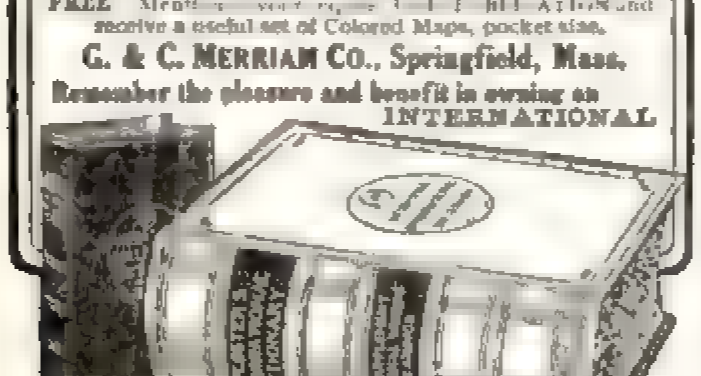

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THE OLD MAID'S HONEYMOON

(Continued from Page 7)

theatre afterward. He was a business man, too, and frankly abhorred feminine delays, especially at dinnertime. Every girl in Woodstock was setting her cap at him and his motor car, and Rose was less sure of him and more eager for him than any of the other men she was engaged to.

As she sat and played the stenographer, in spite of herself, she endured a bitter mixture of boredom, terror, resentment and humiliation. A few large tears blinded her big eyes, and ran dustily down her cheeks. They gave Miss Eby a holy joy. She felt that they had something of poetic justice.

It was half-past seven before Ripley Ames growled:

"That's all just now. Type those off, and be quick about it."

Then he turned his face to the wall, while his fair tormentor slunk out of the room and ran down the steps without heeding Miss Eby's thanks. Salann paused to call in to Mrs. Ames

"The doctor says Ripley's getting along all right. He couldn't wait."

She closed the door before any questions could be asked, and climbed the stairs, pausing now and then to hang on to the banisters and giggle. She slipped in slyly, as was her custom; she found her patient not asleep, as she expected, but looking at her with dull, fever-widened gaze. Instantly a light flashed to his eyes and a cry to his lips:

"Rose! Rose! My love, my beauty! At last! I knew you'd come! They said you wouldn't, but I knew, I knew!"

He held out imploring arms, and there was such commanding appeal in them that the bewildered old maid found herself drifting toward him. Then she stopped short and fell back against the door.

Ripley smiled with a lover's tolerance, and getting to his feet came tottering toward her, his long dressing-gown giving him a strange dignity. Straight to the door he came and, taking her in his arms, kissed her.

It was the first time a grown man had kissed her mouth since she had been a grown woman. It shocked her, scared her. She was not ready to understand why that strange custom of kissing had gained such importance in human history. She clung to the door like a bas-relief in plaster, till she saw that he was weakening and toppling. Then she supported him to a large easy chair. He would not let her go, but made her sit on the arm of the chair, her hands in his.

Salann was no actress. She would have failed even in amateur theatricals; she was not made for this part; she had not studied her lines, and had no idea of the plot. And never was there a worse case of stage-fright. But her audience was out of its head and saw everything in a rose-color of delight.

At first, the strange sensation of having a man make love to her overpowered her spinstery heart. She wondered how Rose Fairweather, who liked that sort of thing, had ever resisted the tenderness of this man. To her untutored soul Ripley was a Romeo.

In spite of herself, too, she was shocked. A lifetime of prudery, uninvaded by lovers, unmellowed by love, had hardened her heart into a scorn of the silly delights of moonshine, the precious piffle that is whispered on piazzas and beaches.

And then she had always made a religion of candor. She had hated lies, even sweet lies. She loathed pretense, even for mercy's sake. And here she was forced to lie in word and deed, to pretend to be some one she was not. Outraged primness and forsaken self-respect and elaborate deceit—all those things were crying out within her, against her.

Her one justification was that it was for Ripley's sake. The doctor had said to humor him. She would have gone through fire, through snow, through hell, for Ripley's sake. So she must go through this.

The path of deceit was made easy, as usual. Ripley's talk was one rambling incoherence of contentment over his realized dream. Despair had wakened to find itself attainment. The adored one, who always mocked his advances, had come to him of her own accord.

There was little strain on Salann's inventive powers that evening. Ripley

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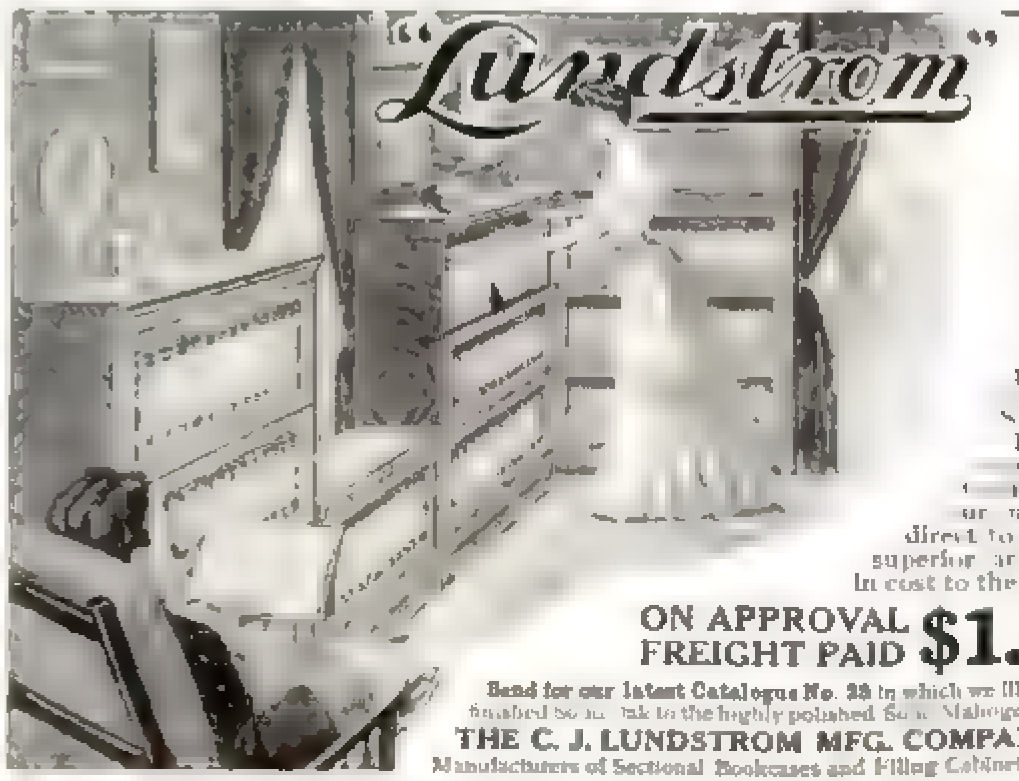

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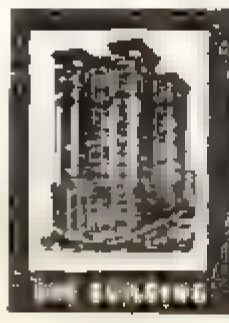

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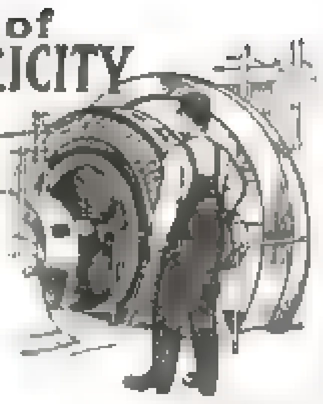

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rattled on so fast that there were no chinks for her answers; or, if there were, he seemed not to hear such awkward love-nonsense as she contrived. As his eyes imagined Rose's beauty, his ears imagined the music they wanted to hear.

Gradually his joy wore itself out, and he began to yawn—as if they had been married a year. Salann got him to bed before he was quite asleep, and there he sank into a slumber, deep, sweet, untroubled all the long night. It was Salann who did not sleep.

When she knelt to say her prayers she begged for forgiveness and guidance in her duty. She begged forgiveness for rejoicing in the discomfiture of her—"rival" was the word she unconsciously used. Then she prayed forgiveness for the word. But above all she prayed for power to pretend, and to pretend well, until Ripley should come back to health.

Her one hope was that the patient would be his petulant self again next day. She was too modest to believe that he could be deceived in the sunlight. But he was. His first morning look at her warmed his eyes, and he called her "Rose," blessed her for relenting to him.

Poor Salann! the inevitable was beginning to happen. It had always been winter in the rocky farm of Salann's life. She had been born an old maid, she had won no sweethearts as girl or as young woman. People and plants thrive as best they may on what food they find. Habit makes desire; and a long-enough lack creates dislike. So Salann had not learned to want what she could never have. She had got along, somehow, without love, till she had come to despise it. It was taking revenge. When she had first come into the Ames' home, she had mutely admired Ripley; but there had been such an absence of affection in his manner to her, that her feelings had soon become matter-of-fact, everyday. She was to him a part of the household furniture. He became to her simply a regular boarder.

But now, in spite of herself, in an atmosphere glowing with love, she could not hope to resist the ineluctable.

In his twisted thoughts Ripley began to make history. Having satisfied himself of Rose's devotion, he proposed that they become engaged. So they became engaged. Their life ran as fast as events in a dream. In a few hours a few weeks had slipped away. Meanwhile his business was prospering enormously under the inspired uplift of delirium. He came home to "Rose" and described imaginary hours at the office, where money was coming in so rapidly under his Midas-touch that he was fairly millionairing into wealth. Like all business men, as soon as he had found success, he began to realize that he was tired.

He wanted what he was pleased to call "a swell wedding." So they had a swell wedding—in the back of his head. Then they took the train to New York, and they stopped at the Waldorf—no less. Ripley spent money with a lavishness Salann had never suspected him capable of reaching, even in a delirium.

Then they must go to Europe. Fortunately he fancied himself an excellent sailor. He felt no qualm, even in the hurricane that rose and assailed the ship, and he showed wonderful bravery in saving "Rose" from being carried overboard by a crushing, smashing sea that swept across the deck. They reached England. They saw all the sights in London—that is, all that he had happened to read about, though the Londoners would hardly have recognized them from the accounts he gave to Salann in exclamations like these:

"Take us to the Abbey, driver—Westminster Abbey—so this is Westminster Abbey—see all the famous dead men—William the Conqueror and Tennyson and Wat Tyler—and Shakespeare—it's a very fine building in spite of its age—must have cost a pile of money in its day—not so tall as we've got in America—but—drive us to the Tower—so this is the Tower—that is where they behead folks, eh?—we use the electric chair at Sing Sing—it's considered more up to date—now drive us to Windsor Castle—this is where Queen Victoria used to live—funny old place, isn't it, Rose?—well, I guess that's enough of England—let's go to France."

So they went through Europe at a speed which made the best record of a Cook's tourist look tame. They had need to hurry, because he was getting better daily.

In Paris Ripley spoke a lingo which he called French; and the people seemed

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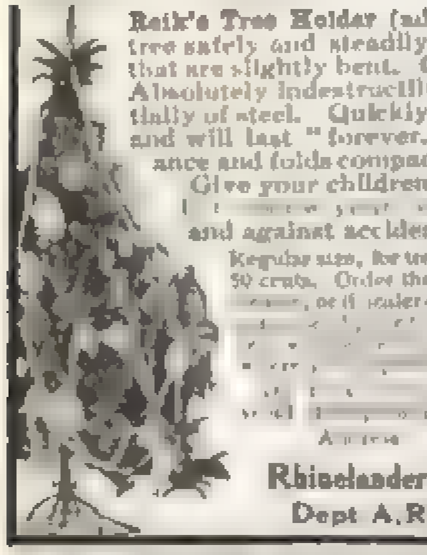

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to understand it perfectly. The bridal couple did France in one afternoon from the "Loover" to the "Moolang Rooj."

When they reached Italy, Ripley's imagination began to flag. He had read little about Italy, and he could hardly make up even such language as his French.

His glorious flights of fancy showed longer and longer pauses. The humdrum hours when he was only a sick business man came oftener. Then "Rose" became again Salann.

The disillusionment was so cruel that she hated the illusion. Better never to have learned to love than to have loved a phantom. Better not to have had the flight than to have suffered the fall. Then, of a sudden, the peevishness of her ward would fall from him; he would begin again to gibber romance and call her "Rose." His fingers would wind through hers, and he would carry her away on pinions of Arabian charm to paradises where she was beautiful and beloved.

But always the fairy voyages grew briefer, and the drop from the clouds to the hard earth came sooner and sharper. The mad honeymoon was waning. Estrangement was ruining the dream. The fantastic wedlock was undergoing a fantastic divorce.

At length—it seemed years to Salann, but it was only days enough to make a week or two—his delirium left him for good. The decree was made absolute. Ripley's brain was as well as ever. He was now the convalescent; hungry, peevish, absolutely oblivious of all that he had gone through, all he had carried Salann through.

Finally he was strong enough to hear reports from his office. They nearly gave him a relapse. In place of the unbounded wealth his delirium had heaped up, he found that in his absence expenses had grown like weeds in the gardener's absence, income had wilted like flowers in a gardener's absence.

The sick man became well because he had to. The complaining patient became the daring business man. Romeo turned into Shylock and forgot that he had ever known romance, except for one anxious moment—the first time he met Miss Fairweather. He advanced toward her under a vague memory of the life they had spent together in the Alhambra of his delirium. But Miss Fairweather knew only of her excursion into the realm of stenography, and the trouble with Mr. Applegate it had brought about. When Ripley Ames approached her, with glowing eyes and hand outstretched, she cut him dead, and left him standing, dazed. Mechanically he looked at his watch, remembered with a start some business engagement, and effaced Miss Fairweather from his plans for all time. There is no antiseptic for the germ of love like a season of life-and-death struggle with business difficulties.

Ripley, never dreaming of the old maid's share in his soul, and never learning it from her, closed the door of that little steel safe he called a heart, and gave no sign that he had, or ever had had, a secret love locked up within him.

Salann closed up part of her heart, too, but it was like shutting the gate on a secret garden. The winter might come and fill it with frost and snow, but no spite of time could destroy the eternal fact that flowers had once grown there.

All her life Salann shall look with different eyes upon the world and its people, upon every young couple that she sees mooning together at twilight, upon every shadowy piazza, every old gate, upon every romance she hears of in gossip or reads of in newspapers or books. Especially, she looks with different eyes upon that hard-headed business man at whose elbow she is only a poor and distant relation, but in whose dream-life she played a thrilling part.

Most of all she looks with different eyes upon the plain and peaked face that looks back out of her mirror. Sometimes the face in the mirror looks as if it felt very sorry for the poor, old Salann outside.

And if, sometimes, late at night, in her old-maidenly room, Salann weeps over what has been and what might have been, she never betrays her secret when she goes abroad. Sometimes she even delights in the remembrance of that mystic honeymoon; and when she passes Rose Fairweather on the street, and thinks of her scorn for Ripley Ames, as a lover, Salann always says to herself:

"Little she knows what she's missing."

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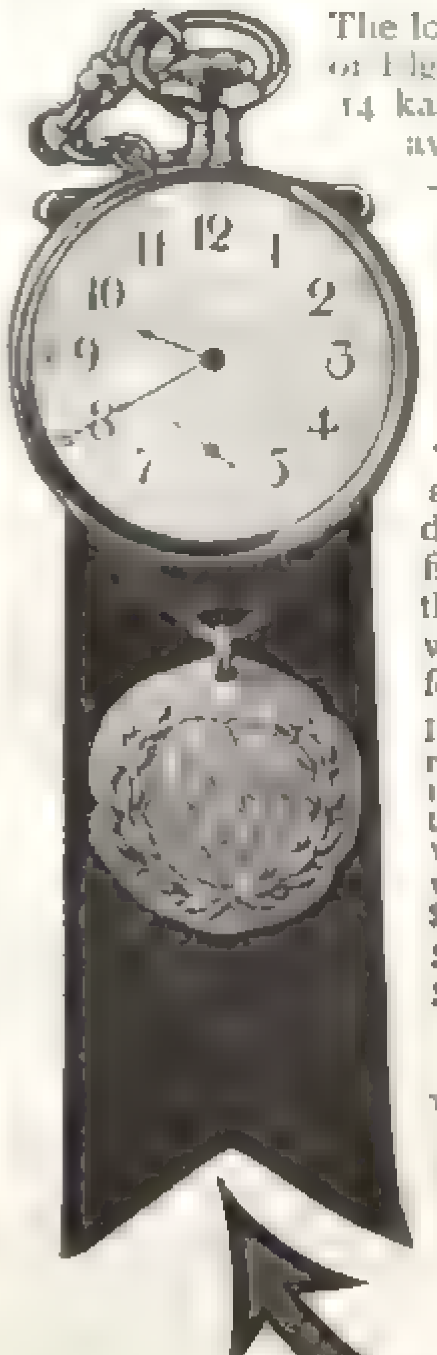

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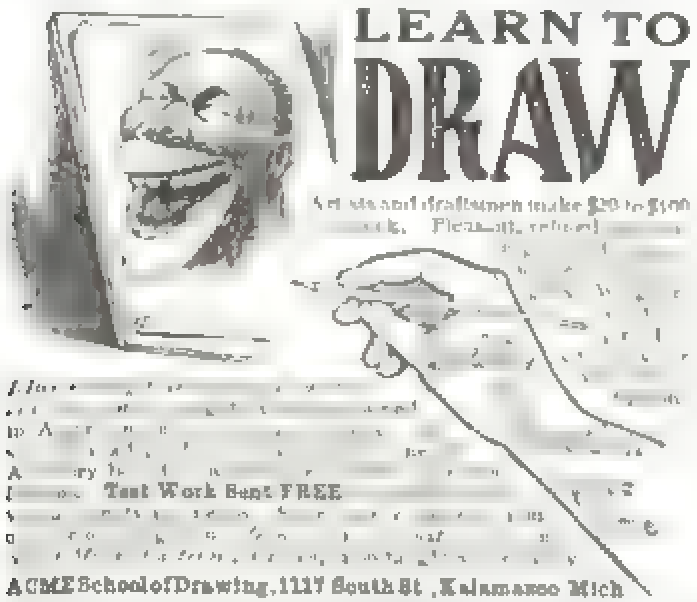

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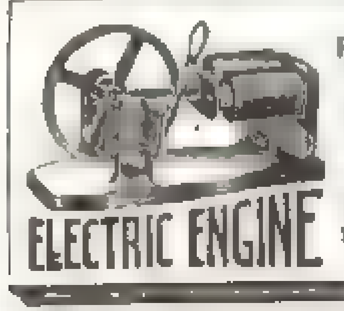

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The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 17)

could weather the real ones what's the use of getting up ladylike excitement over

"Sit down and shut up!" exclaimed Margaret. "If you don't I shall scream scream *scream*

The maid gaped first at one, then at the other, left them reluctantly to admit Arkwright. As she opened the door she had to draw back a little. There was Craig immediately behind her. He swept her aside, flung the door wide. "Come on! Hurry!" he cried to Grant. "We're waiting." And he seized him by the arm and thrust him into the parlor. At the same instant the preacher entered by another door. Craig's excitement, far from diminishing, grew wilder and wilder. The preacher thought him insane or drunk. Grant and Margaret tried in vain to calm him. Nothing would do but the ceremony instantly; and he had his way. Never was there a more undignified wedding. When the responses were all said and the marriage was a fact, Craig seemed suddenly to subside.

"I should like to go into the next room for a moment," said the pallid and trembling Margaret.

"Certainly," said Doctor Scones sympathetically, and, with a fierce scowl at the groom, he accompanied the bride from the room.

"What a mess you have made!" exclaimed Arkwright indignantly. "You've been acting like a lunatic."

"It wasn't acting—altogether," laughed Josh, giving Grant one of those tremendous slaps on the back. "You see, it was wise to give her something else to think about so she couldn't possibly hesitate or bolt. So I just gave way to my natural feelings. It's a way I have in difficult situations."

Grant's expression as he looked at him was a mingling of admiration, fear and scorn. "You are full of those petty tricks," said he.

"Why petty? Is it petty to meet the requirements of a situation? The situation was petty—the trick had to be. Besides, I tell you, it wasn't a trick. If I hadn't given my nerves an outlet I might have balked or bolted myself. I didn't want to have to think any more than she."

"You mustn't say those things to me," objected his friend.

"Why not? What do I care what you or any one else thinks of *me?* And what could you do except simply think? Old pal, you ought to learn not to judge me by the rules of your little sphere. It's a ridiculous habit." He leaped at the door where Margaret had disappeared and rapped on it fiercely.

"Yes—yes—I'm coming," responded a nervous, pleading, agitated voice; and the door opened and Margaret appeared.

"What shall we do now?" she said to Craig. Grant saw, with an amazement he could scarcely conceal, that for the time, at least, she was quite subdued, would meekly submit to anything.

"Go to your grandmother," said Craig promptly. "You attend to the preacher, Grant. Twenty-five's enough to give him."

Margaret's cheeks flamed, her head bowed. Grant flushed in sympathy with her agony before this vulgarity. And a moment later he saw Margaret standing, drooping and resigned, at the curb, while Craig excitedly hailed a cab. "Poor girl!" he muttered; "living with that nightmare-in-breeches will surely kill her—so delicate, so refined, so sensitive!"

XIX

"IF YOU like I'll go up and tell your grandmother," said Craig, breaking the silence as they neared the hotel. But Margaret's brain had resumed its normal function, was making up for the time it had lost. With the shaking off of the daze had come amazement at finding herself married. In the same circumstances a man would have been incapacitated for action; Craig, who had been so reckless, so headlong, a few minutes before, was now timid, irresolute, prey to alarms. But women, beneath the pose which man's resolute apotheosis of woman as the embodiment of unreasoning imagination has enforced upon them, are rarely so imaginative that

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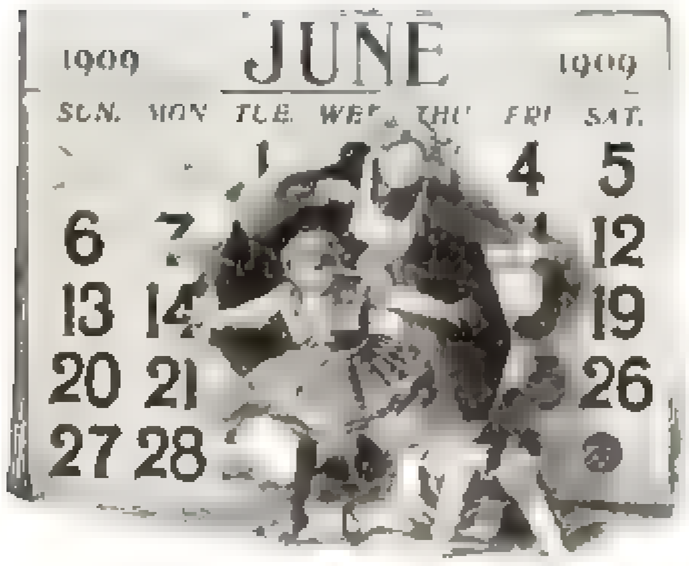

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the practical is wholly obscured. Margaret was accepting the situation, was planning soberly to turn it to the best advantage. Obviously, much hung upon this unconventional, this vulgarly-sensational marriage being diplomatically announced to the person from whom she expected to get an income of her own.

"No," said she to Joshua, in response to his nervously-made offer. "You must wait down in the office while I tell her. At the proper time I'll send for you."

She spoke friendlily enough, with an inviting suggestion of their common interests. But Craig found it uncomfortable even to look at her. Now that the crisis was over his weaknesses were returning; he could not believe he had dared bear off this "delicate, refined creature," this woman whom "any one can see at a glance was a patrician of patricians." That kind of nervousness as quickly spreads through every part, moral, mental and physical, of a man not sure of himself as a fire through a haystack. He could not conceal his awe of her. She saw that something was wrong with him; being herself in no "patrician" mood, but, on the contrary, in a mood that was most humanly plebeian, she quite missed the cause of his clumsy embarrassment and constraint. "It'll be some time, I expect," said she. "Don't bother to hang round. I'll send a note to the desk, and you can inquire—say, in half an hour or so."

"Half an hour!" he cried in dismay. Whatever should he do with himself, alone with these returned terrors, and with no Margaret there to make him ashamed not to give braver battle to them?

"An hour, then."

She nodded, shook hands with a blush and a smile, not without its gleam of appreciation of the queerness of the situation. He lifted his hat, made a nervous, formal bow and turned away, though no car was there. As the elevator was starting up with her he came hurrying back.

"One moment," he said. "I quite forgot."

She joined him and they stood aside, in the shelter of a great wrap-rack. "You can tell your grandmother—it may help to smooth things over—that my appointment as Attorney-General will be announced day after to-morrow."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, her eyes lighting up.

He went on to explain. "As you know, the President didn't want to give it to me. But I succeeded in drawing him into a corner where he either had to give it to me or be put in an equivocal position."

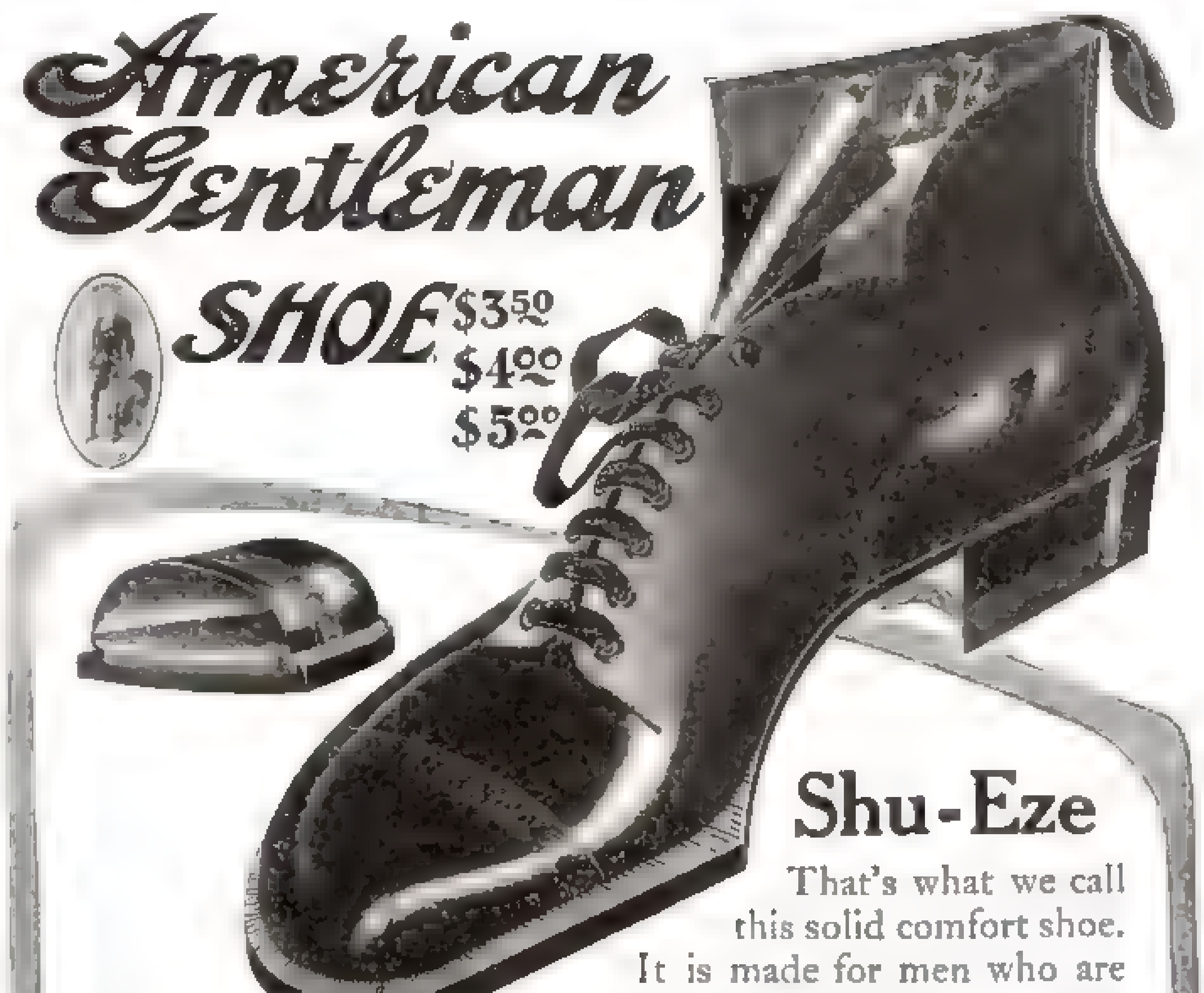
"She'll be delighted!" exclaimed Margaret.

"And you?" he asked with awkward wistfulness.

"I?" said she, blushing and dropping her glance. "Is it necessary for you to ask?"

She went back to the elevator still more out of humor with herself. She had begun their married life with what was very nearly a—well, it certainly was an evasion; for she cared nothing about his political career, so soon to end. However, she was glad of the appointment, because the news of it would be useful in calming and reconciling her grandmother. Just as her spirits began to rise it flashed into her mind: "Why, that's how it happens I'm married! If he hadn't been successful in getting the office he wouldn't have come. . . . He manœuvred the President into a position where he had to give him what he wanted. Then he came here and manœuvred me into a position where *I* had to give him what he wanted. Always his 'game'! No sincerity or directness anywhere in him, and very little real courage." Here she stopped short in the full swing of pharisaism, smiled at herself in dismal self-mockery. "And what am *I* doing? Playing *my* 'game.' I'm on my way now to manœuvre my grandmother. We are well suited—he and I. In another walk of life we might have been a pair of swindlers, playing into each other's hands. . . . And yet I don't believe we're worse than most people. Why, most people do these things without a thought of their being—unprincipled. And, after all, I'm not harming anybody, am I? That is, anybody but myself."

She had her campaign carefully laid out; she had mapped it in the cab between the parsonage and the hotel. "Grandmother," she began as the old lady looked up with a frown because of her long, unexpected absence, "I must tell you that, just before we left Washington, Craig broke off the engagement."



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Madam Bowker half-started from her chair. "Broke off the engagement!" she cried in dismay.

"Abruptly and, apparently, finally. I—I didn't dare tell you before."

She so longed for sympathy that she half-hoped the old lady would show signs of being touched by the plight which that situation meant. But no sign came. Instead, Madam Bowker pierced her with wrathful eyes and said in a furious voice: "This is frightful! And you have done nothing?" She struck the floor violently with her staff. "He must be brought to a sense of honor—of decency! He must! Do you hear? It was your fault, I am sure. If he does not marry you you are ruined!"

"He came over this morning," pursued Margaret. "He wanted to marry me at once."

"You should have given him no chance to change his mind again," cried Madam Bowker. "What a trifler you are! No seriousness! Your intelligence all in the abstract; only folly and fritter for your own affairs. You should have given him no chance to change!"

Margaret closed in and struck home. "I didn't," said she tersely. "I married him."

The old lady stared. Then, as she realized how cleverly Margaret had trapped her, she smiled a grim smile of appreciation, of forgiveness. "Come and kiss me," said she. "You will do something, now that you have a chance. No woman has a chance—no *lady*—until she is a Mrs. It's the struggle to round that point that wrecks so many of them."

Margaret kissed her. "And," she went on, "he has been made Attorney-General."

Never, never had Margaret seen such unconcealed satisfaction in her grandmother's face. The stern, piercing eyes softened and beamed affection upon the girl, all the affection she had deemed it wise to show theretofore always was tempered with sternness. "What a pity he hasn't money," said she. "Still, it can be managed, after a fashion."

"We *must* have money," pursued the girl. "Life with him, without it, would be intolerable. Poor people are thrown so closely together. He is too much for my nerves—often."

"He's your property now," Madam Bowker reminded her. "You must not underestimate your own property. Always remember that your husband is your property. Then your silly nerves will soon quiet down."

"We must have money," repeated Margaret, "a great deal of money."

"You know I can't give you a great deal," said the old lady apologetically. "I'll do my best. . . . Would you like to live with me?"

There was something so fantastic in the idea of Joshua Craig and Madam Bowker living under the same roof, and herself trying to live with them, that Margaret burst out laughing. The old lady frowned; then, appreciating the joke, she joined in. "You'll have to make up your mind to live very quietly. Politics doesn't pay well—not Craig's branch of it, except in honor. He will be very famous."

"Where?" retorted Margaret disdainfully. "Why, with a lot of people who aren't worth considering. No, I am going to take Joshua out of politics."

The old lady looked interest and inquiry.

"He has had several flattering offers to be counsel to big corporations. The things he has done against them have made them respect and want him. I'm going to get him to leave politics and practice law in New York. Lawyers there—the shrewd ones, like him—make fortunes. He can still speak occasionally and get all the applause he wants. Joshua loves applause."

The old lady was watching her narrowly.

"Don't you think I'm right, Grandma? I'm telling you because I want your opinion."

"Will he do it?"

Margaret laughed easily. "He's afraid of me. If I manage him well he'll do whatever I wish. I can make him realize he has no right to deprive myself and him of the advantages of my station."

"Um—um," said the old lady, half to herself. "Yes—yes—perhaps."

"He will be much more content once he's settled in the new line. Politics as an end is silly—what becomes of the men who stick to it? But politics as a means is sensible, and Joshua has got out of it about all he can get—about all he needs."

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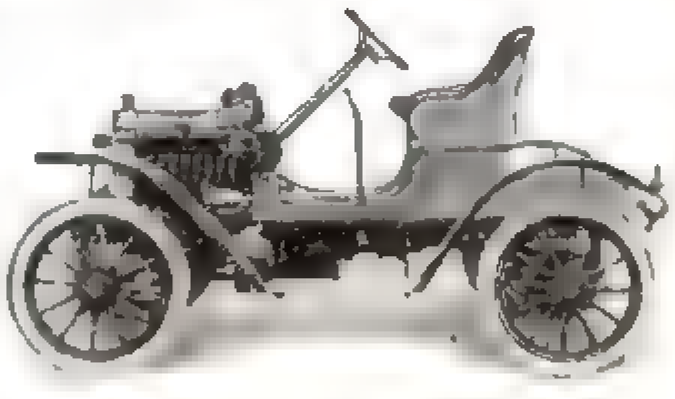

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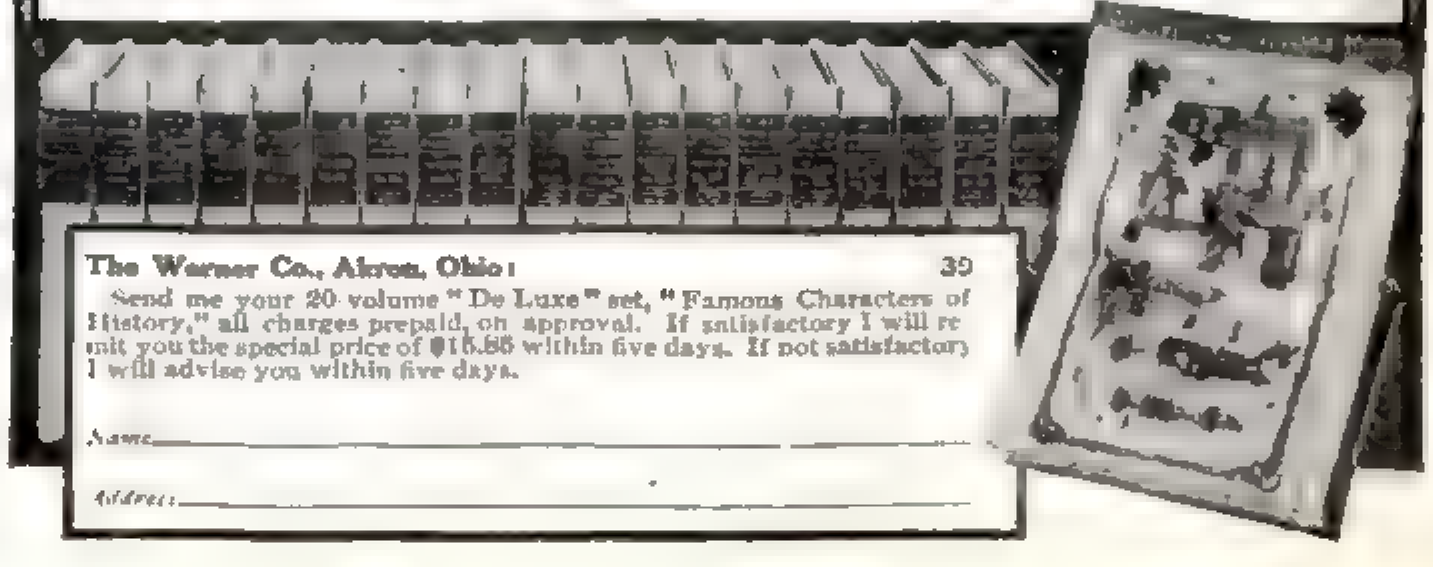

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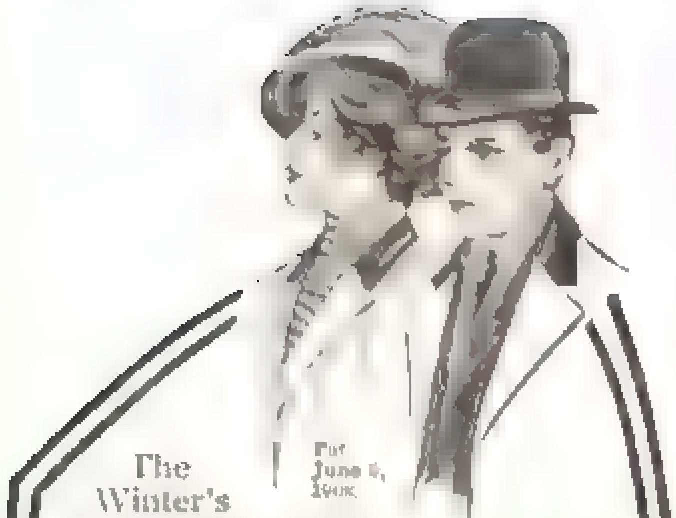

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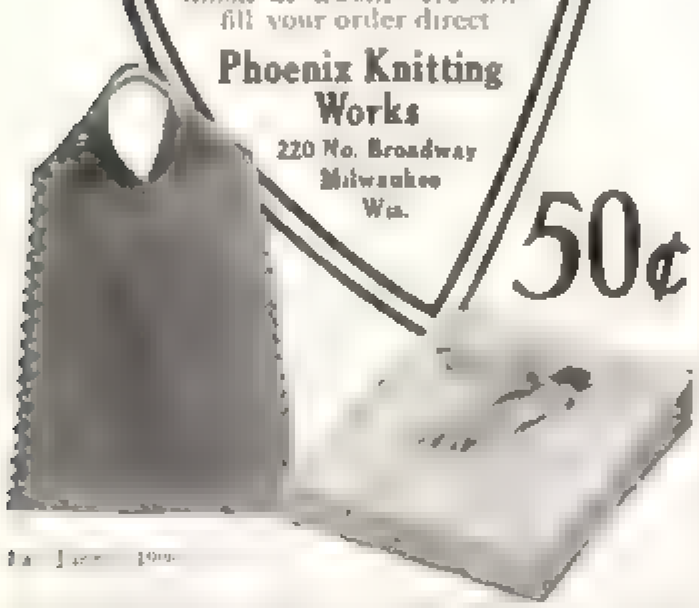

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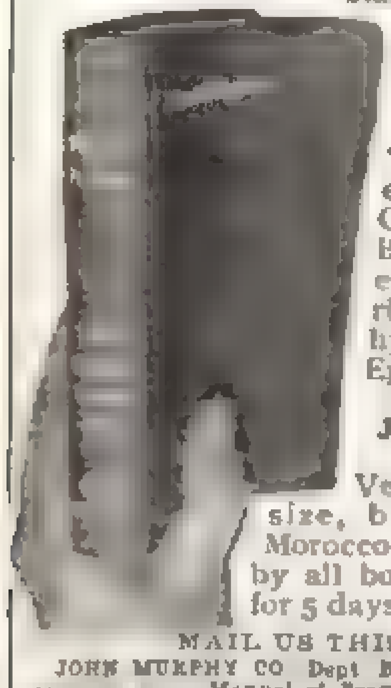

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"So do thousands of other men. And even if he should get it how would we live—how would *I* live—while we were waiting—and after it was over? I detest politics—all those vulgar people." Margaret made a disdainful mouth. "It isn't for our sort of people—except, perhaps, the diplomatic posts, and they, of course, go by 'pull' or purchase. I like the life I've led—the life you've led. You've made me luxurious and lazy, Grandma. . . . Rather than President I'd prefer him to be ambassador to England, after a while, when we could afford it. We could have a great social career."

"You think you can manage him?" repeated Madam Bowker.

She had been simply listening, her thoughts not showing at the surface. Her tone was neither discouraging nor encouraging, merely interrogative. But Margaret scented a doubt. "Don't you think so?" she said a little less confidently.

"I don't know. . . . I don't know. . . . It will do no harm to try."

Margaret's expression was suddenly like a real face from which a mask had dropped. "I must do it, Grandma. If I don't I shall—I shall *hate* him! I will *not* be his servant! When I think of the humiliations he has put upon me I—I almost hate him now!"

Madam Bowker was alarmed, but was too wise to show it. She laughed. "How seriously you take yourself, child," said she. "All that is very young and very theatrical. What do birth and breeding mean if not that one has the high courage to bear what is, after all, the lot of most women, and the high intelligence to use one's circumstances, whatever they may be, to accomplish one's ambitions? A lady cannot afford to despise her husband. A lady is, first of all, serene. You talk like a Craig rather than like a Severence. If he can taint you this soon how long will it be before you are at his level? How can you hope to bring him up to yours?"

Margaret's head was hanging.

"Never again let me hear you speak disrespectfully of your husband, my child," the old lady went on impressively. "And if you are wise you will no more permit yourself to harbor a disrespectful thought of him than you would permit yourself to wear unclean linen."

Margaret dropped down at her grandmother's knee, buried her face in her lap. "I don't believe I can ever love him," she murmured.

"So long as you believe that you never can," said Madam Bowker; "and your married life will be a failure—as great a failure as mine was—as your mother's was. If I had only known what I know now—what I am telling you——" Madam Bowker paused, and there was a long silence in the room. "Your married life, my dear," she went on, "will be what you choose to make of it. You have a husband. Never let yourself indulge in silly repinings or ruinous longings. Make the best of what you have. Study your husband, not ungenerously and superciliously, but with eyes determined to see the virtues that can be developed, the faults that can be cured, and with eyes that will not linger on the faults that can't be cured. Make him your constant thought and care. Never forget that you belong to the superior sex."

"I don't feel that I do," said Margaret. "I can't help feeling women are inferior and wishing I'd been a man."

"That is because you do not think," replied Madam Bowker indulgently. "Children are the centre of life—its purpose, its fulfillment. All normal men and women want children above everything else. Our only title to be here is as ancestors—to replace ourselves with wiser and better than we. That makes woman the superior of man; she alone has the power to give birth. Man instinctively knows this, and it is his fear of subjection to woman that makes him sneer at and fight against every effort to develop her intelligence and her independence. If you are a true woman, worthy of your race and of your breeding, you will never forget your superiority—or the duties it imposes on you—what you owe to your husband and to your children. You are a married woman now. Therefore you are free. Show that you deserve freedom."

Margaret listened to the old woman with a new respect for her—and for herself. "I'll try, Grandmother," she said soberly. "But—it won't be easy."

"Easier than to resist and repine and rage and hunt another man who, on close acquaintance, would prove even less satisfactory," replied her grandmother. "Easy—if you honestly try." She looked down at the girl with the sympathy that goes out to inexperience from those who have lived long and thoughtfully and have seen many a vast and fearful bogy loom and, on nearer view, fade into a mist of fancy. "Above all, child, don't waste your strength on imaginary griefs and woes—you'll have none left for the real trials."

Margaret had listened attentively; she would remember what the old lady had said—indeed, it would have been hard to forget words so direct and so impressively uttered. But at the moment they made small impression upon her. She thought her grandmother kindly but cold. In fact, the old lady was giving her as deep commiseration as her broader experience permitted in the circumstances, some such commiseration as one gives a child who sees measureless calamity in a rainy sky on a long-anticipated picnic morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE ACTOR'S HARD-LUCK STORY

(Continued from Page 9)

The manager knew that there were other actors ready to take the place of any deserter, for, strange as it may seem, actors can always be secured, even though they know that salaries are in arrears in the company. There are, I am glad to say, two or three managers who do not belong to this class, and I should like to mention their names, but I have refrained from using names, and shall throughout this article.

The idiosyncrasies of actors have furnished the newspapers with material for their cartoonists and humorous writers from time immemorial, but the eccentricities of theatrical managers have seldom, if ever, been touched upon. However, they have many of the same weaknesses which they are so fond of attributing to actors, and one of the most marked is vanity.

Few managers nowadays fail to put their own names first on all advertising matter. "Mr. So-and-So presents" the company, or star, greets one on every bill-board seen about town.

A few nights ago a new play was brought out for the first time in New York. There were two stars, and the company was managed by a firm composed of two men. After the third act there was an enthusiastic call for the two stars who had made an unquestioned hit. They came before the curtain and smiled and bowed and to the astonishment of the audience two other men, who were not in the play, came with them and also smiled and bowed. The last two were the managers, whom not six people in the house had ever seen or cared to see. They couldn't miss the opportunity of taking a curtain call.

To the credit of the manager who has employed more actors and produced more plays than any man who ever lived, be it said, that nothing can induce him to come before an audience; he is seldom seen outside the privacy of his office, and no newspaper, to my knowledge, has ever succeeded in getting his picture in it. This manager, and one or two others, are exceptions to the general type that I have used in this article, and it is a great pity that the exceptions are so few and the rule so general. I am not under contract to him either.

How many people know how an actor secures an engagement? Of course, there are a favored few who are always in demand, but you can count them on the fingers of your hands, the same as you can count the top-notchers of any other profession. But the other twenty-odd thousand have varied, trying, and often most humiliating experiences.

The general channel is through the dramatic agents. There are half a dozen of these firms in New York, and they keep the addresses and are supposed to know the records of all the actors in the profession. When a manager wishes to engage a company he selects an agent, and tells him how many parts he wishes to fill and what their requirements are. The agent sends a postal card to three or four times as many

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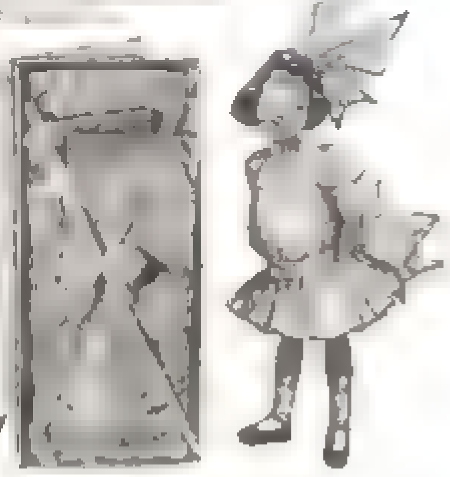

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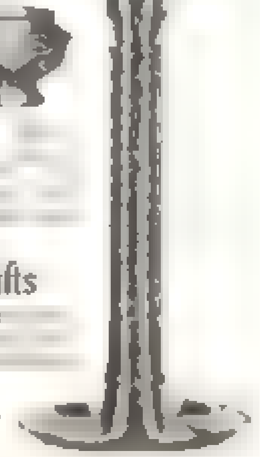

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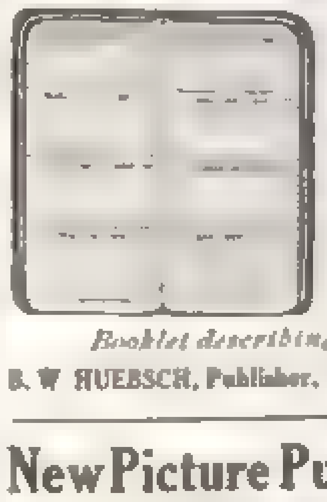

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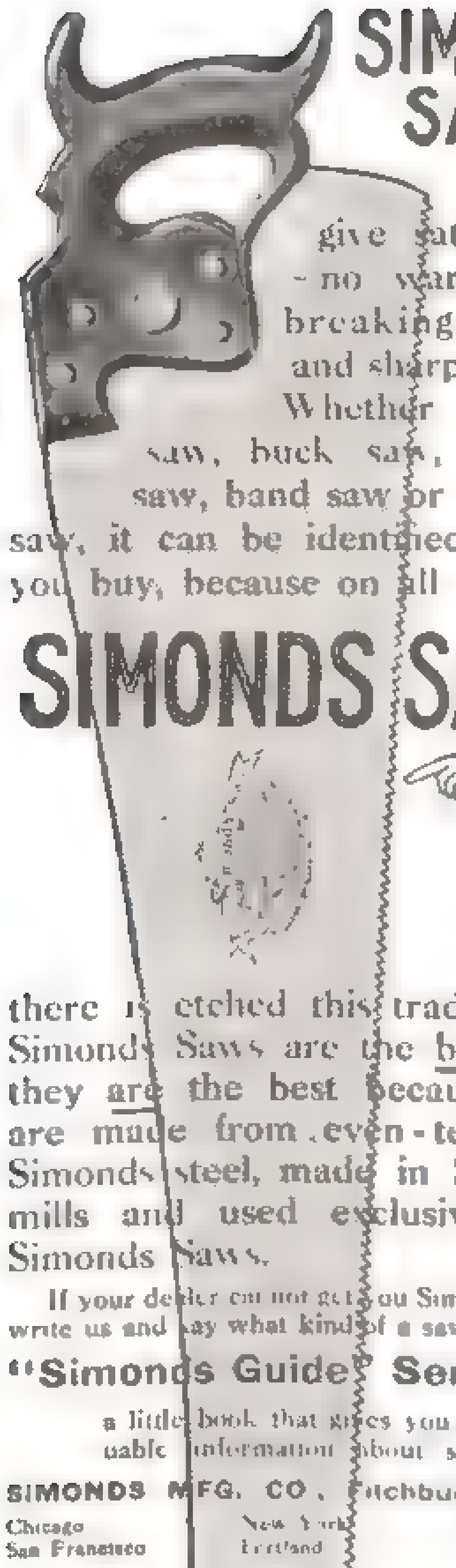

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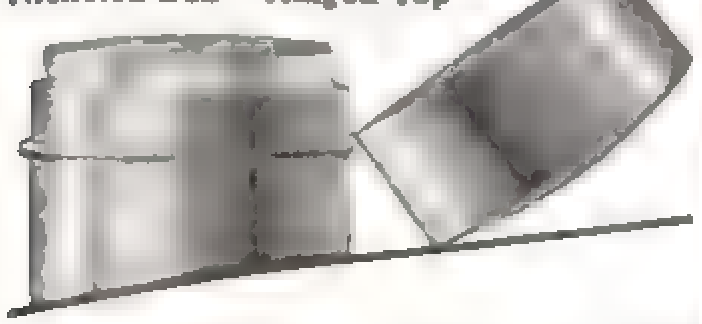

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people as are needed, requesting them to call at his office at a certain hour. At the appointed time the outer office is packed with an excited, expectant throng. The manager receives them one by one in the private office. He makes notes of those who impress him favorably and takes their addresses. Later the fortunate ones are again called to the agent's office, where they sign their contracts, and sometimes sign an agreement to pay the agent one-half of a week's salary as a commission.

Some of the scenes enacted at these gatherings are pitiful. The appearance of some of the women is particularly pathetic. Those who are just passing the line where they are no longer young enough to play juvenile parts, dress and make up in a vain attempt to look youthful. Some have had a bad season, and are compelled to wear their old stage dresses to try to look prosperous, for they know too well that the manager does not favor those who are needy, but those who "look like money." Many are the envious glances they cast at the girl who has had forty weeks and who, in consequence, is gowned in the latest fashion.

The men, as a rule, show up better than the women, for the simple reason that their stage clothes are usually such as they would wear on the street, and a season's use on the stage has not hurt them.

The present-day manager selects people who will look the parts, rather than those who can act them. This is an age of types on the stage, and the once great art of make-up, which was so important until recent years, is practically a lost art. The wonderful make-ups of Richard Mansfield, W. H. Thompson and Henry E. Dixey have made no impression upon the young manager of to-day. If the character in the play calls for a man who has gray hair, a gray-haired man must be found; if the character is bald, a bald-headed actor gets the job, and so on.

An actor who had lost his hair, and had been rejected many times because of it, decided to get a toupee. He did so, with such success that he looked ten years younger. The first engagement he applied for he was told that he looked too young, that the character in the play was described as a bald-headed man. He took off his toupee in the manager's presence and was engaged on the spot.

Another actor was refused because his hair was scant. One who wore a toupee, without which he was balder than the first, was engaged. The manager could not realize that the first actor could wear a toupee for the part, and look as young as the man he had chosen.

An author who had written a play for a female star met a number of actors at an agency to select types to fit his characters. The leading male rôle was a Southerner, forty-two years old, of athletic build. One of the applicants was a man of forty-three, six feet in height and born and bred in the South. The author was delighted and hastened to tell the star of his good fortune.

"We are in great luck," he said to her. "I have found a man for our lead who can walk on without make-up. He is just the right age, too."

"How old is he?" she asked.

"Forty-three," replied the author.

"I couldn't think of playing opposite a man of that age," said the star.

"But," insisted the author, "that is the age of the character mentioned in the lines of the play."

"I don't care," responded the lady. "I must have a young leading man."

And the author, who had conceived the character and had written the play, was forced to bow to her caprice. What chance has the actor?

One of our biggest managers is reported to have said that he preferred English to American actors, because the latter were not refined in their manners. An American actor of my acquaintance was introduced to a prominent star by a friend, who had told her that he thought that the actor was particularly suited for a certain part in her play. The actor was not engaged, and the star told the friend who had introduced them that she thought he was "too gentlemanly for the part."

A young leading man was discharged from a company where no fault was found with his work, but because the leading lady, who was the manager's fiancée, didn't like his "Adam's apple."

A lady who had come from England with an English star contracted a severe cold. The star informed her that unless she was well by the next night she would send her back home. The actress did not recover, and, although she was not deported, she was reduced to a servant's part in the play, and her understudy played her part for the remainder of the season. This same star refused to allow her business manager to read his statements to her because his American accent annoyed her.

One actor whom I knew seemed to have a cinch on his engagement, because he was playing without salary and paying his own expenses. Of course, he had an income. The manager wanted to produce a new play, and asked the wealthy young man to put up the money for the production. The young man declined to do so. Thereupon the manager discharged him.

Any man who frequents the Players', Lambs' or Greenroom clubs in New York will find, in mid-season, many well-known actors who are idle. He will hear these men say that they have refused offers of fifty, seventy-five or a hundred dollars a week. The outsider cannot understand this, and concludes that an actor who will remain idle for months when he might be earning even fifty dollars a week is either mad or a fool. But he is neither; and I will tell you why.

In the first place, an actor who has received a certain salary for three successive seasons has every reason to believe that he is worth that amount. If he fails to get it to-day he knows that he may do so to-morrow, for there are new companies being formed almost all the time, and he knows from past experience that many of the best engagements that he ever got came suddenly and without warning.

Another reason for his holding out is the difficulty which he knows he will encounter in getting his salary back to the old figure, for he knows that managers tell each other what they pay to actors.

One more reason is based upon an experience like this: Several years ago I went out with a company that closed after six weeks of bad business. For two months I tried to get an engagement at my former salary. At the end of that time I became convinced of the uselessness of the attempt. I went to the agents and told them I would accept fifty dollars less per week than I had been receiving. The next day I received by wire an offer to join a company in the West at my old salary. If the agents had been able to place me the day before I should have sacrificed fifty dollars per week for sixteen weeks.

Many other actors have gone through this same thing and therefore hesitate to make the sacrifice, knowing that the better engagement may come any day. As all business is based on precedent and experience, does it not seem that the actor's judgment in these instances was well founded, and that in any other profession his deductions would have yielded the proper results?

Whenever a company gets stuck in a town — that is, strands — there is always "a big advance sale in the next town." I have never known this to fail to be the case.

A company which had been in trouble for several weeks, and had only managed to struggle from town to town, finally found it impossible to move. The usual rumor of a big house waiting for them in the next stand spread through the company. Finally the manager decided to try the "traveling on trunks" scheme.

This method, which is often employed by companies in distress, consists in pledging the baggage of the company to the railroad, in lieu of fares. The railway company "double checks" the trunks, retaining the checks. The company manager gets the money from the theatre manager of the next town — if the advance sale warrants it, or if the local manager is easy — and pays the railway company the amount of transportation, and his trunks are released.

The company reached the town in which the house was "sold out" about sunset. All were in high spirits.

There was a free 'bus to the hotel and they all piled into it. The manager felt so good that he gave up his seat inside to the soubrette, and rode on the front seat with the driver.

"What beautiful sunsets you have in Texas," said the manager enthusiastically, pointing to a glow of orange and red in the west. "I have never seen anything to equal them anywhere else in the world."

"Sunset, hell!" said the driver. "That's the Opera House burning up."

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SACHARISSA

(Continued from Page 12)

"I don't mind—really. If only I could do something for you."

"You are."

"I?"

"Yes; you are being exceedingly nice to me. I am afraid you feel under obligations to remain indoors and ——"

"Truly, I don't. I was not going out."

She leaned nearer and looked through the bars: "Are you quite sure you feel comfortable?"

"I feel like something in a zoo!"

She laughed. "That reminds me," she said, "have you had any luncheon?"

He had not, it appeared, after a little polite protestation, so she rang for Sparks.

Her own appetite, too, had returned when the tray was brought; napkin and plate were passed through the grille to him, and, as they lunched, he in his cage, she close to the bars, they fell into conversation, exchanging information concerning mutual acquaintances whom they had expected to meet at the Delancy Courlands'.

"So you see," she said, "that if I had not changed my mind about going to Tuxedo this morning you would not be here now. Nor I. . . . And we would never have—lunched together."

"That didn't alter things," he said, smiling. "If you hadn't been ill you would have gone to Tuxedo, and I should have seen you there."

"Then, whatever I did made no difference," she assented thoughtfully, "for we were bound to meet, anyway."

He remained standing close to the grille, which, as she was seated, brought his head on a level with hers.

"It would seem," he said laughingly, "as though we were doomed to meet each other, anyway. It looks like a case of Destiny to me."

She started slightly: "What did you say?"

"I said that it looks as though Fate intended us to meet, anyhow. Don't you think so?"

She remained silent.

He added cheerfully: "I never was afraid of Fate."

"Would you care for a—a book—or anything?" she asked, aware of a new constraint in her voice.

"I don't believe I could see to read in here. . . . Are you—going?"

"I—ought to." Vexed at the feeble senselessness of her reply she found herself walking down the landing, toward nowhere in particular. She turned abruptly and came back.

"*Do* you want a book?" she repeated. "Oh, I forgot that you can't see to read. But perhaps you might care to smoke."

"Are you going away?"

"I—don't mind your smoking."

He lighted a cigarette; she looked at him irresolutely.

"You mustn't think of remaining," he said. Whereupon she seated herself.

"I suppose I ought to try to amuse you—till Ferdinand returns with a plumber," she said.

He protested: "I couldn't think of asking so much from you."

"Anyway, it's my duty," she insisted. "I ought."

"Why?"

"Because you are under my roof—a guest."

"Please don't think ——"

"But I really don't mind! If there is anything I can do to make your imprisonment easier ——"

"It is easy. I rather like being here."

"It is very amiable of you to say so."

"I really mean it."

"How can you *really* mean it?"

"I don't know, but I do."

In their earnestness they had come close to the bars; she stood with both hands resting on the grille, looking in; he in a similar position, looking out.

He said: "I feel like an occupant of the Bronx, and it rather astonishes me that you haven't thrown in a few peanuts."

She laughed, fetched her box of chocolates, then began seriously: "If Ferdinand doesn't find anybody I'm afraid you might be obliged to remain to dinner."

"That prospect," he said, "is not unpleasant. You know when one becomes accustomed to one's cage it's rather a bore to be let out."

They sampled the chocolates, she sitting close to the cage, and as the box would not go through the bars she was obliged to hand them to him, one by one.

"I wonder," she mused, "how soon Ferdinand will find a plumber?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

She bent her adorable head, chose a chocolate and offered it to him.

"Are you not terribly impatient?" she inquired.

"Not—terribly."

Their glances encountered and she said hurriedly:

"I am sure you must be perfectly furious with everybody in this house. I—I think it is most amiable of you to behave so cheerfully about it."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm feeling about as cheerful as I ever felt in my life."

"Cooped up in a cage?"

"Exactly."

"Which may fall at any ——" The idea was a new one to them both. She leaned forward in sudden consternation. "I never thought of that!" she exclaimed. "You don't think there's any chance of its falling, do you?"

He looked at the startled, gray eyes so earnestly fixed on his. The sweet mouth quivered a little—just a little—or he thought it did.

"No," he replied, with a slight catch in his voice, "I don't believe it's going to fall."

"Perhaps you had better not move around very much in it. Be careful, I beg of you. You will, won't you, Mr. Vanderdynk?"

"*Please* don't let it bother you," he said, stepping toward her impulsively.

"Oh, *don't*, don't move!" she exclaimed. "You really must keep perfectly still. Won't you promise me you will keep perfectly still?"

"I'll promise you anything," he said a little wildly.

Neither seemed to notice he had overdone it.

She drew her chair as close as it would go to the grille and leaned against it.

"You *will* keep up your courage, won't you?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly. By the way, how far is it to the b-basement?"

She turned quite white for an instant, then:

"I think I'd better go and ring up the police."

"No! A thousand times no! I couldn't stand that."

"But the car might—drop before ——"

"Better decently dead than publicly paragraphed. . . . I haven't the least idea that this thing is going to drop. . . . Anyway, it's worth it," he added, rather vaguely.

"Worth—what?" she asked, looking into his rather winning, brown eyes.

"Being here," he said, looking into her engaging gray ones.

After a startling silence she said calmly: "Will you promise me not to move or shake the car till I return?"

"You won't be very long, will you?"

"Not—very," she replied faintly.

She walked into the library, halted in the centre of the room, hands clasped behind her. Her heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

"I might as well face it," she said to herself; "he is—by far—the most thoroughly attractive man I have ever seen. . . . I—I *don't* know what's the matter," she added piteously. . . . "If it's that machine William made I can't help it; I don't care any longer; I wish ——"

A sharp crack from the landing sent her out there in a hurry, pale and frightened.

"Something snapped somewhere," explained the young man with forced carelessness, "some unimportant splinter gave way and the thing slid down an inch or two."

"D-do you think ——"

"No, I don't. But it's perfectly fine of you to care."

"C-care? I'm a little frightened, of course. . . . Anybody would be. . . . Oh, I wish you were out and p-perfectly safe."

"If I thought you could ever really care what became of a man like me ——"

Killian Van K. Vanderdynk's aristocratic senses began gyrating; he grasped the bars, the back of his hand brushed against hers, and the momentary contact sent a

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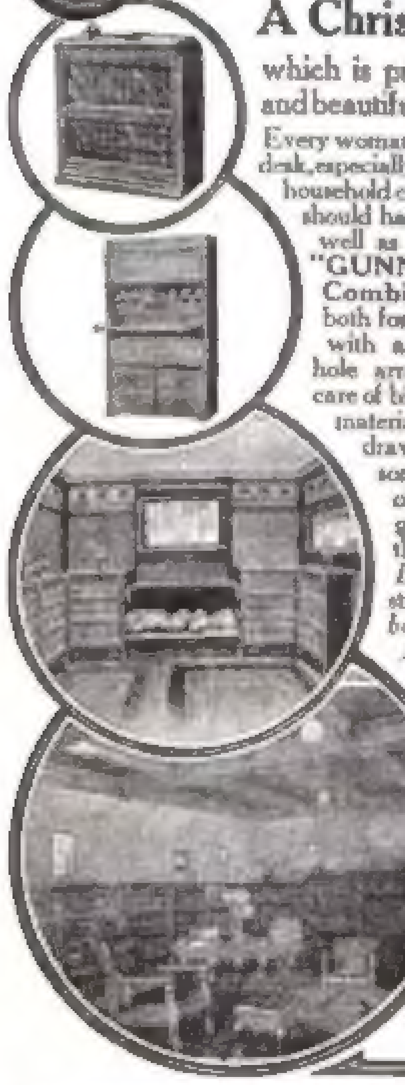

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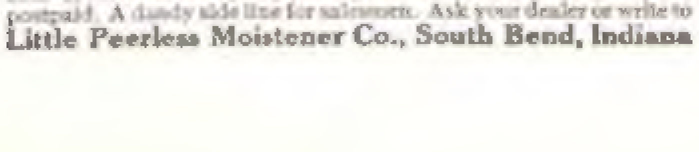

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shock straight through the scion of that celebrated race.

She seated herself abruptly; a delicate color grew, staining her face.

Neither spoke. A long, luminous sunbeam fell across the landing, touching the edge of her hair till it glimmered like bronze afire. The sensitive mouth was quiet, the eyes, very serious, were lifted from time to time, then lowered, thoughtfully, to the clasped fingers on her knee.

Could it be possible? How could it be possible?—with a man she had never before chanced to meet—with a man she had seen for the first time in her life only an hour or so ago! Such things didn't happen outside of short stories. There was neither logic nor common decency in it. Had she or had she not any common-sense remaining?

She raised her eyes and looked at the heir of the Vanderdynks.

Of course anybody could see he was unusually attractive—that he had that indefinable something about him which is seldom, if ever, seen outside of fiction or of Mr. Gibson's drawings—perhaps it is entirely confined to them—except in this one very rare case.

Sacharissa's eyes fell.

Another unusual circumstance was engaging her attention, namely, that his rather remarkable physical perfection appeared to be matched by a breeding quite as faultless, and a sublimity of courage in the f-face of d-destruction itself, which ——

Sacharissa lifted her gray eyes.

There he stood, suspended over an abyss, smoking a cigarette, bravely forcing himself to an attitude of serene insouciance, while the basement yawned for him! Machine or no machine, how could any girl look upon such miraculous self-control unmoved? *She* could not. It was natural that a woman should be deeply thrilled by such a spectacle—such a man, and William Destyn's machine had nothing to do with it—not a thing! Neither had psychology, nor demonology, nor anything, with wires or wireless. She liked him, frankly. Who wouldn't? She feared for him, desperately. Who wouldn't? She ——

"C-r-rack!"

"Oh—*what* is it!" she cried, springing to the grille.

"I don't know," he said, somewhat pale. "The old thing seems to be—to be sliding."

"Giving way!"

"A—little—I think ——"

"Mr. Vanderdynk! I *must* call the police ——"

"Cr-rackle—crack-k-k!" went the car, dropping an inch or two.

With a stifled cry she caught his hands through the bars, as though to hold him by main strength.

"Are you crazy?" he said fiercely, thrusting them away. "Be careful! If the thing drops you'll break your arms!"

"I—I don't care!" she said breathlessly. "I can't let ——"

"Crack!" But the car stuck again.

"I will call the police!" she cried.

"The papers may make fun of you."

"Was it for *me* you were afraid? Oh, Mr. Vanderdynk! W-what do I care for ridicule compared to—to y-you?"

The car had sunk so far in the shaft now that she had to kneel and put her head close to the floor to see him.

"I will only be a minute at the telephone," she said. "Keep up courage; I am thinking of you every moment."

"W-will you let me say one word?" he stammered.

"Oh, what? Be quick, I beg you."

"It's only good-by—in case the thing drops. May I say it?"

"Y-yes—yes! But say it quickly."

"And if it doesn't drop after all, you won't be angry at what I'm going to say?"

"N-no. Oh, for Heaven's sake, hurry!"

"Then—you are the sweetest woman in the world! . . . Good-by—Sacharissa—dear."

She sprang up, dazed, and at the same moment a terrific crackling and splintering resounded from the shaft, and the car sank out of sight.

Faint, she swayed for a second against the balustrade, then turned and ran downstairs, ears strained for the sickening crash from below.

There was no crash, no thud. As she reached the drawing-room landing, to her amazement a normally-lighted elevator slid slowly down, came to a stop, and the automatic grilles opened quietly.

As Killian Van K. Vanderdynk crept forth from the elevator, Sacharissa's nerves gave way; his, also, seemed to disintegrate; and they stood for some moments mutually supporting each other, during which interval unaccustomed tears fell from the gray eyes, and unaccustomed words, breathed brokenly, reassured her; and, altogether unaccustomed to such things, they presently found themselves seated in a distant corner of the drawing-room, still endeavoring to reassure each other with interclasped hands.

They said nothing so persistently that the wordless minutes throbbed into hours; through the windows the red west sent a glowing tentacle into the room, searching the gloom for them.

It fell, warm, across her upturned throat, in the half light.

For her head lay back on his shoulder; his head was bent down, lips pressed to the white hands crushed fragrantly between his own.

. . . .

A star came out and looked at them with astonishment; in a little while the sky was thronged with little stars, all looking through the window at them.

Her maid knocked, backed out hastily and fled, distracted. Then Ferdinand arrived with a plumber.

Later the butler came. They did not notice him until he ventured to cough and announce dinner.

The interruptions were very annoying, particularly when she was summoned to the telephone to speak to her father.

"What is it, dad?" she asked impatiently.

"Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes," she answered carelessly; "we are all right, dad. Good-by."

"*We?* Who the devil is 'We'?"

"Mr. Vanderdynk and I. We're taking my maid and coming down to Tuxedo this evening together. I'm in a hurry now."

"What!!!!"

"Oh, it's all right, dad. Here, Killian, please explain things to my father."

Vanderdynk released her hand and picked up the receiver as though it had been a live wire.

"Is that you, Mr. Carr?" he began—stopped short, and stood listening, rigid, bewildered, turning redder and redder as her father's fluency increased. Then, without a word, he hooked up the receiver.

"Is it all right?" she asked calmly. "Was dad—vivacious?"

He said: "I'd rather go back into that elevator than go to Tuxedo. . . . But —I'm going."

"So am I," said Bushwyck Carr's daughter, dropping both hands on her lover's shoulders. . . . "Was he really very—vivid?"

"Very."

The telephone again rang furiously.

He bent his head, she lifted her face and he kissed her.

After a while the racket of the telephone annoyed them, and they slowly moved away out of hearing.

A Policeman-Investor

THE richest policeman on the New York force is Erastus G. Wolcott, who is attached to the hundred and seventieth precinct station on the outskirts of Brooklyn. In nine years he has amassed two hundred thousand dollars, and he did it by saving and careful investment.

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His first investment was in some lots at Bensonhurst. He got them on the installment plan, and he borrowed five dollars from his landlady to make the first payment. In order to meet the installment payments he had to save. The saving habit grew. In three years he paid off the lots and immediately after sold them at a profit. Then he got married, and bought a small house in Brooklyn and began to trade in real estate. He never kept anything long, always taking his profit as soon as it was possible.

Now he owns five four-story brick apartment houses and six cottages. Somebody asked him the other day the secret of his success, and he said: "I have saved, I have kept away from speculation, and I have always taken my profit."

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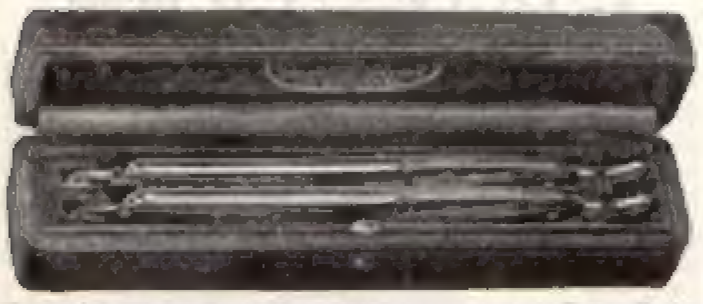

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Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

The Coal-Mine Theatre

FOR educational purposes the United States Geological Survey is about to establish at Pittsburg a very novel and curious sort of theatre. It will be in the top story of a high building, and will occupy an entire floor, which will be divided in two parts by a glass partition. One side of the partition will be for spectators only, and will be provided with chairs. The other half will be arranged with scenery, in such a manner as to represent a portion of the interior of a coal mine.

Coal operators in various parts of the country will be invited to send intelligent men, who are practical miners, to watch the performances at the theatre, and to take part in them when they choose to do so. The room on the stage side of the air-proof glass partition will be filled, for one experiment, with firedamp—that is to say, with air containing a dangerous quantity of this dreaded and deadly gas. Then men will go into it, in view of the audience, with patent helmets on their heads and oxygen apparatus strapped on their backs, and will show how long it is possible, with such aids, to remain safely in the poisoned atmosphere.

This is not for advertising purposes; it will be purely experimental. There will be a sort of walking track, of so many laps to the mile, around which the miner, wearing helmet and oxygen machine, will perambulate—the idea being to find out how much bodily effort he is capable of under such conditions. In order to vary the tests as much as possible, men will be required to do a variety of difficult stunts, such as walking up a high ladder, crawling through a long, dark passage, and coming down another ladder, just as they might be obliged to do in a real mine—repeating the performance, perhaps, with a dummy man carried in the arms.

It is altogether likely that some of the men subjected to these tests will succumb—in which case an emergency door in the glass partition will be instantly opened, and the victim of gas poisoning will be pulled out and revived. The expectation is that in this manner an accurate measurement will be obtained of the amount of work a man engaged in an effort of rescue in a mine can be expected to do, and of the length of time during which it would be safe for him to remain within the precincts invaded by poisonous gases.

The miners, who, as observers of or participants in the performances in question, derive practical information therefrom, are expected to become in their turn instructors, when they go back to the workings in which they are employed.

Drug-Store Arithmetic

PEOPLE often permit themselves to wonder what the basis is on which apothecaries figure out the prices they charge for prescriptions. Some light is thrown upon this interesting question by an editorial recently printed in a publication which claims to be the official organ of the National Association of Retail Druggists.

From the statements made in this article it would appear that the method ordinarily adopted is to multiply the wholesale cost of the raw materials by two, and to add five or ten cents for the bottle, according to the size of the receptacle, plus a certain charge for mixing the ingredients. This charge may run from thirty cents for a four-ounce quantity to seventy cents for sixteen ounces. The sum total is the price of the prescription.

Prices of prescriptions vary at different places. It is a matter of common observation that a druggist in a conspicuous situation, whose rent is high, charges at least double. But the system, with slight modifications, usually corresponds to that above described. One understands, then, what the apothecary is at when, on receiving an order for medicine signed by a physician, he does a little "sum," hastily, on a scrap of wrapping paper, as a preliminary to stating the amount to be paid.

In the case of an expensive prescription the cost of raw materials is likely to be the chief item. Suppose that it is one dollar. The apothecary multiplies it by two, and if sixteen ounces are to be put up he adds ten cents for the bottle and seventy cents for the mixing. This runs it up to rather a pretty penny. The publication quoted cites one mixture, with ingredients costing one dollar and seventy-five cents, the price of which, reckoned on this basis, was four dollars and twenty-five cents. It is the doubling that does it.

On the other hand, when the ingredients are cheap, the cost of mixing makes the price mount up. For example, the editorial quoted offers a prescription containing phosphate of magnesia, lemon juice and water. The value of materials, for four ounces, is three cents. But five cents is added for the bottle, and thirty cents for mixing, so that the price to the customer is forty cents.

One understands, then, why it is that the apothecary's bill, when there is sickness in the house, runs up to such alarming figures.

War on the Shipworm

CONSIDERING the millions of dollars' worth of damage annually done by the "shipworm," it is surprising that nothing very definite has been known about the animal up to now. It is not a worm at all, of course, but a bivalve mollusc, which devours piles and all sorts of structures of wood in water. It first attracted serious attention in the eighteenth century, on account of the injury it did to the dikes of Holland.

Professor Charles P. Sigerfoos, who has made a special investigation of the subject, raising shipworms in aquaria and otherwise studying them, reports to the United States Fisheries Bureau that sometimes these wormlike molluscs attain a length of four feet or even more, with a diameter of an inch. Such a "worm" will lay as many as one hundred million eggs in a season—a fact which is calculated to discourage any attempt to exterminate the animal.

In the course of his studies Professor Sigerfoos hung boxes and other wooden things in sea water, and soon found large numbers of infant shipworms creeping over them. At this stage of their being they somewhat resemble tiny clams. Later, they begin to burrow in the wood, using for the purpose the front edges of their bivalve shells, on which teeth develop.

The eggs laid by the female are thrown into the water, and are almost immediately hatched, whereupon the young ones swim about for a while—that is to say, for perhaps a month—during which they lead a life the details of which are as yet unknown. At the end of that time they seek wood, wherever it may happen to be found, and proceed to burrow into it. Within two weeks after settling down they increase hundreds of times in size, and in four weeks they are ready to breed.

Thus it will be seen that the history of the shipworm is extremely simple. As it bores its way through a pile or other wooden object it chews up the material, so to speak, and swallows it in fine particles. When, as so commonly happens, many millions of the creatures attack a dock, or other structure under water, its destruction is a matter of only a comparatively short time. Hence the desirableness of finding a substance for use as a coating which shipworms cannot eat.

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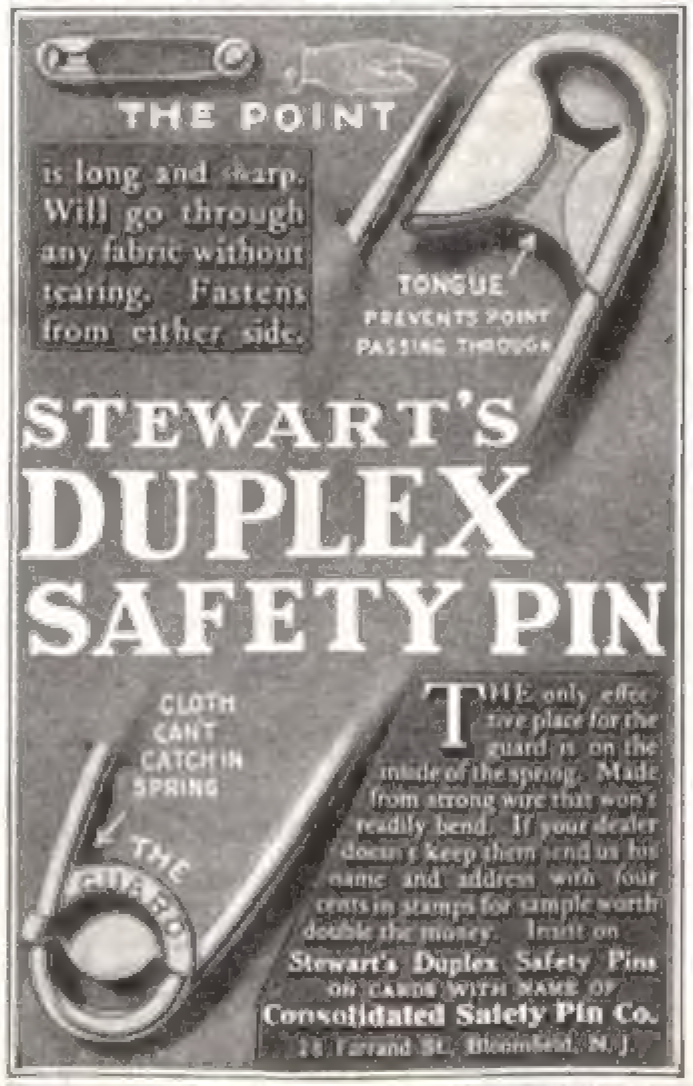

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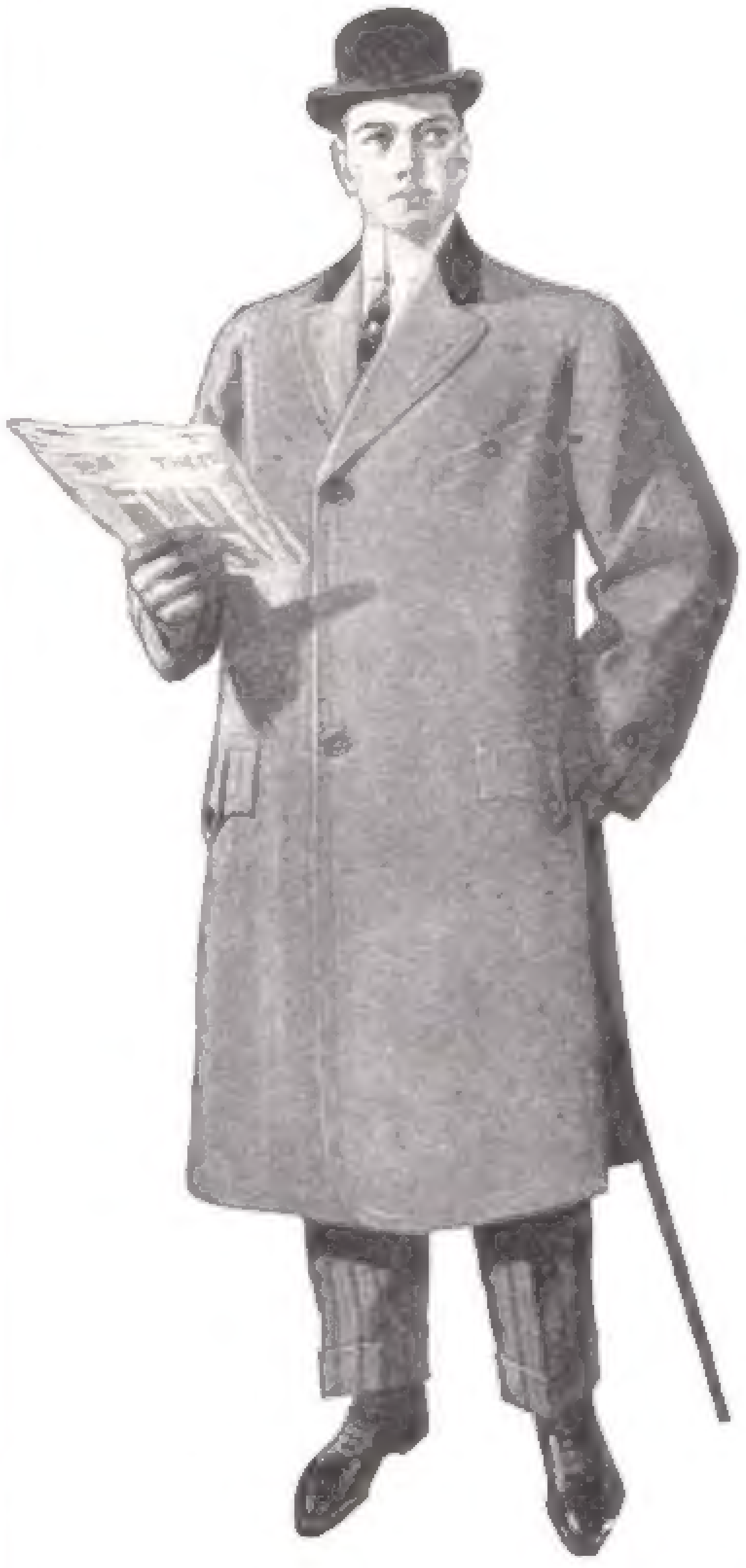

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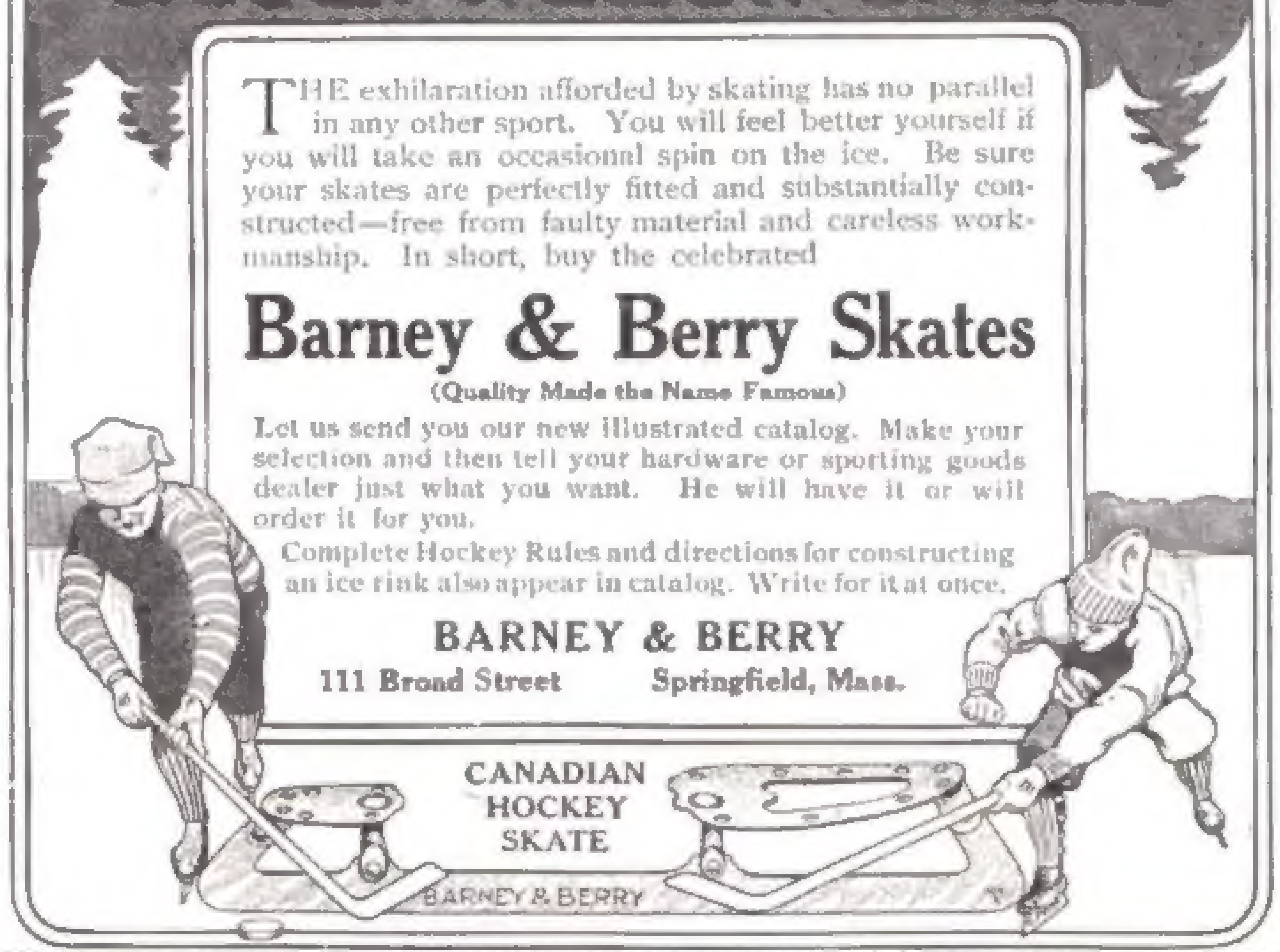

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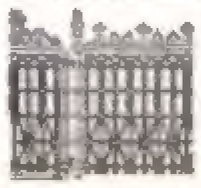

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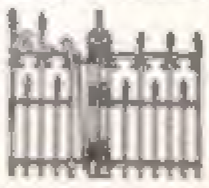
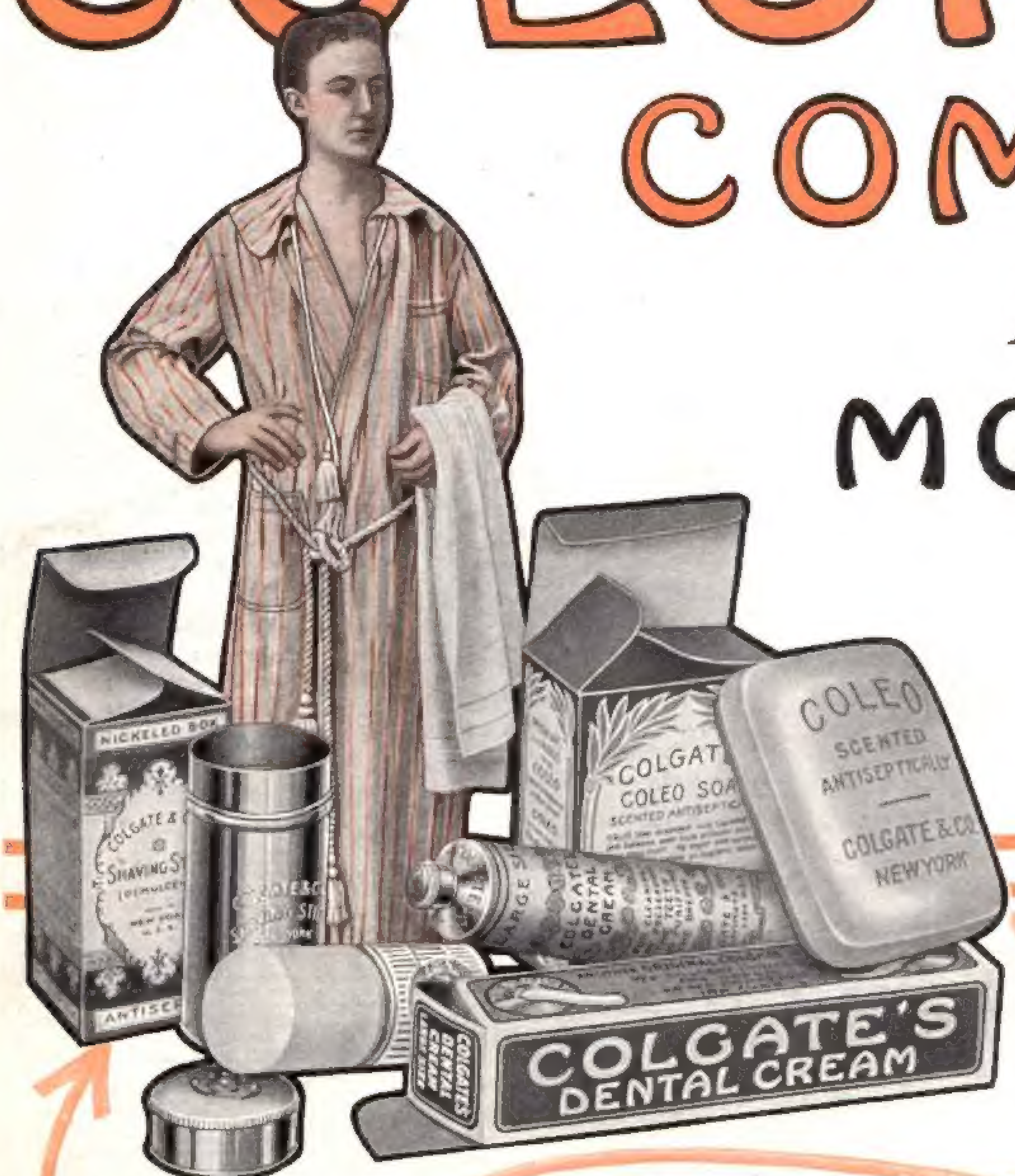
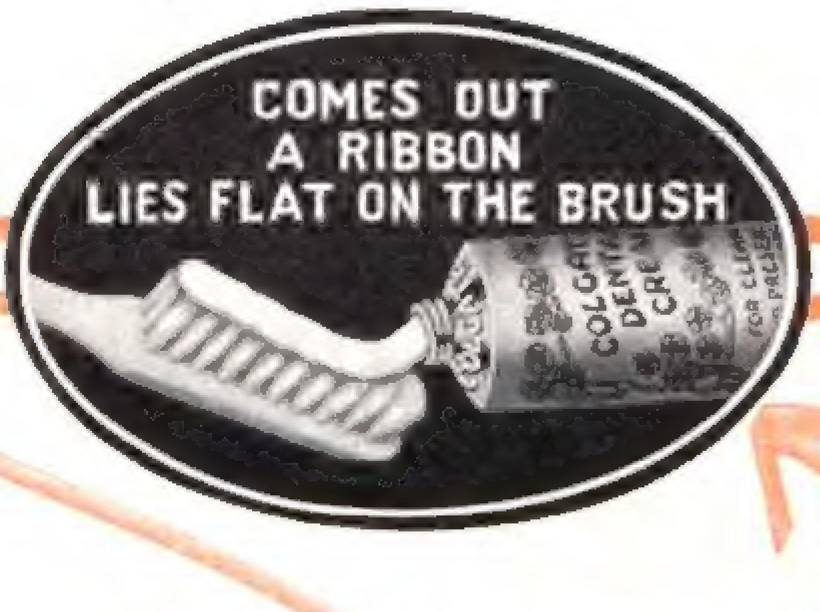


COLGATE'S COMFORTS for the MORNING TOILET


NICKELED BOX
COLGATE & CO
SHAVING STICK
NEW YORK
ANTISEPTIC
COLGATE
COLEO SOAP
SCENTED ANTISEPTICALLY
COLEO
SCENTED ANTISEPTICALLY
COLGATE & CO
NEW YORK
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM


COMES OUT
A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

DENTAL CREAM

We couldn't Improve the Cream, so we Improved the Tube

Delicious, antiseptic — more convenient, more efficient, less wasteful than powder or liquid. A perfect dentifrice in a perfect package.

Get acquainted through the convenience of the ribbon tube, make friends through the superiority of the cream.

SHAVING STICK

Better than the Soap you Thought was Best

We do not need to quote the statement that our shaving soap will not smart or dry on the face. The truth needs no quotation marks.

A trial will prove that in its antiseptic and aseptic qualities, its firm, creamy lather, its generous size, and its refreshing effect on the face, Colgate's Shaving Stick is unequalled.

COLEO SOAP

The T[illegible]h of a Century of Soap Making

Of vegetable oils only and with absolu[illegible] "C" — is for "Colgate" — OLEO is Latin me[illegible]

Its abundant lather and rare medicinal qualities make a perfect combination for general toilet use.

TRYON, GEO. W.

NOW [illegible] FOR SAMPLES

Trial size packages of the above will be sent you on receipt of a 2 cent stamp for the Dental Cream or 4c in stamps for the Shaving Stick or Coleo Soap. Address COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 55 John Street, N.Y.

The name "Colgate & Co." on Soaps, Powders and Perfumes corresponds to the "Sterling" mark on Silver